July 4, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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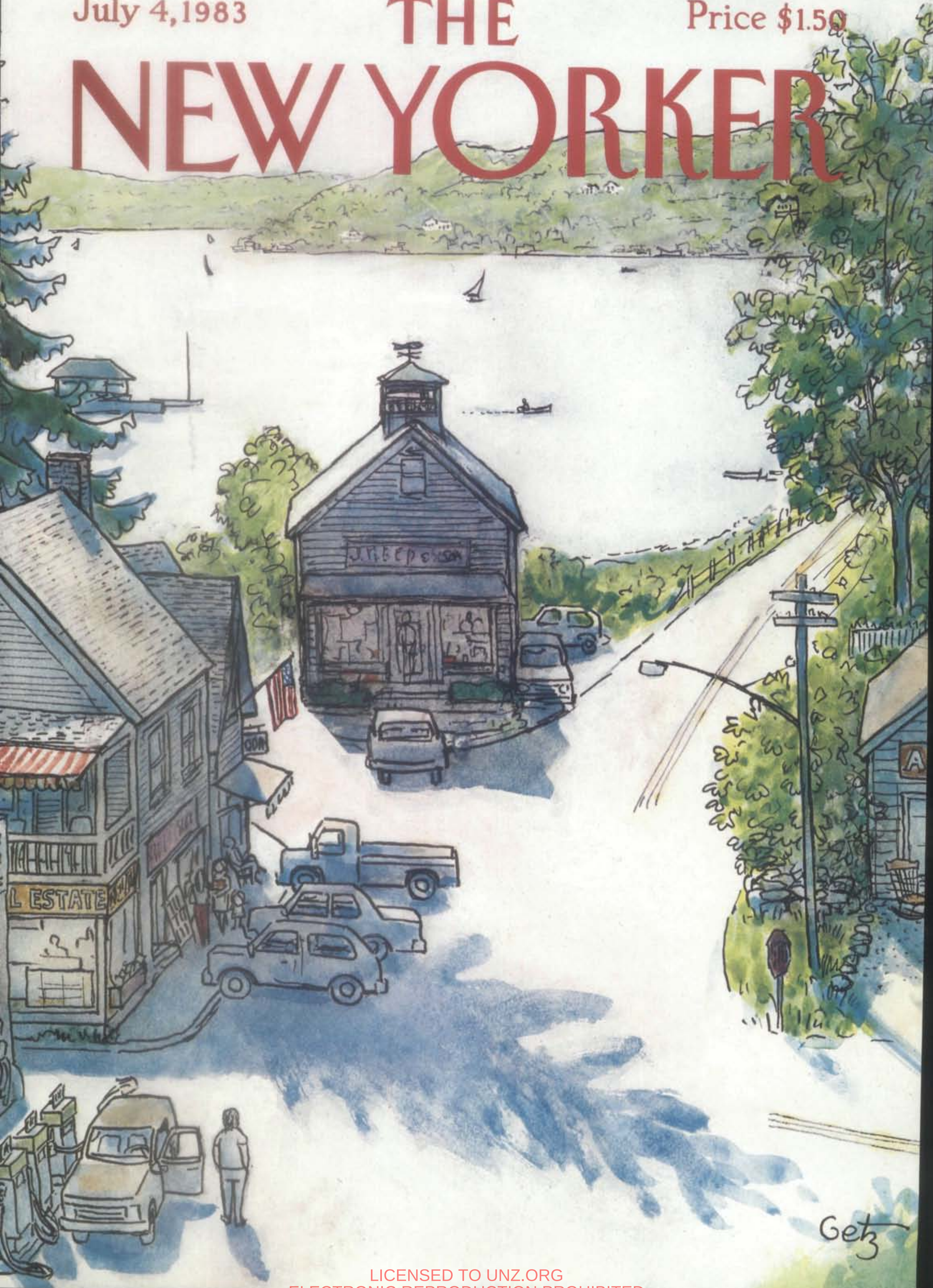
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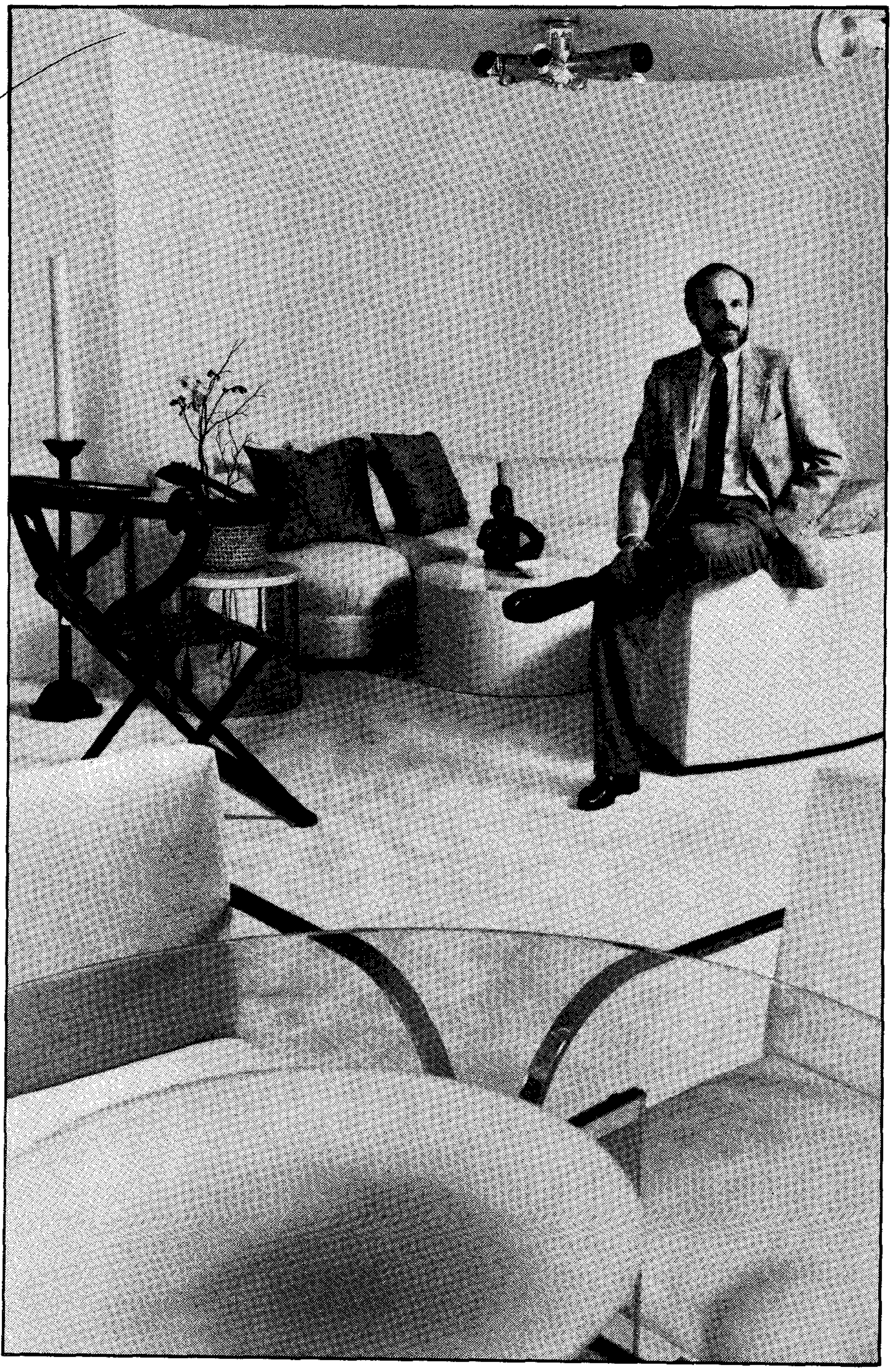

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INTERIOR DESIGN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ah, Wilderness!—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's 1933 comedy, with Philip Bosco and Dody Goodman leading the cast. A Roundabout Theatre Company production. (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Matthew Broderick is sensationally effective as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon Theatre, formerly the Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—A distinguished cast, headed by John Rubinstein and Michael Moriarty, breathes plenty of life into Herman Wouk's time-tested melodrama about a Navy minesweeper in the Second World War. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fen—In this British import by Caryl Churchill, six actors and actresses portray the members of a farming community in England. The play bears some resemblance to "Under Milk Wood," but it is informed throughout by Miss Churchill's fierce, ironic, tender sensibility. (6/13/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Greater Tuna—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter, a pair of actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, July 3: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 6: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—Doug Henning is an excellent illusionist and a sorry musical-comedy star. He should forget the Druids and stick to sawing comely women in two. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquen play about a young woman determined t end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bate and Anne Pitoniak. The director is Ton Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45t St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, a 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musica with choreography by George Balanchin has survived wonderfully undiminished afte the wear and tear of almost fifty year (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977 9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

Passion—Peter Nichols takes a long look a suburban adultery and finds it partly comi and partly tragic, as who has not? Well acte by a cast that includes Frank Langella an Roxanne Hart. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Satu

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"LEXINGTON AVENUE" . . . . *Saul Steinberg* 32
"ONE MORE INTERVIEW" . . . . *John Updike* 36
"MIDSUMMER" (POEM) . . . . *Derek Walcott* 38
LETTER FROM SAUDI ARABIA . . . . *Joseph Kraft* 41
"FOURTH" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Kenney* 42
A REPORTER AT LARGE (ALONG THE IRON CURTAIN—PART II) . . . *Anthony Bailey* 60
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 8
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 88
BRIEFLY NOTED 90

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Ed Fisher, George Price, Roz Chast, William Steig, Michael Maslin, Le Lorenz, Charles Saxon, Henry Martin, Dana Fradon, George Booth, Jac Ziegler, James Stevenson, Tom Funk, Frank Modell, Warren Miller, Mic Stevens*

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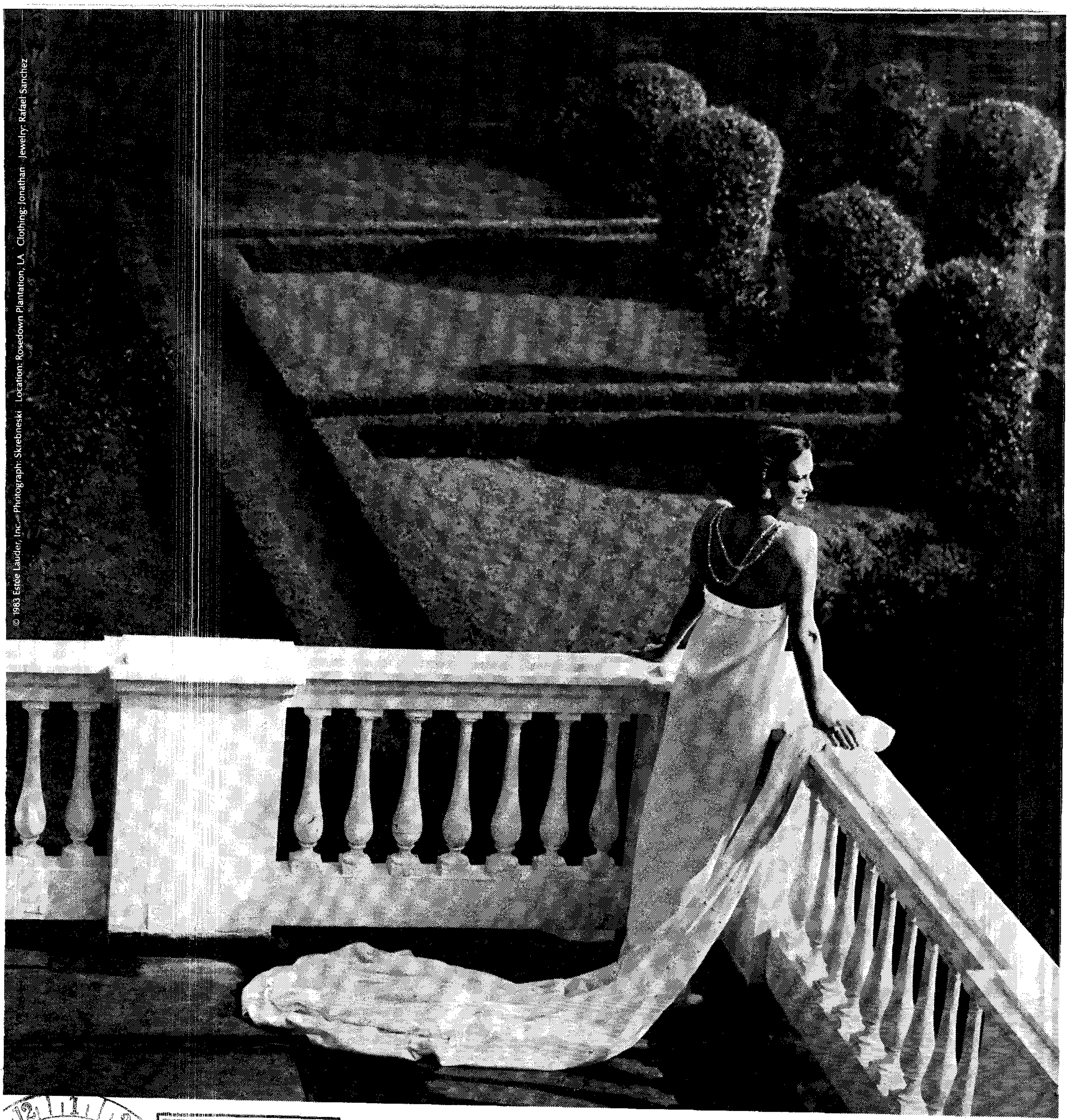

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—An unhappy revival of the Coward comedy, starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (5/16/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 17.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays, except July 5, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 3.)

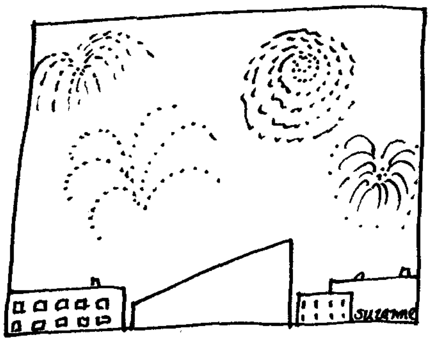
True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Bruce Lyons and Dan Butler. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesday through Friday, June 29-July 1, at 8, and Saturday, July 2, at 7 and 10. Thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst, Ellis Rabb, and an army of others, in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett The author is John Pielmeier (Music Box, 239 W 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Birney, Mark Hamill, and Maureen Moore heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 17.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,640 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 3.) . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3) **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do-not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein which star David Garrison, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Jonathan Hadary substitutes for Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400 Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Friday and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whos ranks may or may not include a future Chit Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43r St. 382-1614. Thursday at 8, and Friday an Saturday at 8 and 10:30. Closes Saturday July 2.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée June 29: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 29: "Apollo" an "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 30 "Interludes" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 1: "Theme and Variations," "Torso," "Sleeping Beauty Pas de Deux," an "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 2: "Airs," "Pillar of Fire," an "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 2: "Interludes," "Pillar of Fire, and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Tuesda evening, July 5: Act II of "La Bayadère, "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Pas de Deux, and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evenin July 6: Act II of "La Bayadère," "La Sonnambula," and "Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursda evening, July 7: "Apollo," "Three Virgins an a Devil," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . ¶ Friday evening, July 8: "La Sonnambula, "Concerto," and "Push Comes to Shove. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 9: "Concerto, "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jul 9: "Duets," "Clair de Lune," "La Sonnambula," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." (Me ropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evening at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Jul 16.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Fin performances of the engagement—Progra I: Saturday, July 2, at 8, and Sunday, July at 3. . ¶ Program II: Thursday and Frida June 30-July 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II Wednesday, June 29, at 8. . . ¶ Program I Saturday, July 2, at 2 (City Center, 131 W 55th St. 246-8989.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fa type is used to pick out a few of the more not

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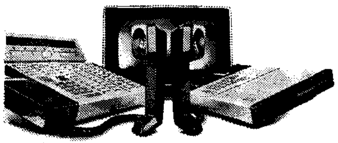

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who hums and buzzes as he bows his bass, works with **HILTON RUIZ,** a driving young pianist, and Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, will be claimed by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN, HILTON RUIZ,** bassist **MIKE FLEMING,** and drummer **WALTER PERKINS.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—South African singer, actress, and composer **SOPHIE MGCINA** performs concert-style sets here from six-thirty to eight-thirty through Saturday, July 2.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Trombonist **RAUL DE SOUZA** leads his *Brazilian-jazz* band through Sunday, July 3; on Monday, July 4, **DAVID AMRAM** and other musicians will perform in a tribute to the Jazz Forum; and on Tuesday, July 5, pop-jazz pianist Ramsey Lewis will come in. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, June 29, Uncle Floyd; Thursday, June 30, at eight and ten-thirty, singer **ELLY STONE** and the 104 Bus; and Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, Brazilian singer **FLORA PURIM** and percussionist **AIRTO.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are occasionally posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The piano-bass duos: Wednesday, June 29, **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **GEORGE MRAZ;** Thursday through Saturday, June 30-July 2, **RICHIE BEIRACH** and **EDDIE GOMEZ;** and Monday through Saturday, July 4-9, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and his bassist. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays from eleven to two, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave., at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

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CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant situated in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. **ELLIS LARKINS,** a diffident performer and a delicate, elegant pianist, does a whole gang of abbreviated sets between nine and midnight through Saturday, July 2.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, June 29, the Screaming Sneakers, John Are, the Bashers, and Broken Glass; Thursday, June 30, the Orthotonics and Foreign Legion; Friday, July 1, Helen Wheels, Richard X. Heyman, the Delivery Boys, and Blue Fyre; Sunday, July 3, the Anti-Nowhere League; and Tuesday, July 5, Bohemia Agipop, Lipstick Stains, and ICBM. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** sings the blues, talks the blues, chants the blues, hums the blues, and sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and other tunes. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty. Sundays through Tuesdays are allotted pianist Ronnell Bright, who performs at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and eleven-thirty. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, June 29, Irish music with accordionist **JOHN NOLAN** and fancy fiddling **PAT KEOGH;** Saturday, July 2, the Chicken Chokers String Band; Tuesday, July 5, gospel singer Helen Schneyer; and Saturday, July 9, Out to Lunch. Music from nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Tuesday, July 5, cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** will drop by to lead them. Sunday, July 3, has been set aside for **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young, big-voiced, swing tenor-sax soloist, and his quintet, which will begin at about nine-fifteen. Mondays, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** heads his group from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, Kansas City jazzers and blues singers **BIG JOE TURNER** and **JAY MC SHANN,** who also manhandles the keyboard; Friday through Sunday, July 1-3, percussionists **GUILHERME FRANCO** and **MARCIO SAPEL** and their samba band, **PÉ-DE-BOI,** and guest percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS;** and starting Tuesday, July 5, guitarists **LARRY CORYELL, VIC JURIS, CHUCK LOEB,** and **RORY STUART.** Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

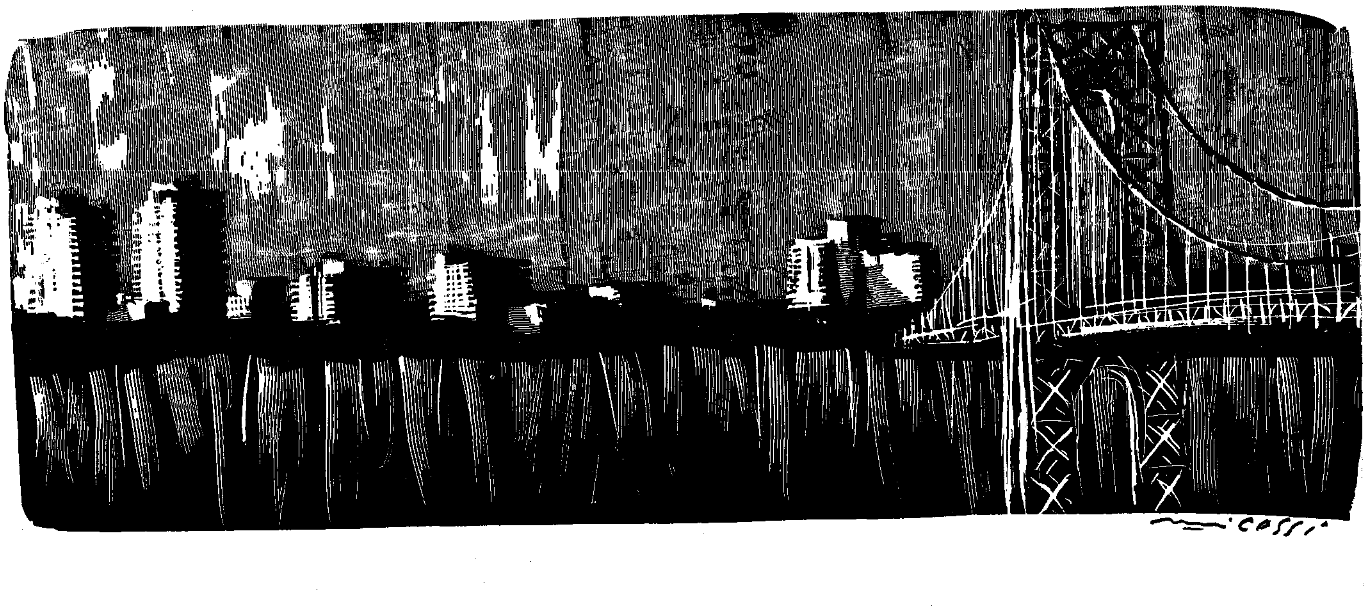
FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, June 29, Jill Kroesen, the Phillip Blues, and Ten Thousand Maniacs; Thursday, June 30, Frank Maya; Friday, July 1, singer **ELLEN MC ILWAINE** and Preston Reed; Saturday, July 2, the Floor Models; Sunday, July 3, Jane Brucker, Tuesday, July 5, Suzanne Vega and Tom Intondi; Thursday, July 7, Gabriel Yacoub and Soldier's Fancy; Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

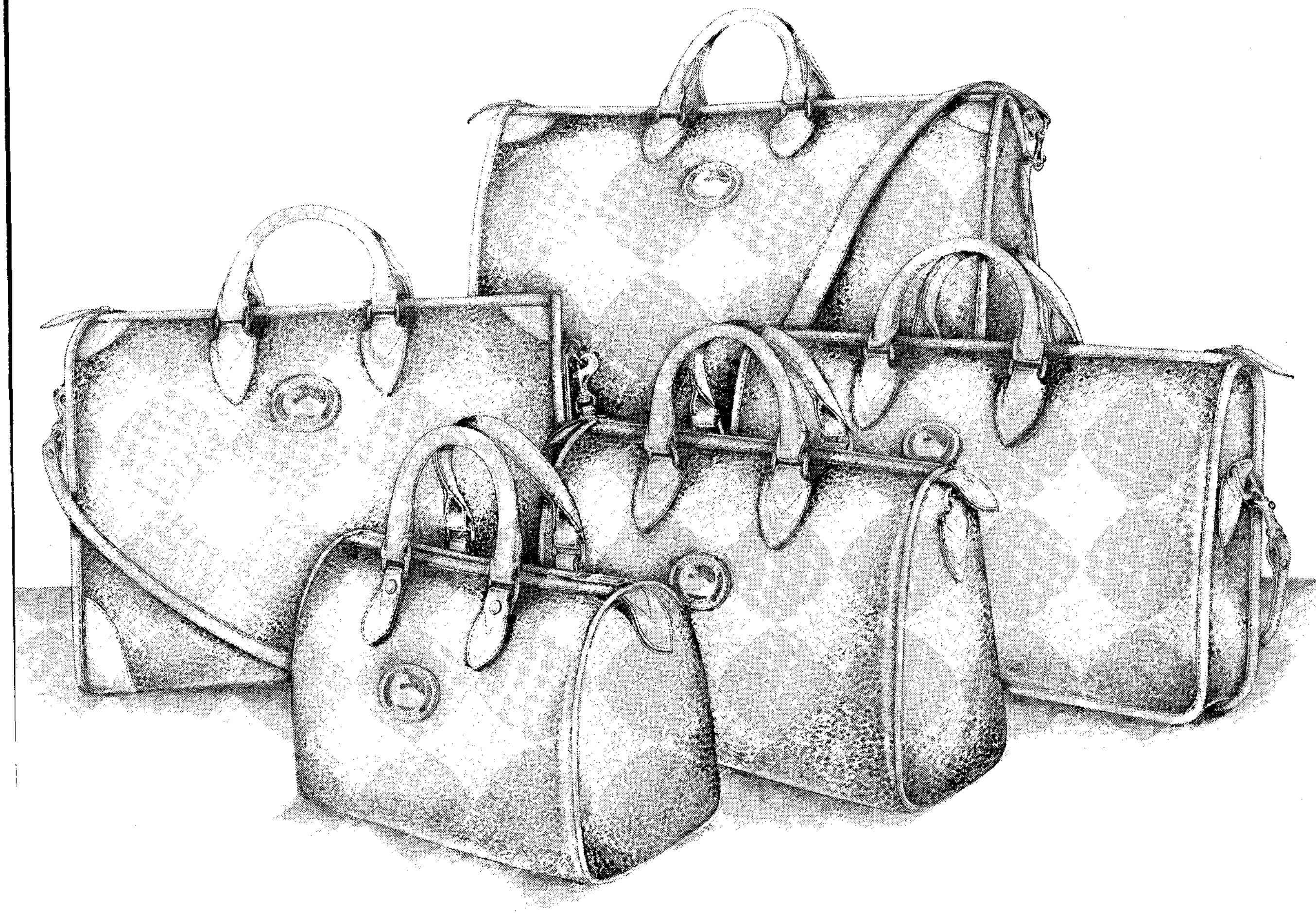
GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. Wednesday, June 29, pianist Kuni Mikami; Thursday through Sunday, June 30-July 3, pop-jazz pianist Kenny Brawner; Tuesday through Thursday, July 5-7, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON;** and Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, Jerome Olds and Tom Grose. Music Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten; Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Pianist Armen Donelian's trio occupies the tiny bandstand through Sunday, July 3; on Monday, July 4, pianist Baba Motta will work with bassist John Belzaguy and Wednesday through Sunday, July 6-10 pianist **RICHARD SUSSMAN** will be on hand with guitarist **CHUCK LOEB.** Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a cheerfully rampaging stride and ragtime pianist, performs through Monday, July 4; on Tuesday, July 5 John Eaton, another tradition-minded pianist, will arrive. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A





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no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—tradional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group, and Tuesday through Saturday, July 5-9, **JIMMY MAXWELL** will lead them. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are the good pianists and bassists: **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, July 2; **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** on Sunday and Monday, July 3-4; and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** beginning Tuesday, July 5. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, June 29, Savoy Brown; Thursday, June 30, Nashville fiddling legend **VASSAR CLEMENTS;** Sunday, July 3, **FINN & THE SHARKS,** a rockabilly outfit from Nyack, N.Y.; Wednesday, July 6, **TANIA MARIA,** a romping, high-spirited Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist; and Thursday, July 7, Delbert McClinton. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. Lots of groups: vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON'S** quartet on Wednesday, June 29; saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** quintet Thursday through Sunday, June 30-July 3; pianist and singer **SHARON FREEMAN'S** trio on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 5-6; and saxophonist **BOBBY WATSON'S** quintet Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs some forty years ago, sings in her melismatic style through Saturday, July 2; on Friday, July 8, **KENNY RANKIN,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, will come in. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JON HENDRICKS** is here singing with a backing crew and other singers Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, June 29, La-Rita Gaskins; Thursday, June 30, Emilie Long; Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO** and Cuban percussionist **CARLOS PATATO VALDEZ;** Tuesday, July 5, guitarist Elliott Randall and Julie Eiqenberg; and Wednesday through Saturday, July 6-9, the **MILT JACKSON–RAY BROWN** quintet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, June 29, Entity, Grape Jam, and the Mixx; Thursday, June 30, Last Licks, QED, and Stick Figures; Friday, July 1, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl; Sunday, July 3, Mark Suazzo; Wednesday, July 6, Richie Scarlett and Easy Money; Thursday, July 7, the Shades; Friday, July 8, the Drongoes; and Saturday, July 9, Rare Silk and Sue Maskebris. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, July 1 the Individuals and the Vipers; Saturday, July 2, the Higsons and the Smart; Friday, July 8, Dream Syndicate; and Saturday, July 9, the **FLESHTONES.** Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER,** chief arranger for and trumpeter with the influential Jimmie Lunceford band of the thirties, leads a septet through an updated version of the bounce Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, June 30, Mink DeVille; Friday, July 1, Nitecaps; Saturday, July 2, the Alarm; Monday, July 4, Urban Blight; Thursday, July 7, Fun Boy 3; and Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, UB40. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, July 5-6.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, **CARLA BLEY,** a madcap composer, arranger, pianist, and bandleader, and her band; Tuesday, July 5, the Ed Palermo big band; Wednesday, July 6, Bryan Wells & Urbanity; Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9, guitarist **STEVE KHAN'S** quartet, Eyewitness. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, alto saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL** and his sextet; Friday through Sunday, July 1-3, Brazuca; Wednesday, July 6, Cigano; Thursday, July 7, Mixed Grill; Friday, July 8, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** and Saturday, July 9, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Monday and Tuesday, July 4-5.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**BENNY CARTER,** the elegant, eloquent alto-sax soloist, heads a quartet through Sunday, July 3; on Tuesday, July 5, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK,** his jazz-singer wife, **URSZULA DUDZIAK,** and their quintet will take over. Mondays are devoted to the music of **GIL EVANS** and his young vivacious big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

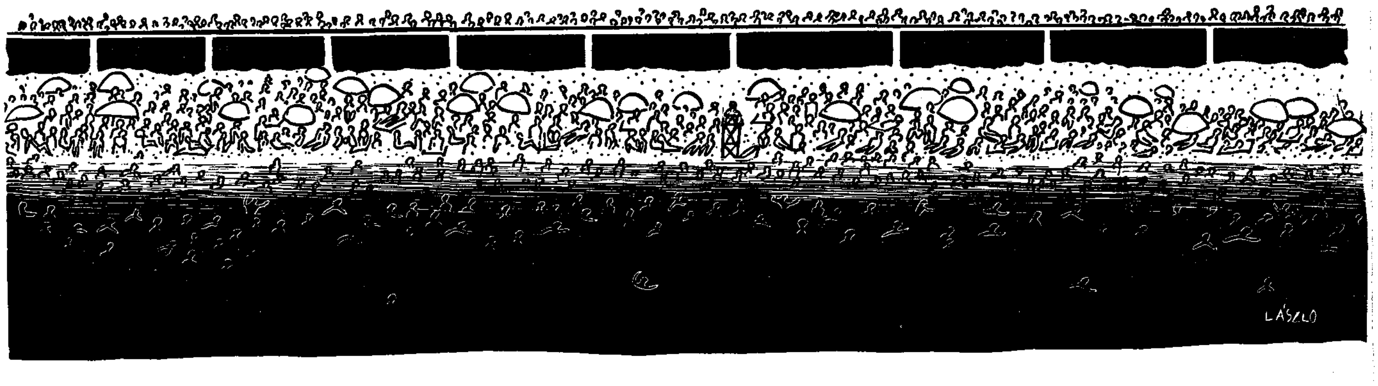
Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—R. & B. singer-pianist **CHARLES BROWN,** who had a hit record in 1945, "Driftin' Blues," sings a sophisticated, lounge-variety—as opposed to juke-joint variety—blues, but his piano playing is strictly hot, laced with intense, drubbed, overkill blues chords that nevertheless sound just fine. He is also as personable as all get out. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exuberant, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for exuberant audiences: on July 4, Fajardo will trade sets with Conjunto Barocco, and the guest soloist will be saxophonist Robin Kenyatta. Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, **RICHIE HAVENS** will sing at ten and midnight, and on Saturday, July 9, singer **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** will share the stage with trumpeter **WOODY SHAW'S** quintet. And out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** performs on Tuesdays from nine. Wednesday through Sunday, June 29-July 3, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY** can be heard, and Wednesday through Sunday, July 6-10, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will work with bassist **GENE TAYLOR.** Music from ten until three.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Altoist **RICHIE COLE'S** quartet is present through Sunday, July 3; on Tuesday, July 5, tenor saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** whose solos are still as fiery, intense, and urgent as they were when he took them in front of a racing big band years ago, will bring in his quartet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** winds up his visit on Sunday, July 3, and on Tuesday, July 5, guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA** will move in. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the



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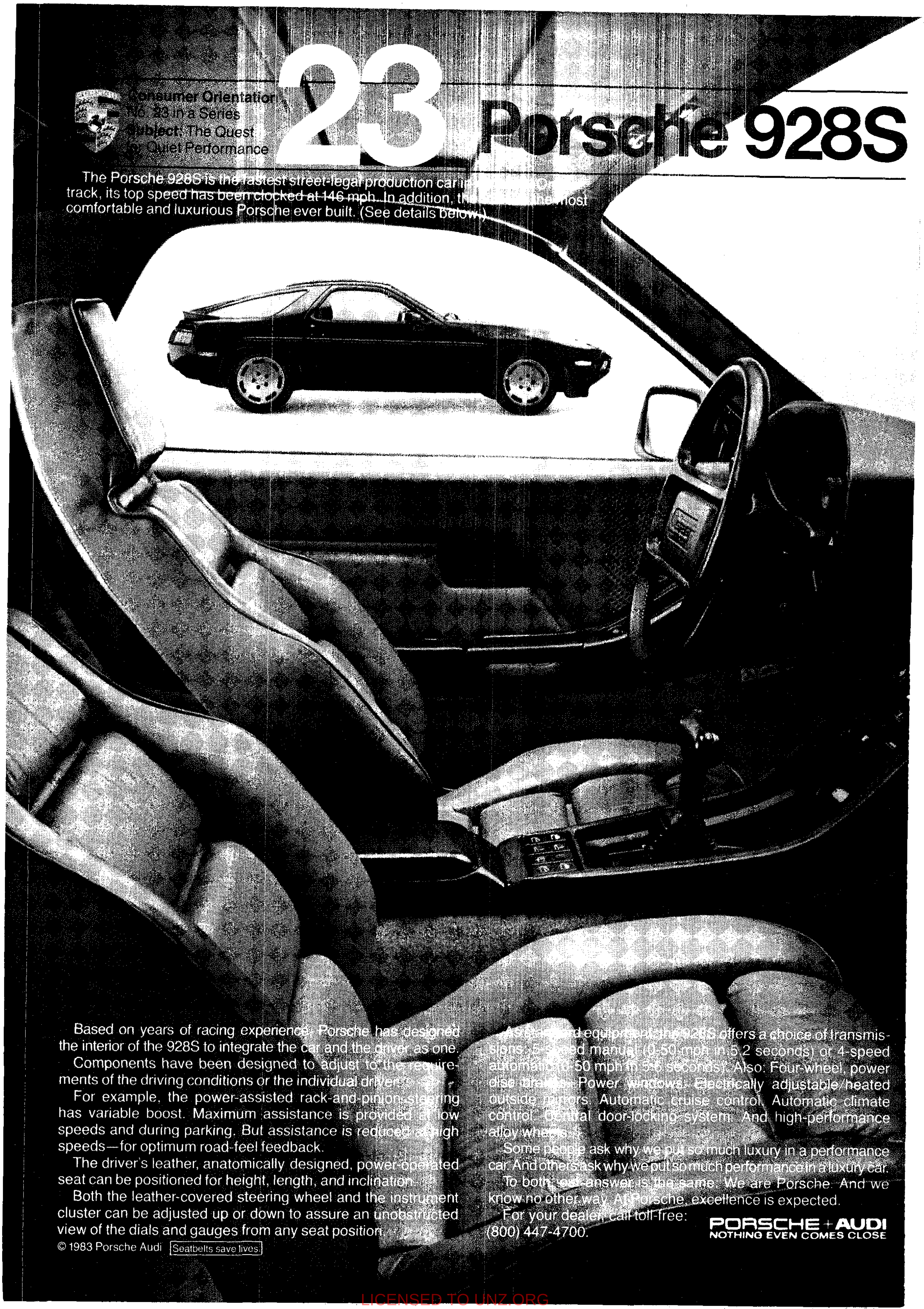

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, saxophonist **EDDIE BAREFIELD'S** quartet, and starting Friday, July 1, **HAROLD (CORNBREAD) SINGER.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** has moved in, and he's playing with bassist **MILT HINTON** Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, and Saturday, July 2; with **BRIAN TORFF** on Friday, July 1; and with **MICHAEL MOORE** Monday through Saturday, July 4-9. **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** handle the piano-bass duties on Sundays. Music from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Kool Jazz Festival—Final performances. The concerts are taking place in various halls and clubs around the city; on a Staten Island Ferry; and at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs. For Saratoga listings, see page 13, under Music in the Country. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. Wednesday, June 29, at 5: Makoto Ozone, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: McCoy Tyner, George Shearing, Dave McKenna, Philly Joe Jones, and others in a tribute to Bill Evans. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: Sarah Vaughan & her trio and Richie Cole & Alto Madness, with Freddie Hubbard and Jon Faddis. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: Andrew Cyrille, Marilyn Crispell, and others. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 5: Walter Bishop, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8: The Modern Jazz Quartet and Betty Carter and her trio. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8: The Dave Brubeck quartet, the Stan Getz quartet, and the Gerry Mulligan quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8: Daniel Poncé & Jazzbata and Jamaaladeen Tacuma & Jamaal. (Soundscape.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 5: Dick Hyman, solo piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8: Joe Williams, Woody Herman & His Young Thundering Herd, Jay McShann, Big Joe Turner, and others. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8: Dave Grusin & the NY/LA Dream Band, with Patti Austin. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8: Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees-Merenque Jazz and Commitment. (Soundscape.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: Jazz on the Ferry (the Staten Island, that is), with Maxine Sullivan & the Band from Rampart Street and the New Black Eagle Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 7 and 11: The Ray Charles Show '83 and B. B. King. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra and Philly Joe Jones' Dameronia. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: Billy Bang & the Gang and Jeanne Lee. (Soundscape.) . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at midnight: Jazz films from Dave Chertok's collection. (Soundscape.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 1: Thiago de Mello & Amazon and the Tri-State McDonald's High School Jazz Ensemble. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 8: "Hard Times, Good Times with Studs Terkel," featuring Doc Cheatham, Panama Francis, Woody Herman, Milt Hinton, Jimmy McPartland, Maxine Sullivan, and others. (Town Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 8: "Gil Evans—A Retrospective," with Mr. Evans, George Adams, Billy Cobham, Ricky Ford, Oliver Jackson, Howard Johnson, Gerry Mulligan, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 8: The Jimmy Lyons quartet and the Charles Tyler Ensemble. (Soundscape.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

One Plus One . . . Quartet—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, June 30, at 5:30. For tickets, call 598-3491.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed July 4.)

GALLERIES

John Alexander / Frederick Brown—Abstract paintings. / Paintings in which Biblical themes are adapted to contemporary settings. Through July 15. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Akira Arita—Still-lifes in oils and mixed mediums by a realist. Also, two portraits. Through Friday, July 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Tom Butter—An abstract sculpture using translucent, colored fibre glass. Through Sept. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Charles Eckart / Gerald Bergstein—Oil paintings of nudes, more suggested than anatomized. / Large mixed-media abstractions in which patches of deft draftsmanship and trompe-l'oeil painting occur. Through Friday, July 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

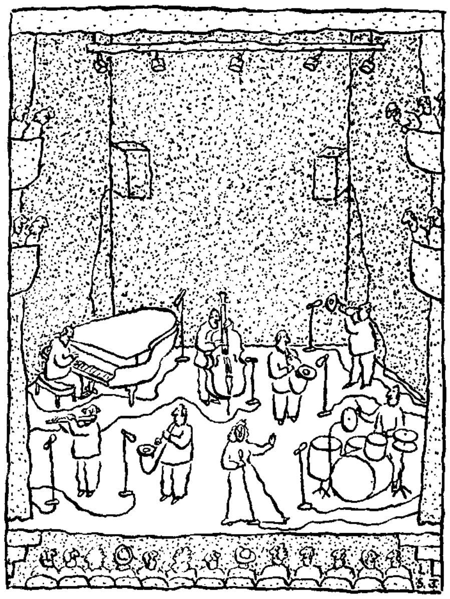
Mati Klarwein—Visionary landscapes and a few portraits. Through July 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Hayley Lever (1876-1958)—Watercolors of seaports and fishing villages, here and abroad. Through July 15. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Hitch Lyman and Gary Kulak—Watercolors of gardens in Italy by the former, and garden arbors in welded steel (one full size) by the latter. Through July 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mariann Loveland Miller / Richard Miller—Fantasy paintings involving figures. / Collage paintings. Through July 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Myers (1881-1960)—About ten small bronzes representing fashionable people at the turn of the century by an artist whose work was included in the Armory Show. Also drawings. Through Friday, July 8. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)



David Schofield—Detailed pen-and-ink drawings of architectural wonders; one of the old Pennsylvania Station is twelve feet long and was done from photographs by this twenty-four-year-old artist. Through Friday, July 8. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Alan Shields—Leaves of handmade paper with large perforations and touches of watercolor, some of them stitched together back to back and hung from the ceiling, so that both sides can be seen. Through Friday, July 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.) . . . ¶ A group show occupies the front room, with works by Jonathan Borofsky, Bob Gober, Joel Shapiro, among others.

Jim Touchton—Still-lifes with Macdougal Alley in the background, and landscapes of East Hampton. Through Wednesday, July 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Zelevansky—A three-dimensional installation devoted to a fictitious city. Through July 29. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St.)

Pratt Invitational Alumni Exhibition—One or more works (paintings, photographs, constructions) by twenty former students, who include Nancy Grossman, Sylvia Plachy, Clayton Pond, and George Segal. Through July 16. (469 Broome St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Art in the Anchorage—Creative Time is presenting a summer show of ten art installations designed (by Sal Romano, Taro Suzuki, Thomas Weaver, and others) for this exhibition space under the Brooklyn Bridge (in Brooklyn). Admission is two dollars. (Cadman Plaza West and Front St. Daily, noon to 8; closes at 7 on Wednesdays.)

Group Shows—At the **BELLMAN,** 41 E. 57th St.: "The Apocalyptic Vision" is the title of a display of unsettling New Image paintings by Nancy Chunn, Peter Dean, Robert Morgan, and Michael Dvortcsak. Through July 15. . . . **BONNIER,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Ryman, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through July 29. . . . **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St.: A survey of the paintings and sculptures exhibited at this gallery over the past two years includes such artists as Max Coyer, Alex McFarlane, and Edgar Franceschi. Through July 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exhibit of paintings and sculptures, in which nominators and nominees are both represented; e.g., Carl Andre (showing a sculpture) picked Nancy Haynes (a painted-wood relief). Through July 16. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works incorporating found objects by such artists as Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Man Ray, and Richard Pousette-Dart. Through July 28. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Eleven artists (Jenny Holzer, Tim Rollins, Ida Applebroog, others) exhibiting paintings, video, photographs, etc., that fall into the category of social commentary. Through July 29. . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Delicate wood cabinets with unusual screens and drawers by Loren Calaway; shaped canvases heavily encrusted with grimy-looking paint by Michael David; and figurative oils by Dona Nelson. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St.: Recent acquisitions, including works by Botero, Vuillard, and Miró, and a beguiling brush-and-ink drawing by Toulouse-Lautrec of a woman shaking hands with a little dog. Through Friday, July 8. . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Louisa Chase, Roberto Juarez, and Robert S. Zakanitch. Through July 29. . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Two independent artist groups, each

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

showing works by its members—Photographs from En Foco, a Bronx organization; and an installation elaborating on the journal of a feminist publishing group called Heresies Collective. Through July 20. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Two enigmatic figure paintings by Sabina Mirri, a young Italian newcomer, are included in the summer show of works, which are mostly by familiar gallery artists. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the fifties by Clinton Hill, Mark Rothko, Stephen Greene, Michael Loew, and others. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Five sculptors and four painters who either have had a show here this season or will have next. Among the artists are Heide Fasnacht, Will Horwitt, Abbie Zabar, and David Shapiro. Through Aug. 19. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Lucio Pozzi organized this exhibit, in which nine artists (Michael Hurson, Susanna Tanger, for instance) have paintings and sculptures. Through July 22. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: The Way Out West Show is centered on two New Mexico artists, Howard Cook (drawings and prints) and Barbara Latham (prints). Ansel Adams, Laura Gilpin, Maynard Dixon, Maria Henle, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others are also represented. Many photographs, of course. Through Aug. 12. (Closed Mondays.)

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number of others mount group shows of works by gallery members, sometimes changing the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St. (Both closed Mondays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EINSTEIN,** 243 E. 82nd St. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **MILLIKEN,** 98 Prince St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St. . . . **SHAFRAZI,** 163 Mercer St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

GEORGE AGUIRRE—Color photographs. Through Saturday, July 2. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

ESTHER BUBLEY—Prints from the forties (some of Texas and Central Park), plus a selection from her series on children. Through July 30. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

RUDY BURCKHARDT—In a group of thirty photographs, there is a print from 1934 and one from this year. Through July 15. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

HARRY CALLAHAN—Photographs recently printed in Germany using a laser scanner. Through Friday, July 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

T. LUX FEININGER—Thirty photographs from the thirties and forties. Through July 15. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, and open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

LISETTE MODEL (1906-83)—Vacationers on the French Riviera and at Coney Island are among the subjects in photographs by an artist who died in March. Through July 15. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, except July 2, from 9 to 6.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1854-1946)—A retrospective of some hundred and fifty photographs, selected in consultation with Georgia O'Keeffe, has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St.: Photographs by eleven photographers who live and teach in Georgia, Florida, or South Carolina. Through July 29. . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: "Roy Stryker: U.S.A., 1943-1950," an exhibit of about two hundred prints by photographers who were commissioned by Mr. Stryker, the administrator of a photography project for Standard Oil of New Jersey, to detail "the kinds of things a scholar a hundred years from now is going to wonder about." The better-known names are Elliott Erwitt, Russell Lee, Lisette Model, and Gordon Parks. Through Sunday, July 3. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: The sixth annual show of X-rated (mostly) photographs of nudes. George Platt Lynes, Robert Mapplethorpe, Charles Gatewood, and Arthur Tress are some of the artists. Through July 29. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of nudes—from Timothy Greenfield-Sanders' daughters, to Marly Stone's black child in the arms of a white woman at a nude beach, to E. Powis Jones' undressed mannequins. Through July 29. . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists, who include Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, and John Coplans. Through July 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ The reinstallation of the Egyptian Wing has reached completion with the opening of ten new galleries, which house archeological and artistic works from 1991 to 1379 B.C. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum" as well as a re-creation of part of the natural-history museum he founded in Philadelphia in the seventeen-eighties. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** The work of Alfred Stieglitz. Through Aug. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—The permanent collections (from which about a hundred works are on view) would be the main reason for a visit just now. Starting Friday, July 1, video programs of performance art will be shown daily. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

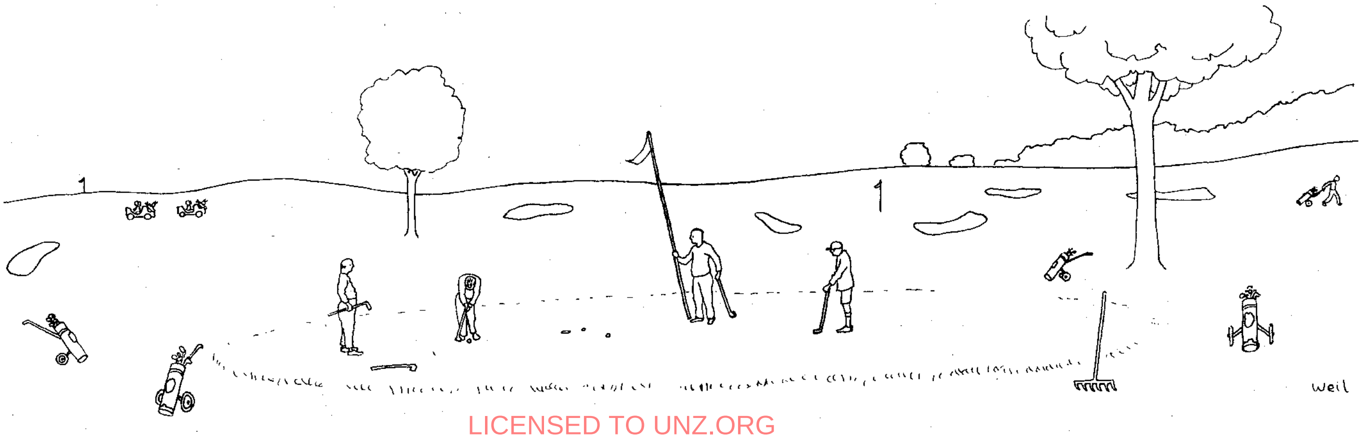
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Both shows through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artist-blacksmiths from around the world. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Friday,



July 8. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II. Through July 10. . . . ¶ Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Music on the lawn: On Tuesday, July 5, at 6:30, G. Lindahl (electro-acoustical compositions) and Larry Karush (piano, with Glen Velez, percussion).

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of fifty paintings by Sir Winston Churchill. Through Sunday, July 3. . . . ¶ A display of forty models, plus drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of their first combined summer-fall season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 13. Thursday, July 7, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Marianna Christos, Bruce Reed, and Frederick Burchinal; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 2: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Leigh Munro, Abram Morales, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

UMMERMUSIC AT THE Y—Wednesday, June 29: A Rameau-Bach-Vivaldi program, with Jaime Laredo, violin; Anthony Newman, harpsichord; and Sharon Robinson, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30: A program of music by Stravinsky, Mozart, Brahms, and Fauré, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Hiroko Yajima and Mr. Laredo, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; Michele Zukovsky, clarinet; and Miss Robinson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 5: A Mozart-Brahms-Schumann program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Michael Tree, viola; Miss Robinson; and the Messrs. Laredo, Rhodes, and Yajima. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 6: A program of music by J. S. Bach, J. C. F. Bach, Handel, and Haydn, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Miss Robinson; and the Messrs. Newman, Laredo, and Tree. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 7: A Haydn-Debussy-Ravel program, with Nancy Allen, harp; the Misses Robinson and Zukovsky; and the Messrs. Yajima, Tree, Kalichstein, Rampal, and Laredo. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Cavalli's "L'Ormindo," staged by Thaddeus Motyka and conducted by Hugh Keelan. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 570-1888. Wednesday, June 29, at 8, and Thursday, June 30, at 7.)

Bel Canto Opera—Sung Fu Yuan's "Tao Yuan," staged by Sal Allocco and conducted by the composer. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program combining poetry, music, and dance, from sixteenth-century Spain. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Thursday, June 30, at 8. For tickets, call 942-4951.)

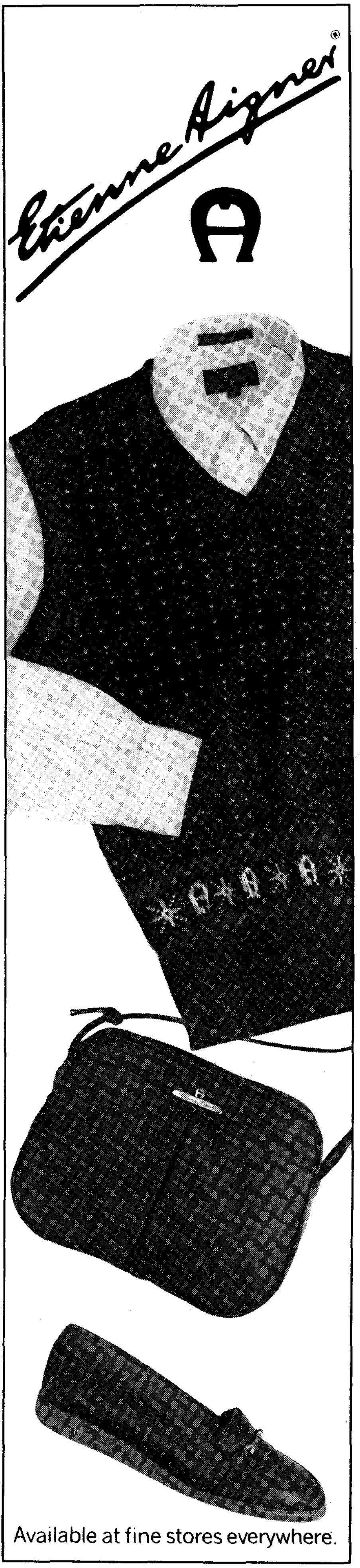
Note—The Audubon String Quartet will give a recital in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, July 13, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, July 5, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 28—Thursday, June 30, at 8:30: The Emerson String Quartet, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players; the Emerson String Quartet; and Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 8:30: Gunther Schuller conducting members of the Boston Symphony, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 7, at 8:30: Salvatore Accardo, violin, and Luis Batlle, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 7: Tom Krause, baritone; Jules Eskin, cello; and Mr. Kalish, in all all-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Brahms–Richard Strauss program, with Leontyne Price, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 8:30: Leonard Slatkin conducting a Rouse-Brahms-Prokofieff program, with Mr. Accardo. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Goesta Winbergh, tenor; Mr. Krause; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 28—Saturday, July 2, at 8:30: John Nelson directing the Caramoor Festival Orchestra and Chorus in a Berlioz-Barber-Mendelssohn program, with Jaime Laredo, violin; Sylvia McNair, soprano; and Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra in a program of American music, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Susan Walters, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 7, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano, and Aleck Karis, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra in a Haydn-Mozart-Dvořák program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Stephen Taylor, oboe; Dennis Godburn, bassoon; Naoko Tanaka, violin; and Myron Lutzke, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Renaissance music. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses will leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center—on Sunday, July 3, a special bus will leave at 1:30; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Thursday, June 30, at 8:15: Stray Cats and Dave Edmunds. . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8:15: Eric Clapton. . . . ¶ Two twelve-hour offerings of the **KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL**—Saturday, July 2, at noon: Gladys Knight & the Pips, the VSOP II Quintet, Dave Grusin & the NY/LA Dream Band, Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers, Ronald Shannon Jackson & the Decoding Society, and others. . . . Sunday, July 3, at noon: The Ray Charles Show '83, B. B. King, Woody Herman & His Young Thundering Herd, the Festival All-Stars, the Slide Hampton quintet, and others. For information about tickets, call 787-2020, in New York. . . . ¶ Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET** of a three-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

week season that ends Saturday, July 23. Tuesday, July 5, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Piano Pieces," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 6, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Rossini Quartets," and "Piano Pieces." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 7, at 2: "Rossini Quartets," "Piano Pieces," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 7, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Glass Pieces," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 8:15, and Saturday, July 9, at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 8:15: "Souvenir de Florence," "Glass Pieces," and "Symphony in C." (Saratoga Springs. *Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call* 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '83—Opening performances of a five-week festival of theatre, dance, and music that will take place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 7. *Un soupçon*—Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9, at 8, and Sunday, July 10, at 3: "Booth Is Back in Town," a musical, with a book by Austin Pendleton, lyrics by Gretchen Cryer, and music by Arthur B. Rubinstein. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 8:30; Saturday, July 9, at 3 and 8:30: and Sunday, July 10, at 8: The Pennsylvania Ballet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 8, at 11, and Saturday, July 9, at 9 and 11: Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford in a cabaret show. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 6: Benjamin Britten's opera "Noah's Flood." No tickets necessary. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 9: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 242-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, at 8, and Sunday and Monday, July 3-4, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Friday, July 8, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 9, at 7:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 25. The Dwyer, Saturday, July 2; the Tidal Handicap, Sunday, July 3; the Suburban Handicap, Monday, July 4; the Astoria, Wednesday, July 6; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, July 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 4, between 11 and 1:15.). . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Monday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Monday, July 4, at 11:20.). . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, July 2.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Vancouver, Wednesday, June 29, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Team America, Wednesday, July 6, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8, and Sunday, July 3, at 6; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 12.

Yachting—Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy in the second round of the preliminary trials for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Saturday, July 2, through Thursday, July 14.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Daily, 9:30 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 29, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, July 1, at 10:15: American furniture and decorative arts.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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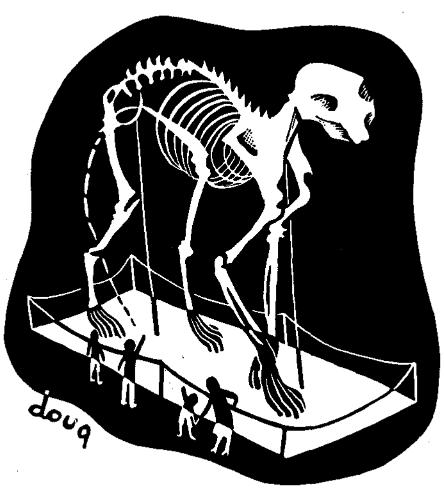
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The Glorious Fourth—Herewith a listing of some of the events in store: **SATURDAY, JULY 2:** The Navy's L.S.T. Boulder will be open to the public from one to five at the Passenger Ship Terminal at Twelfth Avenue and West 53rd Street. . . . ¶ One-thirty is the starting time for a race by power boats which will follow a course from Battery Park up the Hudson to Spuyten Duyvil and back. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 3:** A ten-thousand-metre running race across the George Washington Bridge to Inwood Hill Park begins at nine. . . . ¶ At ten, international teams will compete in races on the Hudson River, off the Battery, for the International Lifeboat Race Trophy. . . . ¶ At *noon, three hundred pleasure boats will sail* up the Hudson River from the Statue of Liberty. . . . ¶ The ship Boulder will again be open to the public, from one to five. . . . ¶ Between one and two-thirty, antique airplanes and contemporary Navy planes from the Intrepid squadron will fly over the Hudson River. . . . **MONDAY, JULY 4:** At ten-thirty, at the Battery Park Seawall, a roll call of the states, accompanied by a fifty-gun salute, will start the day. . . . ¶ A parade of marching bands and floats will take off from Bowling Green at noon, heading up Broadway for City Hall. . . . ¶ A street fair, with booths for arts and crafts, will take place on Water Street, between Pine and State Streets, from noon until about six. . . . ¶ Jazz musicians will perform at Battery Park, from one to five. . . . ¶ The ship Boulder will be open again from one to five. . . . ¶ At three-thirty, a program of Scandinavian music and dance will be given at the World Trade Center's Austin J. Tobin Plaza. . . . ¶ The windup, at nine-fifteen, will be Macy's half-hour fireworks display, set off from barges in the East River between 23rd and 42nd Streets. (The F.D.R. Drive will be closed to automobiles and open to pedestrians from 14th to 51st Streets between the hours of eight and midnight.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **RICHARD III,** with Kevin Kline, Marian Seldes, Betty Miller, and David Alan Grier, will start on Thursday, June 30, and will run through Sunday, July 31. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 7.). . . ¶ On Monday, July 4, at 8, Dino Anagnost will direct the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society in an all-Cole Porter program.



Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval, running through Thursday, Sept. 1. Wednesday, June 29: U2 and the Alarm. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 6: Peter Tosh and Dennis Brown. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 7-8: The Beach Boys. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Central Park Mall—*Vincent La Selva directing* the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of Verdi's "Nabucco" in concert form, with Marisa Galvany, soprano, and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. The first in a series of four productions. (Wednesday, July 6, at 8.)

I Love New York Concert Series—The first in a series of six concerts, this one featuring Wayne Newton. (World Trade Center's Austin J. Tobin Plaza. Saturday, July 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 683-4960.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 4, from 10:30 to 4:30.)

Brooklyn Bridge Centennial—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, is being held every evening, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebling. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing at the foot of Cadman Plaza (Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at 9:15; Friday through Sunday, July 1-3, at 9:15 and 10; and Monday, July 4, at 9:15 Thereafter, nightly, except Mondays, at 9:15 and 10. For information about tickets, cal 977-9020.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston July 10 (day). Cincinnati, July 12-14 (night) Atlanta, July 25-26 (n) and July 27 (d) Pittsburgh, July 28-29 (n), July 30 (at 4:05) and July 31 (d). Montreal, Aug. 2-3 (n) and Aug. 4 (d). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium Vs. Texas, July 14-15 (night) and July 16-17 (day). Minnesota, July 18-19 (n) and July 20 (d). Kansas City, July 21-23 (n) and July 24 (d). Detroit, Aug. 5-6 (n) and Aug. 7 (d). Toronto, Aug. 8 (twi-night doubleheader), Aug 9 (n), and Aug. 10 (d).

Horse Show—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin Ireland. Aug. 2-6.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Giants, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Aug. 7.)

Racing—At Saratoga: July 27-Aug. 22.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Tulsa, July 17. Seattle, July 20. San Diego, Aug. 3.

Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 23-31.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 8-Nov. 5.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont July 16-23.). . . ¶ America's Cup at Newport Defenders' observation trials, July 16-27 . . . Challengers (Australia, Canada, England France, and Italy) in the final round of the preliminary trials, July 20-Aug. 6.

Music—Mostly Mozart Festival, at Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), July 11-Aug 27. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic in Central Park, Aug. 8, 15, and 22. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Aug. 10-27.

Dance—Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 18-30.

HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH TO DRINK IF YOU'RE DRIVING?

USING THIS CHART MAY HELP YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT.

First, you should understand that drinking any amount of alcohol can impair your ability to drive.

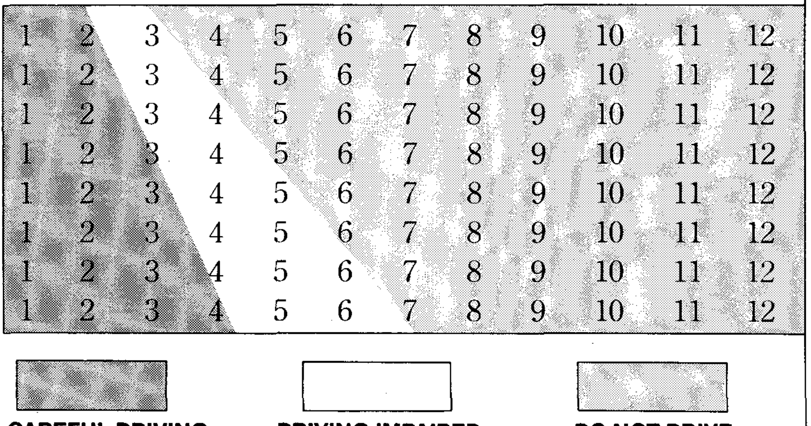
The generally accepted way to measure intoxication is by your Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC). In most areas, the legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent BAC and above. However, long before you reach .10 BAC, your judgment and motor skills deteriorate rapidly. In fact, some states include the definition of impaired driving ability, which usually begins at .05 percent.

Important factors to keep in mind are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 6-ounce glass of wine, a 12-ounce can of beer or 1½ ounces of 86-proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration. Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober. The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later.

DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)



Weight	1½ ozs. 86° Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer											
100	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

▨ BE CAREFUL DRIVING BAC TO .05%

☐ DRIVING IMPAIRED .05-.09%

▒ DO NOT DRIVE .10% & UP

Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

Black coffee, cold showers, or walking around outdoors will do nothing to make you sober. Of course, someone who claims, "I'll be okay as soon as I get behind the wheel," may be making a fatal misjudgment.

At General Motors, we have developed a device which tests a driver's reflexes and motor responses before it allows the car to start. The Department of Transportation is now testing it in California as a deterrent to repeat offenders. Today, you, the driver, have to know your limits and when you've gone beyond them. If you have any doubts, don't drive.

Even if you're not drinking, other drivers may be. Your best protection is still the seat belts in your car. Accidents do happen, and wearing lap and shoulder belts doubles your chances of coming through one alive.

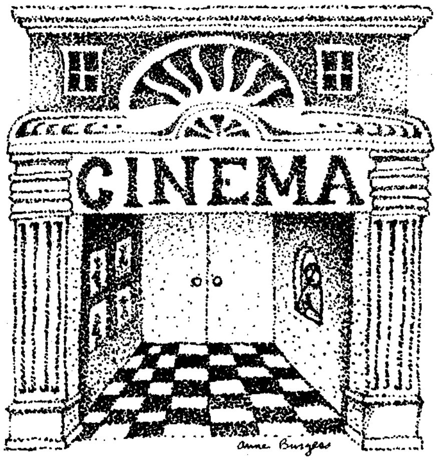
This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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			29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
June 29: "The Touch" (1971; directed by Ingmar Bergman), with Elliott Gould, Bibi Andersson, and Max von Sydow; and "The Ritual" (1969; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
June 30: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
July 1: "The Devil's Eye" (1961; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Jarl Kulle, Bibi Andersson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.
July 2: "Sawdust and Tinsel" ("The Naked Night;" 1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg; and "Brink of Life" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, and Bibi Andersson.
July 3: "The Silence" (†) and "Dreams" (†).
From July 5: "Neige" (Juliet Berto and Jean-Henri Roger; in French), with Berto.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through June 30: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
From July 1: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti) with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Ingrid Thulin.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 30: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie; and "Diner" (†).
From July 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 30: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
From July 1: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Octopussy" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Octopussy" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "Superman III."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "S.O.B." (†).
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 30: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
From July 1: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From July 1: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 30: "The Man with Two Brains" (†).
From July 1: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Survivors" (Michael Ritchie), with Robin Williams and Walter Matthau.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

U.A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"WarGames" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 30: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
From July 1: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Prix de Beauté" (1930; directed by Augusto Genina; in French), with Louise Brooks; and "A Conversation with Louise Brooks" (1974; Richard Leacock), a short film.
Theatre 2: June 29: "Late Spring" (1949; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Sisters of the Gion" (1936; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). June 30-July 2: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair. July 3-4: "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinado; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" ("Wild Horses of Fire;" 1964; Sergei Paradjanov; in Ukrainian). July 5: "Wild Strawberries" (†) and "The Virgin Spring" (†). July 6: "Teorema" (†) and "Orpheus" (†). July 7-9: "La Strada" (†) and "Juliet of the Spirits" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
Theatre 2: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 7: "Jour de Fête" (†) and "The Red Balloon" (†). From July 8: (tentative) "Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Tender Mercies" (†). From July 1: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.
Theatre 3: Through June 30: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†). From July 1: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.
Theatre 4: "Diva" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Ruling Class" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Flashdance" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through June 30: "Flights of Fancy" (Roman Balayan; in Russian).
From July 1: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes"(†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 7: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall). From July 8: To be announced.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through June 30: "Heatwave" (Phillip Noyce; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Richard Moir. From July 1: "Drugstore Romance" (Paul Vecchiali; in French).
Theatre 2: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Heads or Tails" (Robert Enrico; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Michel Serrault.
Theatre 2: Through July 5: "Jour de Fête" (†) and "The Red Balloon" (†). From July 6: "Playtime" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through June 30: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman. From July 1: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From July 1: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

Theatre 3: Through June 30: "WarGames" (†). From July 1: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through June 30: "Superman III" (Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor. From July 1: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).
Theatre 2: "Octopussy" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 30: "Say Amen, Somebody" (†). From July 1: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. From July 1: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 3: Through June 30: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky. From July 1: "Blue Thunder" (†); and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Theatre 4: "The Road Warrior" (†) and "Blade Runner" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (directed by Richard Lester), with Christopher Reeve and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 3: Through June 30: "Local Hero" (†). From July 1: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.
Theatre 4: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 5: Through June 30: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson. From July 1: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
Theatre 6: Through June 30: "The Man with Two Brains" (†). From July 1: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Survivors" (Michael Ritchie), with Robin Williams and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (John Landis), with Dan Aykroyd and Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 30: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
From July 1: "Don't Go in the Woods."

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon. From July 1: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 30: "Octopussy" (†). From July 1: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through June 30: A week-long program of Swiss films.
July 1-4: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.
July 5: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.
July 6: "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Eraserhead" (†).
July 7: "Eboli" (1980; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Gian Maria Volonte.
July 8-9: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

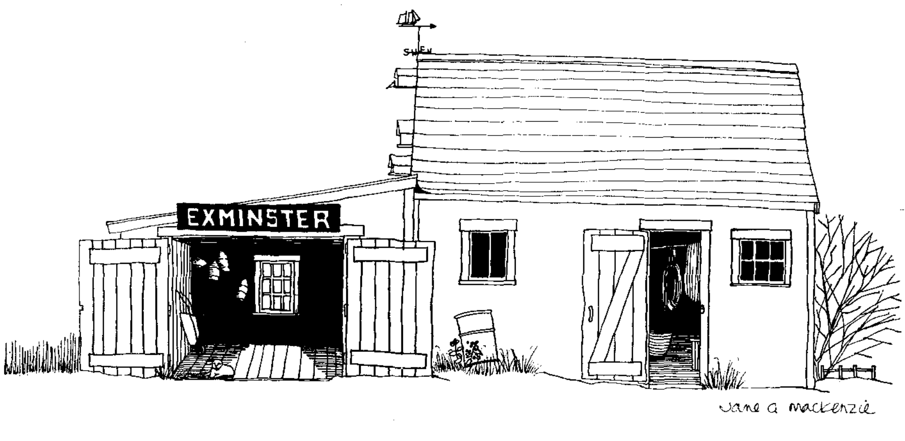
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 30: "Ilsa, the She Wolf;" and "Ilsa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks" (1976; Don Edmonds), with Dyanne Thorne.
July 1-2: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
July 3-5: "The Last Picture Show" (†); and "Paper Moon" (1973; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal and Tatum O'Neal.
July 6-7: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
July 8-9: "Fat City" (†); and "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 30: "Abuse" (1983; Arthur Bressan).
July 1-2: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "Burden of Dreams" (1982; Les Blank), a documentary about the making of "Fitzcarraldo."
July 3: "Genocide" (1982; Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary; and "Night and Fog" (1955; Alain Resnais), a short documentary.
July 4: "The World According to Garp" (†); and "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden.
July 5: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (1982; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black.
July 6: "Brimstone and Treacle" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Sting and Joan Plowright; and "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.
July 7: "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, and John Heard.
July 8-9: "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish); and "Midnight Express" (1978; Alan Parker), with Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
June 29: "Anne of the Thousand Days" (1970; Charles Jarrott), with Richard Burton and Geneviève Bujold; and "Alexander the Great" (1956; Robert Rossen), with Richard Burton, Fredric March, and Claire Bloom.
June 30-July 2: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.
July 3-4: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale; and "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
July 5-6: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974; Ted Kotcheff), with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "The World According to Garp" (†).
July 7-9: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through June 30: "The Last Picture Show" (†); and "Hud" (1963; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.
July 1-2: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "Hard Times" (1975; Walter Hill), with Charles Bronson, James Coburn, Jill Ireland, Strother Martin, and Robert Tessier.
July 3: "Oliver!" (1968; Carol Reed), with Ron Moody and Oliver Reed.
July 4-5: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
July 6-7: "Little Big Man" (†) and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (†).
July 8-9: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson and Mark Lee; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
June 29: "Sweet Hours" ("Dulces Horas;" 1982; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Iñaki Aierra and Assumpta Serna; and "Opera Prima" (1982; Fernando Trueba; in Spanish), with Oscar Ladoire and Paula Molina.
June 30: "Traffic" (1971; Jacques Tati), with Tati; and "Zazie" (1960; Louis Malle; in French), with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret.
July 1: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "The Importance of



Jane a mackenzie

Being Earnest" (1952; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford.

July 2: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

July 3: "The Time Machine" (†); and "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, and Les Tremayne.

July 4: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "The Gang's All Here" (†).

July 5: "Two for the Road" (†) and "A Letter to Three Wives" (†).

July 6: "The Life of O-Haru" (1952; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Kinuyo Tanaka; and "My Love Has Been Burning" (1949; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

July 7: "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

July 8: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek.

July 9: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 29: "Patton" (1970; Franklin J. Schaffner), with George C. Scott and Karl Malden.

June 30-July 2: "The French Connection" (1971; William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman; and "Klute" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.

July 3-4: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

July 5-6: "The Sting" (1973; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw.

July 7-9: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 29: "The Yakuza" (1975; Sydney Pollack), with Robert Mitchum, Takakura Ken, and Richard Jordan; and "Sasori-Female Prisoner 701" (1972; Shunya Ito; in Japanese).

June 30: "Come and Get It" (1936; Howard Hawks and William Wyler), with Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, and Frances Farmer; and "Rhythm on the Range" (1936; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Martha Raye, and Frances Farmer.

July 1-2: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

July 3: "City Lights" (†); and "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

July 4-5: A program of Walt Disney cartoons.

July 6: "Zatoichi's Revenge" (1965; Akira Inoue; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "Samurai Daughter" (1961; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo.

July 7: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1968; Robert Ellis Miller), with Alan Arkin; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, and Brian Keith.

July 8-9: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 29: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young;" 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "Murder" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

June 30: "Clash by Night" (1952; Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, and Robert Ryan; and "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews, Ida Lupino, and Rhonda Fleming.

July 1: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

July 2: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.

July 3-4: "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix; and "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey.

July 5: "Le Jour se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Marcel Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay.

July 6: "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor.

July 7: "Mr. Sheffington" (1944; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Claude Rains; and "Old Acquaintance" (1943; Vincent Sherman), with Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins.

July 8-9: "Nothing Sacred" (†); and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—June 30 at noon: "De Munich à la 'Drôle de Guerre'" (directed by Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 30 at 2:30: "La Loi du Nord" (1939; Jacques Feyder; in French, with English subtitles), with Michèle Morgan, Pierre Richard-Willm, and Charles Vanel. . . . ¶ June 30 at 6: "Le Joueur d'Échecs" (1938; Jean Dréville; in French, with no English subtitles), with Conrad Veidt and Françoise Rosay. . . . ¶ July 1 at noon: "De Munich a la 'Drôle de Guerre'." . . . ¶ July 1 at 2:30: "La Bête Humaine" (1938; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Simone Simon, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . ¶ July 1 at 6: "Quai des Brumes" (1938; Marcel Carné; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan, and Michel Simon. . . . ¶ July 2 at noon: "Alice Adams" (1935; George Stevens), with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, and Fred Stone. . . . ¶ July 2 at 2:30: "Le Dernier Tournant" (1939; Pierre Chenal; in French, with no English subtitles), with Fernand Gravey, Corinne Luchaire, and Michel Simon. . . . ¶ July 2 at 5: "Sérénade" (1939; Jean Boyer; in French, with English subtitles), with *Lilian Harvey and Louis* Jouvet. . . . ¶ July 3 at noon: "Alice Adams." . . . ¶ July 3 at 2:30: "La Bête Humaine." . . . ¶ July 3 and 5: "Volpone" (1940; Maurice Tourneur; in French, with English subtitles), with Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet, and Jacqueline Delubac. . . . ¶ July 4 at 2:30: "Sérénade." . . . ¶ July 4 at 5: "Le Dernier Tournant." . . . ¶ July 5 at 2:30: "Volpone." . . . ¶ July 5 at 6 and July 7 at 2:30: "La Kermesse Héroïque" (1935; Jacques Feyder; in French, with English subtitles), with Françoise Rosay, Jean Murat, and Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ July 7 at 6: "Tempête sur Paris" (1939; Dominique Bernard-Deschamps; in French, with no English subtitles), with Erich von Stroheim, Arletty, and Marcel Dalio. . . . ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "Quai des Brumes." . . . ¶ July 8 at 6: "Hôtel du Nord" (1938; Marcel Carné; in French, with no English subtitles), with Annabella, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Arletty, and Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ July 9 at noon: "Whistle Down the Wind" (1960; Bryan Forbes), with Alan Bates and Hayley Mills. . . . ¶ July 9 at 2:30: "Macao, l'Enfer du Jeu" (1939; Jean Delannoy; in French, with no English subtitles), with Erich von Stroheim, Sussue Hayakawa, and Mireille Balin. . . . ¶ July 9 at 5: "Les Otages" (1939; Raymond Bernard; in French, with no English subtitles), with Fernand Charpin and Annie Vernay. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (570-3949)—July 5: "The Mummy" (1932; Karl Freund), with Boris Karloff and Zita Johann. . . . ¶ July 6: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1949; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness, Dennis Price, Valerie Hobson, and Joan Greenwood. . . . ¶ July 7: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. . . . ¶ July 8: "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Sidney James, and Alfie Bass. (All showings at 8.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)—July 7 at 7:30: The original three-hour version of "A Star Is Born" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Garland, James Mason, Jack Carson, and Charles Bickford.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BLADE RUNNER (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/82.) (Olympia Quad.)

BLUE THUNDER—The plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern, Warren Oates, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 1.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful, the sentimentality about the blind girl (Virginia Cherrill) is faintly frightening. (Thalia; July 3.)

Diner (1982)—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, around Christmas of 1959. A fluctuating group of five or six young men in their early twenties hang out together; they've known each other since high school, and though they're moving in different directions, they still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. Conversations may roll on all night, and they can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution, when people still laughed (albeit uneasily) at the gulf between men and women. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke (who was the jailed arsonist in "Body Heat"), Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (St. Marks Cinema; *through June 30.*)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Dreams (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 3.)

Eraserhead (1977)—David Lynch, who had made short films during his student days at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, worked for five years in Los Angeles to complete this first feature, which was shot (mostly at night) in 35-mm. black-and-white. He was the writer, the director, and the set designer, and was also responsible for the wonderfully grubby special effects. He seems to have reinvented the experimental-film movement; watching this daringly irrational movie, with its interest in dream logic, you almost feel that you're seeing a European avant-garde gothic of the twenties or early thirties. There are images that recall Fritz Lang's "M" and Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet" and Buñuel's "Un Chien Andalou," and yet there is a completely new sensibility at work. Lynch pulls you inside wormy states of anxiety. Time seems to stand still while the hero, Henry (John Nance), whose hair stands on end, as if permanently shocked, in an Afro pompadour that's squared off—it suggests an eraser on the head of a pencil—moves through streets reminiscent of the ones Peter Lorre sidled through in "M." Henry appears to come out of the viewer's subconscious; he experiences a man's worst fears of courtship and marriage and fatherhood (to a whimpering monster). The slow, strange rhythm is very unsettling and takes some getting used to, but it's an altogether amazing, sensuous film; it even has an element of science fiction and creepy musical numbers, and the soundtrack is as original and peculiar as the imagery. There is perhaps nothing else in contemporary films that is as eerily, baldly erotic as the moment when Henry commits adultery with the girl from across the hall and the two lovers deliquesce into their bed—disappearing in the fluid, with only the woman's hair left floating on top. The sound man was Alan R. Splet (who later won an Academy Award for his work on "The Black Stallion"); the cast includes Judith Roberts, Charlotte Stewart, Laurel Near, and Jack Fisk as the deus ex machina. The monsters in the 1979 "Prophecy" were clearly based on Henry's babe. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 6.)

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Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it, replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (*Cinema I, and Cinema 3.*)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Cinema Village; July 8-9.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago, and then made a comeback with "Rocky I," "II," and "III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (doe-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day, and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream: in her dreams she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers," who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Coronet, Festival, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

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48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of Twentieth Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film: chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and, for the song "The Lady in the Tutti-Frutti Hat," Carmen Miranda appears in platform wedgies on an avenue of giant strawberries. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot Polka" ballet, which as a piece of staging passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood, James Ellison, Edward Everett Horton, Sheila Ryan, Eugene Pallette, and Phil Baker. The songs are by Leo Robin and Harry Warren, except that polka, which is David Raksin's. Screenplay by Walter Bullock, from a story concocted by three other fellows. (Metro Cinema; July 4.)

Jour de Fête (1950)—As a director, Jacques Tati has a spare, quick, improvisatory touch. As a comedian, buoyancy and impersonal eccentricity in the face of disaster are his special style. In this film, shot in the village of Sainte-Sévêre-sur-Indre, with villagers playing many of the parts, the tall, ungainly Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has his bicycle. He takes off, and what happens is unpredictable, even if you've already seen the movie—it's all so odd you forget it. Still, the film's melancholy humor is probably a little too mild or quaint for most American tastes. Written by Tati and Henri Marquet. It's not silent (it has sound effects and music), but it's not in French, either. Tati has devised a kind of unintelligible yet expressive gibberish. It's like the talk of robots who've got fouled up. (Embassy 72nd St., through July 5.. ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through July 7.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly un-

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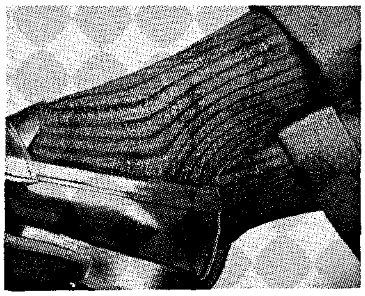

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gallant film. With Giulietta Masina, and Sandra Milo, Valeska Gert, Lou Gilbert, José-Luis de Villalonga, Silva Koscina, Valentina Cortese, and Friedrich Ledebur. Cinematography by Gianni Di Venanzo; music by Nino Rota. Written by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Brunello Rondi. In Italian. (Film Forum; July 7-9.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—This straightforward, involving narrative picture about growing up in a small town in Texas in the early fifties was Peter Bogdanovich's first great success. It's plain and uncondescending in its re-creation of what it means to be a high-school athlete, of what a country dance hall is like, of the necking in cars and movie houses, and of the desolation that follows high-school graduation. Concerned with adolescent experience seen in terms of flatlands anomie—loneliness, ignorance about sex, confusion about one's aims in life—the movie has a basic decency of feeling, with people relating to one another, sometimes on very simple levels, and becoming miserable when they can't relate. Robert Surtees' stylized cinematography is in black and white, and the frequent silhouetting—so that we seem to be looking at a map of life as it was—helps to clarify the subject matter. The film badly needs this stylization, because, of course, its shallow overview of town life is dangerously close to TV, and especially to the "Peyton Place" series. The movie suggests what TV soap opera would be if it looked at ordinary experience in a non-exploitative way, if it had observation and humor. This is perhaps an *ideal* TV show. From Larry McMurtry's novel, adapted by McMurtry together with the director. With Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ellen Burstyn, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, Eileen Brennan, and Cloris Leachman. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; through June 30. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; July 3-5.)

A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz won Academy Awards for Best Screenplay and Best Director for this satirical comedy on American social and marital conventions. The letter is from the town seductress informing the three wives that she has taken away one of their husbands: as each threatened wife reviews her marriage, we get, at best, a sharp, frequently hilarious look at suburbia, and, at worst, a slick series of bright remarks. Mankiewicz coaxed good performances out of Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell, and the others certainly didn't need coaxing—Paul Douglas is pretty close to magnificent, and Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, Florence Bates, Thelma Ritter, and Connie Gilchrist are first-rate. Also with Barbara Lawrence, Jeffrey Lynn, and Hobart Cavanaugh, and narration by Celeste Holm. From a story by John Klempner. (Metro Cinema; July 5.)

Little Big Man (1970)—Thomas Berger's comic, picaresque novel about the events that led up to Custer's Last Stand was brought to the screen by Arthur Penn during the anti-Vietnam War period, and he put white murderousness and racism at the center of the narrative. Dustin Hoffman has the leading role of Jack Crabb, an American Candide whose adventures take him back and forth between the red man's culture and the white man's culture. For roughly an hour, the comic tone is pleasantly askew, and throughout the film amusing characters turn up and disappear and turn up again. They include Faye Dunaway as a preacher's wife, Jeff Corey as Wild Bill Hickok, Martin Balsam as a swindler getting cheerfully dismantled limb by limb, and Chief Dan George as an Indian chief who is part patriarch, part Jewish mother. But after the first hour the massacres start coming, and the speeches, too. Thomas Berger suggested that the Indians looked like Orientals, but when you notice that Jack Crabb's lovely Indian bride looks Vietnamese you start waiting uneasily for more slaughter. And long before you get to Custer's Last Stand you've heard the little click in your brain that says, "Enough." For a tall tale to function as an epic form, the violence must be wry and only half believable—insane, as it is in the book, and not conventionally bloody like this. To be successful, the picture should deepen by comic means, and when Penn goes for seriousness he collapses the form of the movie. It proceeds from hip to straight, and one cancels the other out. In scenes such as a raid on the Indians with one of the leaders of the raid leering with genocidal delight as he goes in for the killing, Penn loses any claim to sensitivity: this is just crude, ideological filmmaking. With Richard Mulligan as General Custer, Carol Androsky as Caroline, Amy Eccles, and Thayer David. Script by Calder Willingham; cinematography by Harry Stradling, Jr., production design by Dean Tavoularis, edited by Dede Allen. (2½ hours.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 6-7.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Criterion Theatres; through June 30.)

The Man with Two Brains—As the world's greatest brain surgeon, Steve Martin is an exuberantly dirty-minded kid; sunny, grinning, lewd, Martin is wired up for the whole movie—a slapstick burlesque that moves along enjoyably. The surgeon perceives himself as a man of the world, but he's a guileless innocent compared with the flirty, dimply sadist (Kathleen Turner) who marries him for her convenience and coos with pleasure as she frustrates him. With David Warner as a soft-spoken mad doctor who keeps live human brains in candy jars before putting them in gorillas, Paul Benedict as his butler, and George Furth. There's at least one inspired love scene (between Martin and a brain, in a rowboat). This movie has the kind of maniacal situations that are so dumb they make you laugh, and since much of what children find hilarious has this same giddiness, they'd probably like the film a lot. But it also has the kind of raunchiness that may worry their parents (though it will probably just make the kids giggle). Directed (more gracefully than usual) by Carl Reiner, written by Reiner, Martin, and George Gipe. The cinematography, by Michael Chapman, has a graphic vitality that's unusual for a comedy. (6/27/83) (Beekman, and Criterion Theatres; through June 30.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam in the turn-of-the-century Northwest. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated, this modern classic is not like any other film. Altman builds a Western town as one might build a castle in the air—and it's inhabited. The actors of his stock company turn up quietly in the new location, as if they were part of a floating crap game, and he creates an atmosphere of living interrelationships. With Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, René Auberjonois, John Schuck, Bert Remsen, Michael Murphy, Anthony Holland, Corey Fischer, Hugh Millais, Manfred Schulz, Jack Riley, Robert Fortier, and, in the one sequence that doesn't really work, William Devane as a blowhard lawyer. The script by Altman and Brian McKay is based on the novel "McCabe," by Edmund Naughton; the cinematography is by Vilmos Zsigmond; the production design and costume supervision are by Leon Ericksen; the songs are by Leonard Cohen; and Lou Lombardo is credited as the second-unit director. Filmed in West Vancouver, British Columbia. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 6-7.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

NOTHING SACRED (1937)—A screwball satire that was a huge success. What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the targets of this famous thirties comedy. Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, has them happily dripping crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter-hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the Duse of daffy comedy"—any different. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more leisurely than usual; he has such good material here that he takes his time. There are classic sequences: March, the New York City sophisticate, arriving in a small town and learning how the natives feel about strangers when a small boy runs up and bites his leg; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor. And a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom in his acting début, and Frank Fay, Margaret Hamilton, Monty Woolley, Hattie McDaniel, John Qualen, Hedda Hopper, and Sig Rumann. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 8-9.)

LA NUIT DE VARENNES—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 30.)

OCTOPUSSY—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. It features a chase sequence in a crowded marketplace, with a great camera angle on a camel looking up and doing a double take as an automobile flies over its head. And among the disguises that Bond—Roger Moore—uses are a gorilla suit and an alligator outfit that doubles as a boat. Moore gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It's not the latest-model Cadillac; its a beat-out old Cadillac, kept running with junkyard parts. But it rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal—she's rather

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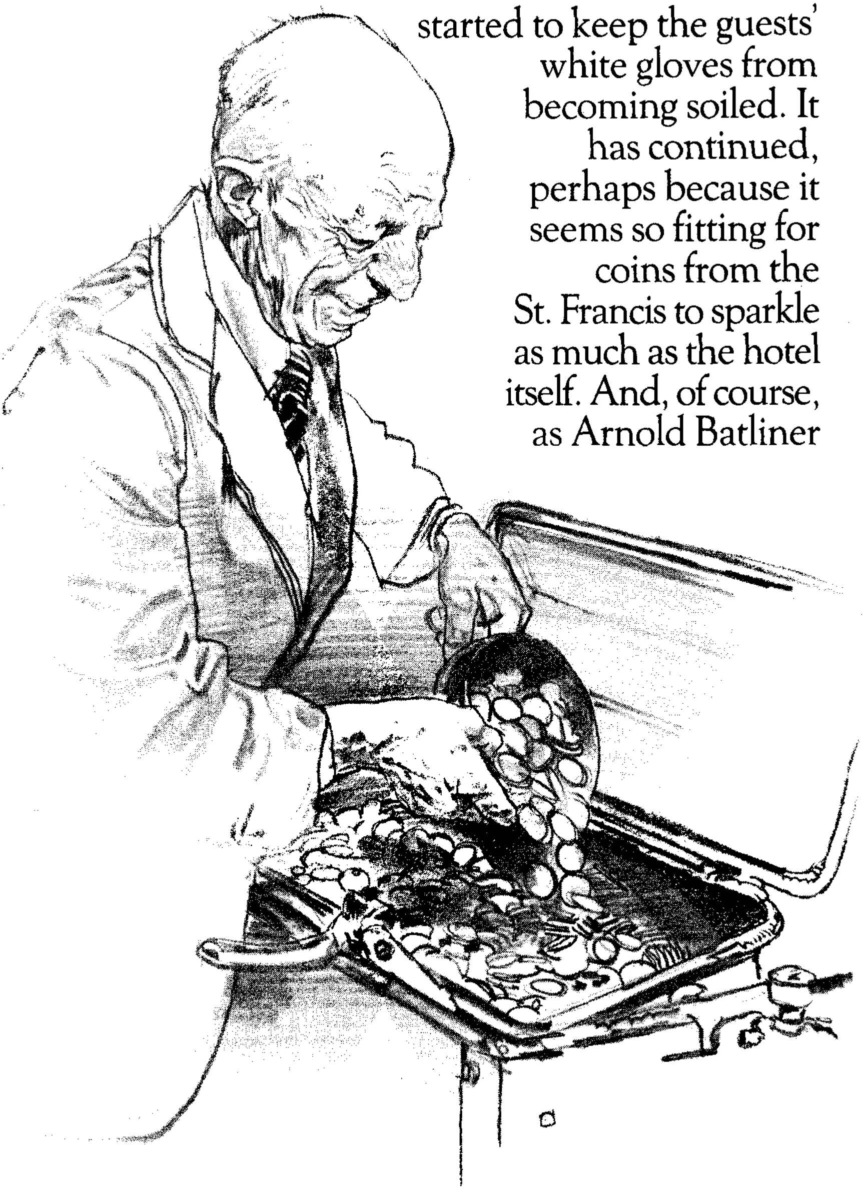

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mooshy (At one moment, she's a leader, and the next moment she's a dupe who doesn't know what's going on around her.) With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

Orpheus (1949)—A masterpiece of magical filmmaking. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists, the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period, merging them with more primitive images of fear—as, indeed, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic; Cocteau's special gift was to raise the chic to art. The death figure and much of the film's imagery derive from the American movie "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934), starring Fredric March; the only modern film image of death that, visually and psychologically, stands comparison with Maria Casarès is in Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" (1956). The glazier in the "zone" (a variant of the angel in Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet") must be a tribute to (or a memory of?) Chaplin as the angelic glazier of "The Kid." With Marie Déa as the sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Heurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Edouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. Music by Georges Auric; the sumptuous cinematography, with its velvety dark and light contrasts, is by Nicolas Hayer. In French. (Film Forum; July 6.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 6.)

The Red Balloon (1956)—Albert Lamorisse's celebrated thirty-four-minute film without dialogue, about a small boy (his son, Pascal) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. It is an allegory on innocence and evil, set in a child's dream world. Elegantly photographed and with a durable appeal to children, though it lacks the passionate beauty of the director's other film on the same theme, "White Mane." Lamorisse wrote and directed. Also with Sabine Lamorisse. (Embassy 72nd St., through July 5 ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through July 7.)

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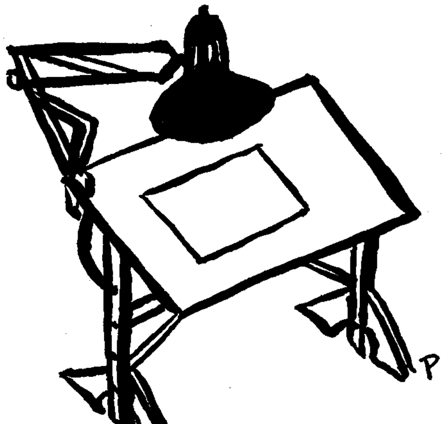
Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Olympia Quad.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Guild.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (57th St. Playhouse ¶ Olympia Quad; through June 30. ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; starting July 8, tentative.)



The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 3.)

S.O.B. (1981)—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Richard Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags. He plays a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously; wandering about his Malibu home in a suicidal stupor, he sinks through a hole in the second-story bedroom floor that has been covered with a large rug and lands gracefully in the middle of an orgy. But Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, uses a tired plot about turning the disastrous picture into a hit by having Julie Andrews bare her breasts. Edwards is snide in a square, unfunny way—he thinks he's showing us how corrupt the movie business is by casting Shelley Winters as a treacherous woman agent who wears tent-size caftans and shares her bed with a cutie-pie black woman. The picture is acknowledged to be based on Edwards' own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. But "Darling Lili" wasn't a flop for the reason suggested—that it was innocent and charming at a time when the dirty-minded public wanted nudity and sex. (As a matter of bleak record, Julie Andrews did a striptease in "Darling Lili" that wasn't so very different from the breast-baring here.) With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Baronet.)

La Strada (1954)—The theme of Federico Fellini's spiritual fable is that everyone has a purpose in the universe. It is acted out by three symbolic characters. Giulietta Masina is the waif Gelsomina (soul, innocence, spirit, dreams); Anthony Quinn is the strong man Zampanò (brute physical strength, man as animal); Richard Basehart is an artist-fool (mind). Though the background of the film is neorealist poverty, it is transformed by the romanticism of the conception. Giulietta Masina's performance has been compared variously to Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Stan Laurel, Barrault, and Marceau, and the comparisons are just—maybe too just. Basehart's performance as the fool, which is not like the work of other performers, is possibly more exciting. Even if one rejects the concepts of this movie, its mood and the details of scenes stay with one; a year or two later, a gesture or a situation suddenly brings it all back. Winner of at least fifty prizes, including the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. In Italian. (Film Forum; July 7-9.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere. Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism; with the fine young actress Ellen Barkin as Mac's daughter by his first marriage, and Betty Buckley as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Quad Cinema; through June 30.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Film Forum; July 6.)

The Time Machine (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Metro Cinema; July 3.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman is both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors. He plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as "Dorothy Michaels," and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. He's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role—you can see it in his intense, glittering eyes. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him; she says her lines in such a mild, natural way that it makes perfect sense for Michael to stop in his tracks and stare at her in wonder. With bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Criterion Theatres.)

Two for the Road (1967)—The scriptwriter, Frederic Raphael, set his brittle stamp on this story of a husband and wife—Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn—seen on European trips at different periods of their lives, not consecutively but shifting back and forth. Other films by the director, Stanley Donen, are not conspicuously edgy or self-conscious. (And when Donen fails it's usually in less complicated ways.) The intention is to show a modern marriage in which ideal people, in love and successful, are still not happy. But the film's veneer is that of slick commercial comedy: there's always a swimming pool for the characters to take their pratfalls into. Raphael is witty and talented, but he is too much in love with old-movie comedy romances: he puts in tedious running jokes, such as the wife's always turning up with the passport the husband loses. And at the same time Raphael is trying for a bitter comment on modern marital ennui, of the "La Notte" variety. So the facile, comic bits set off audience expectations that are then betrayed, and the clever, bitter stuff just seems sour. Still, at times Hepburn is surpassingly beautiful—particularly at the end, when she's meant to be roughly the age she actually is, and her hard, lacquered mini-face is set off by a shining-disc gown. As the husband, Finney seems surly and beefy and rather infantile—which makes Hepburn look all the more gallant and poignant when the wife tries to make the best of things. Donen fumbled some sequences that *might* have worked: the comedy is often too broad, and the caricatures of Americans, played by William Daniel and Eleanor Bron, which would be embarrassingly overdone at fifty yards, are in closeup. Raphael's scheme is defective, anyway: his lovers seem shallow and empty not because of the spiritual malaise he's trying to show us but because he took them out of old movies and failed to give them enough character. With Jacqueline Bisset, Claude Dauphin, and Nadia Grey. Cinematography by Christopher Challis. (Metro Cinema; July 5.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her way to church, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Film Forum; July 5.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U.A. 85th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through June 30.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. It's a very uneven film; an eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts (there are resemblances to passages in "Dead of Night" and Dreyer's "Vampyr") and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and over-explicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Sjöström's face, or the vicious, bickering couple who rasp at each other in the back seat of a car, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold," rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras, the expendable role of Naima Wifstrand as the ancient mother. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. Cinematography by Gunnar Fischer. In Swedish. (Film Forum; July 5.)

The World According to Garp (1982)—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. This isn't necessarily bad—Hill's pastel, detached, and generally meaningless comedy may, in some ways, be preferable to the baroque apparatus that Irving constructed—but in recounting the book's key incidents Hill and Tesich lay bare the pattern of mutilations in the plot. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. The masochistic gifted-victim game has been played in recent American writing on just about every conceivable level, but Irving's novel is still something special: he created a whole hideous and deformed women's political group (the Ellen Jamesians) in order to have his author-hero, his alter ego, destroyed by it, and the film is faithful to Irving's "vision." With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon, Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (8th St. Playhouse; 4. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 5-6.)

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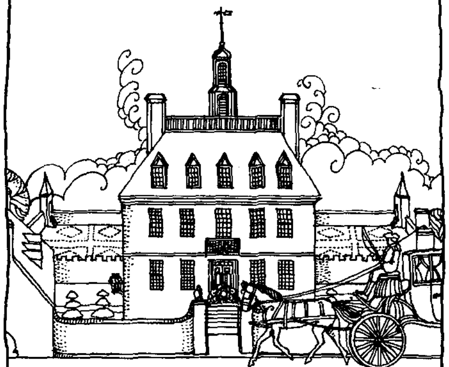

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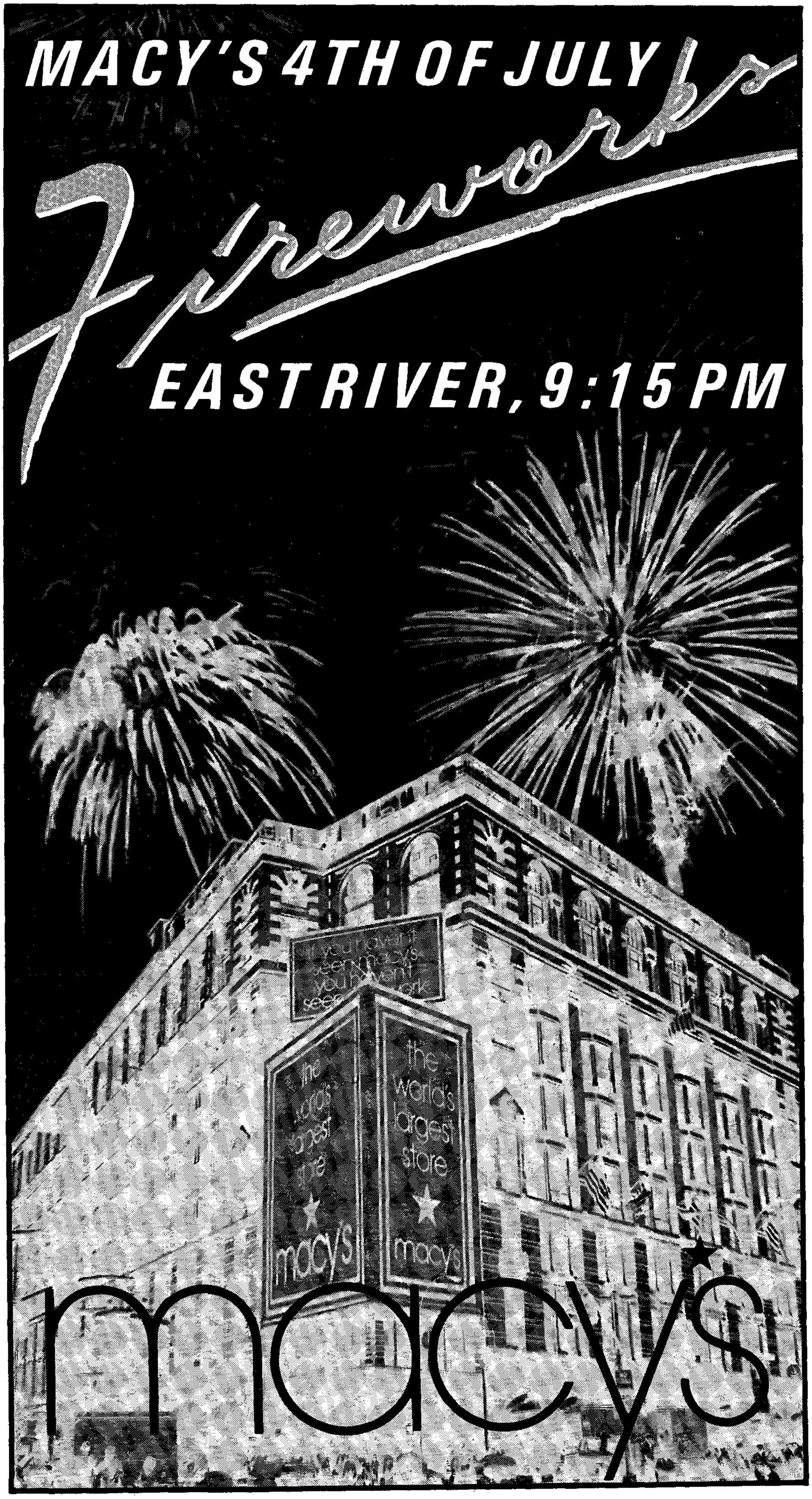
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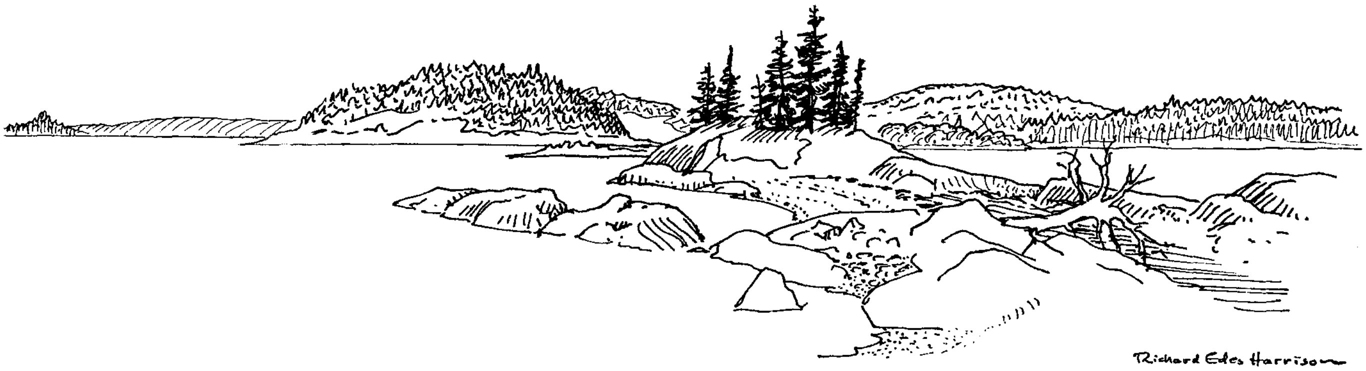
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE Americans seem to be living in a repetitious, derivative time. Our conservatives are 'neo-conservatives," our liberals are 'neo-liberals," our expressionists are 'neo-expressionists." And if we are not "neo-" we are "post-": "post-modern," "post-industrial," "post-Watergate," and so on. We don't eem to be quite anything in and of ourselves. With repetition comes staleness, and with staleness comes a cer-ain exhaustion or indifference—even n matters in which the stakes are high nd the outcome is fateful for our country. In no public issue is the sense of déjà vu more intense than in the debate about American intervention in Latin America, which (as someone has said before) bears a strong resemblance to the debate about Vietnam in he nineteen-sixties. Though one or wo local peculiarities are sometimes aken into account, there is hardly an rgument in favor of the interven-ion which was not also made at that arlier time. Sometimes it seems s though the policymakers had dug up old speeches of the Vietnam period nd merely substituted the name El Salvador or Nicaragua for Vietnam. Thus, we are once again told that if we don't stop "Communism" in one small country it will spread like a disease to others, until, finally, our own country is threatened; that the appearance of a failure of our "resolve" to oppose Communism in this one instance will destroy confidence everywhere in our resolve to oppose Communism in any instance; that negotiation is a sign of weakness and can lead only to defeat; that local rebellions are in reality episodes devised to advance a plan for domination of the world by Moscow (though not any longer, apparently, by Peking); that in spite of these apocalyptic stakes no large effort is required, and just a little more military and economic aid, together with a modest clandestine subversive program, will suffice to do the job; that anyone who opposes these efforts is at the very least "soft" on Communism, if not actually in favor of it. With these well-worn arguments, the Administration propels the country toward war in Central America. And, of course, the counter-arguments, which were derived from the United States' failure in Vietnam, are no less well worn: that revolution does not spread from country to country, like a contagion, but, rather, grows from within each country; that in any case the United States has no large, tangible stake in the contested region; that a decision not to intervene in the region will be interpreted in the world not as a failure of resolve but as the application of wisdom; that the issues are primarily political and social rather than military, and that negotiation is therefore the logical solution; that local revolutions are made by local people, and are not controllable from abroad; that small, incremental efforts cannot solve the problem but can entangle us so deeply in the region that we will not be able to extricate ourselves from it easily; that our actions, by militarizing and polarizing the entire region, can bring about the very result we seek to avoid; that it is our own involvement that, by putting our prestige on the line, creates the illusion of great things at stake; and that those who oppose the intervention do so not because they favor Communism but because they'd like to see the United States avoid a military, political, and moral debacle.

The peril of war in Central America is worrisome enough in itself, but the fact that the whole debate is a rerun of the Vietnam debate adds a new dimension to the worry. It suggests that our country is in the grip of an idée fixe, and has grown immune both to new experience and to new thought. In this unoriginal period, we seem to be derivative even in our mistakes. At times, it actually seems that, like the psychi-



atric patient who tries inappropriately in his present existence to reënact some traumatic event of the past, we suffer from a compulsion to repeat our disasters, as though we hoped that they would somehow come out differently this time. And it does sometimes appear that the Administration, many of whose members never reconciled themselves to the Vietnam defeat, would like to run that war over again, and win it this time. When individuals engage in repetitious, destructive, and self-destructive behavior, we suspect mental disorder and call them neurotic. When a nation does the same thing, we need to look to the soundness of the domestic body politic, and start asking ourselves why, when there are so many real problems in the world for us to solve, we feel compelled to invent superfluous tragedies for ourselves and to repeat them again and again.

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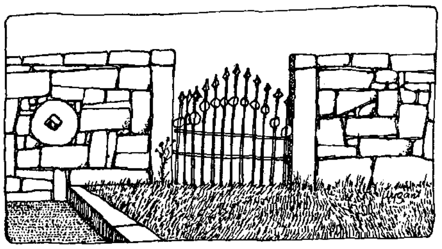
Conference

Mary Shelley has a lot to answer for. Even in this era of publicly funded, publicity-conscious science, her portrait of Victor Frankenstein as a Faustian loner, going one-on-one with Nature in a secluded laboratory, continues to distort the popular image of the modern scientist. For her own literary purposes, Mrs. Shelley (who was actually a bit of a science buff) took as a model for Frankenstein not the chemists of her day but the alchemists of the Middle Ages. The truth about modern science is that it is a convivial occupation. This has been the case almost from the beginning—ever since a group of "natural philosophers" formed the Royal Society of London for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge, in the early sixteen-sixties, and proceeded to meet once a week, usually on Thursday afternoon, in rooms rented for the purpose in one of London's taverns. At a typical meeting, which lasted well into the evening, the Fellows of the Royal Society performed "a mixt Mass of Experiments" for one another, examined such curiosities as "powder of unicorn's horn," and argued about the significance of what they had seen. They also consumed vast quantities of port, Madeira, claret, brandy, rum, and the like, and dined on a succession of dishes that included "Haunch of Venison," "Rump of Beef," "Teal and Larks," "Marrow Pudding," and "Pear Pye, Creamed." Why anyone would want to miss such a get-together is not clear; but when other business, other pleasure, or politics intervened, Fellows could look forward to a report of the proceedings in *Philosophical Transactions*, the Society's official publication, which first appeared on March 6, 1665. Although much has changed over the years, both the Royal Society and *Philosophical Transactions* are still going strong, and so is the science tradition of frank conviviality—of mutual criticism and encouragement in an atmosphere of collegial competition—that these institutions imprinted on the enterprise of modern science. At last count, between five thousand and ten thousand scientific meetings were being held each year, and between thirty thousand and fifty thousand scientific journals were being published regularly. (The exact figures depend on who is counting and what is counted as "scientific.")

Just as scientific journals vary in scope and purpose from the archival and magisterial, like *Nature* and *Science*, to the regional and marginal, like the *Guyana Journal of Science* and (our personal favorite) *The Journal of Irreproducible Results*, so there are scientific meetings to suit almost every taste. Of course, it's a rare colloquium these days at which anyone actually performs an experiment (such as the memorable afternoon when the Fellows of the Royal Society discovered that a toad and a worm could be killed "by throwing salt of tartar and common salt upon them"). Instead, papers describing experiments already performed are read aloud and discussed, with more or less heat, depending on the circumstances. Disagreements tend to be somewhat muted at the grand international conclaves with titles like "The Future of Progress," especially if these are held (as they often are) in such places as Aspen in the winter and Crete in the summer. At the once-a-year conventions of the large professional societies, like the American Psychological Association, registrants may spend as much time looking for better jobs and exchanging gossip over cocktails as they do listening to papers. Conversely, smaller seminars focussed on particular topics (such as "Recent Progress in Radioimmunoassay Mapping of the Endogenous Opioid Pathways") will attract knots of specialists eager to hear—and argue about—the latest word from the pacesetters in their field. (In some disciplines, such as psychology, the lag time between the completion of a piece of research and the appearance of an authoritative report in a good journal may be as much as two years.)



What prompted us to delve into the history and sociology of the scientific meeting was an invitation we received not long ago to attend a conference in New York entitled "Timing and Time Perception." The topic has always interested us, and we were equally taken with the rationale offered in the official program for holding this particular conference at this particular moment. It seems that experimental psychologists have been studying timing and time perception for many years, but one group of researchers has been working with animals and another group has been working with human subjects, and until now neither group has bothered much to keep up with the other's findings. "The Conference will bring researchers in both traditions together for the first time to discuss their work," the program noted. "It will allow integration of the two disciplines to begin."

As might be expected from this prospectus, the conviviality at the meeting was somewhat measured, not unlike the give-and-take at an engagemen party where prospective in-laws mee for the first time. A hundred and thirty-eight registrants and forty-seven speakers—both groups about equally divided between "animal" and "human" researchers—came from universities and research institutes across the country and from six foreign countrie to attend three and a half days of presentations and discussions in the conference theatre of the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel. Each of the registrants paid a fee to the sponsoring organization, the venerable New York Academy of Sciences. Fees ranged from three dollars (for student members of the Academy who registered ahead of time by mail) to a hundred dollars (for nonstuden nonmembers of the Academy who reg istered at the door). For the money, a registrant got a name badge, a program, a pamphlet that summed up each paper in a single paragraph, and the opportunity to hear eighteen and a half hours of formal presentations, two hundred and thirty minutes of open discussion, an hour-long Distinguished Address by Dr. Jürgen Aschoff, of the Max-Planck-Institut für Verhaltensphysiologie, in Andechs, West Germany, and a hundred and fifty minutes of informal chit-chat during twice-daily coffee breaks.

Most of the talk, both on and off the rostrum, concerned a hypothetical brain mechanism or mechanisms that the conference program called "the internal clock." The existence of built-in biological timekeepers has not yet been conclusively demonstrated, but there is a wide variety of experimental findings, with both human and animal subjects, that seem impossible to explain in any other way. For example, Dr. Alfred B. Kristofferson, of McMaster University, in Hamilton, Ontario, has shown that people can learn to distinguish (with a hundred per cent accuracy) between intervals of silence that differ from each other by as little as one-fortieth of a second. On a different time scale, Dr. L. H. Shaffer, of the University of Exeter, in Devon, England, found that a professional pianist who played a Chopin étude on a certain piano and repeated the performance on the same piano twelve months later reproduced with remarkable accuracy his subtle variations in tempo of the kind known to musicians as rubato, which account for much of the "expressiveness" of a particular interpretation of a piece of music.

"Splendid, sir! It gives you that Founding Father look!"

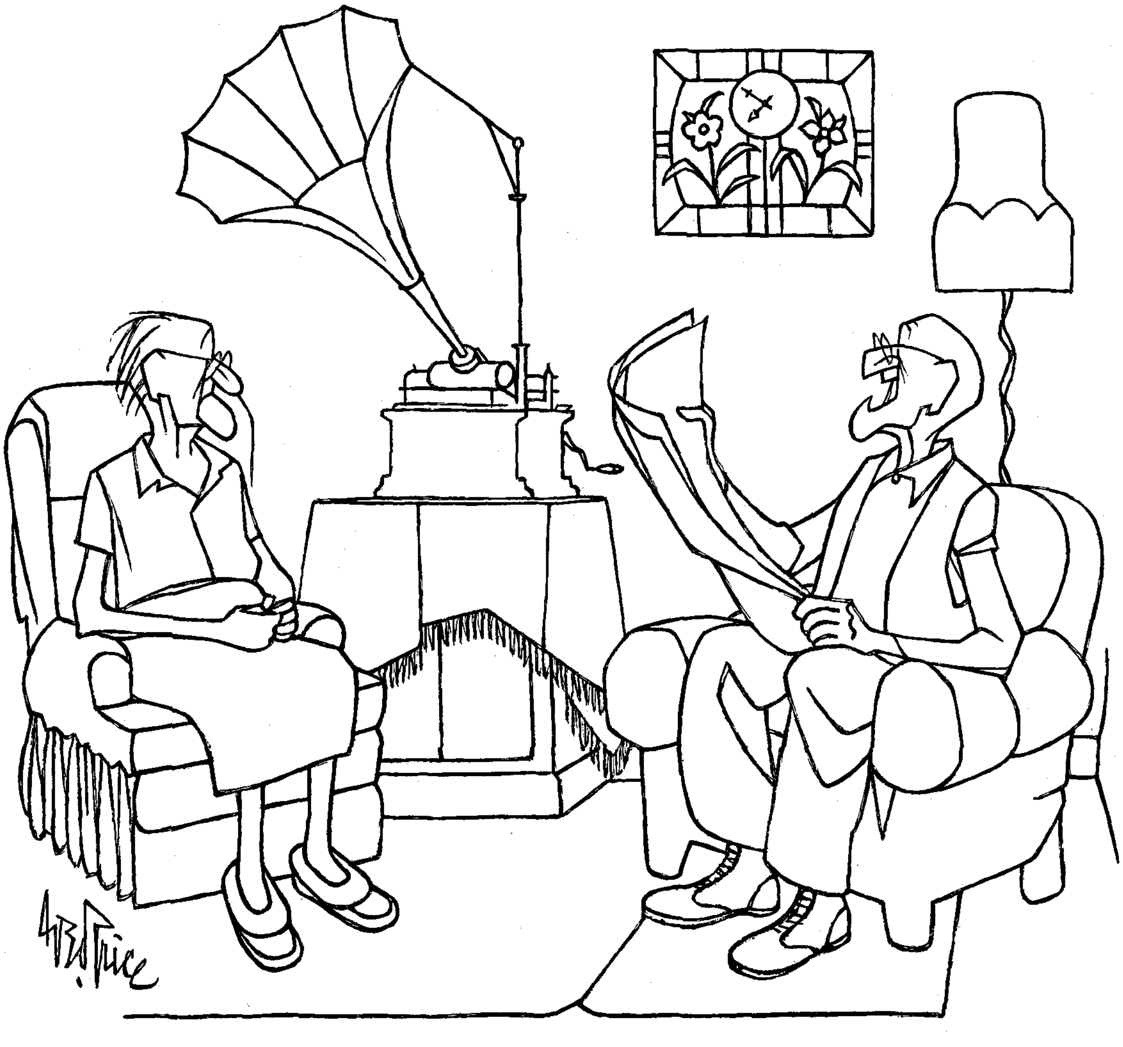
Since experimental conditions are generally much harder to control with human subjects, experimental psychologists feel more comfortable when they can demonstrate a phenomenon in animal subjects as well. The first hurdle to be surmounted in studying time perception in animals is getting the subjects to pay attention to something as abstract as duration. As one speaker put it, "you can't just *ask* them how long an event took." Nevertheless, through some ingenious twists on Pavlovian and Skinnerian conditioning procedures the animal workers have come up with experiments that seem to point to the existence of "internal clocks" in species as diverse as the standard laboratory white rat and the wild European bee eater. Work in several laboratories has shown that pigeons can learn to respond in entirely different ways to a short waiting period (ten seconds) and a long one (thirty seconds), just as they learn to make different responses to a red and a green light. African ringdoves studied by Dr. Rae Silver, of Barnard College, will even come to blows over what action to take at a particular time. Mated pairs of ringdoves normally alternate their parental chores on a rigid schedule that looks extraordinarily well timed. The brooding female sits on the eggs most of the time except for a six-hour period—roughly from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon—when the male takes over. Do the birds really "know" how much time has passed since they last switched jobs, or are they simply responding to environmental cues, such as the sun's position in the sky? To find out, Dr. Silver barred the male from the nest for the first three hours of his usual six-hour stint. When the male showed up three hours late, the female vacated the nest as usual but returned promptly at four o'clock to resume her duties. Apparently, *she* was taking her cues from an "internal clock." But the male refused to get off the nest. It was as if he were saying, "I don't care how late in the day it is; I still have three hours to go." The dispute over whose "clock" was correct soon escalated into a pecking and pushing match.

Many of the studies of time perception and timing behavior reported at the conference had already appeared in print in specialized journals, but the conference offered most of the participants their first opportunity to think about all the findings in a broad evolutionary perspective. Dr. Aschoff, who gave the Distinguished Address, is widely known for his work in establishing that human beings have a built-in physiological "oscillator." Not only do people alternate their sleeping and waking periods on a twenty-four-hour basis but many involuntary physiological functions—from body temperature to hormone production—rise and fall in a rhythm that similarly appears to be synchronized with the alternation of day and night. However, when Aschoff's subjects spent weeks in underground chambers where illumination was kept constant or varied arbitrarily their bodies found their "own" rhythm, which tended to repeat at intervals *longer* than twenty-four hours. In one extreme case, a volunteer who spent a month underground began eating and sleeping on a schedule that amounted to a fifty-two-hour "day," yet was unaware that she had slipped out of sync with the rest of the world. When the door to the chamber was opened, as had been arranged, at the end of the month, the subject wanted to know why the experiment had been cut short; she was quite certain that only fifteen days had passed.

Some participants in the conference found the wealth of information about biological timekeepers in animals and human beings almost too much to handle. It was obvious that the same brain mechanism could not be responsible for both Aschoff's long-term oscillator and Kristofferson's split-second detector, to say nothing of the six-hour timer of Dr. Silver's ringdoves. After the final session, a member of the audience admitted to Dr. Lorraine Allan, of McMaster University, who was one of the conference organizers, "All these different clocks bother me. I don't know where to stop." But to Dr. Allan and her co-chairman, Dr. John Gibbon, of the New York State Psychiatric Institute, such comments only confirmed the value of the interaction that the conference had fostered. Dr. Allan (who works with human subjects) and Dr. Gibbon (who works with animals) have been following each other's work closely ever since they were introduced to each other, eight years ago, at a meeting of the Psychonomic Society (general experimental psychology). When it occurred to Dr. Gibbon that others might benefit from a similar exchange of views, he approached the New York Academy for support, and another scientific conference was born. Whether the intellectual crosscurrents generated at the Barbizon-Plaza will give rise to yet another scientific discipline, with its own specialized journal (the *Journal of Biochronometry*?) and annual meetings of its own professional society, only time will tell.

Newfoundland

WE'VE never much believed in consultants—strikes us as odd when someone gets paid to do a job and the first thing he does is hire someone else to tell him how. Recently, however, when the Canadian government invited us to a celebration of Newfoundland's four-hundredth anniversary which was being held a few blocks north of our office, we begged a friend of ours—call her Sheila—to come along as our adviser. Not only does Sheila know the guidebook stuff (Newfoundland was the first British overseas possession, the first Viking landfall in North America, and the reception point of the first transatlantic wireless signal) but she also knows the interesting kind of things you know only when you've grown up somewhere. Such as that when Newfoundlanders want to wish someone good health they say, "Long may your big jib draw!" Or that the favorite repast on the island is "fish and brewis"—a concoction of flaked salt cod, hardtack, and "pork scruncheons," or crisp-fried pork slices. Or that residents of various Newfoundland communities can be distinguished from one another by their accents, which all



"It says 'Please turn to page 14.' Hah! That'll be the day."

THE YOUNG JACQUES COUSTEAU AT THE BEACH WITH HIS MOTHER
Regardez!
ELLE
R. Chast

hark back to those other islands across the Atlantic. ("Once, long after I'd moved to New York, I was riding in an elevator when three people got in. One of them said 'Do I press down?' and I said 'You're from Stephenville, aren't you?' All it took was four words.")

As we walked toward the midtown festivities, Sheila filled us in on a little of the recent history of the island, which is situated northeast of Nova Scotia in the Atlantic Provinces. "The island didn't join Canada until 1949. Up to that time, it was much more closely tied to Britain, and had its own money and stamps. There were a lot of strong feelings about joining Canada. There were plenty of people who flew their flags at half-mast on the day of Confederation. I can even remember part of an anti-Confederation song we used to sing when we were children:

> So here's to our own native isle,
> Newfoundland.
> Not a stranger shall hold one inch
> of her strand.
> Her face turns to Britain,
> Her back to the Gulf.
> Come near at your peril, Canadian
> wolf.

So when I was growing up we thought of ourselves as Newfoundlanders, and not as Canadians, though I suppose that's changed now. Americans tend to think of Newfoundland as being somewhere near the polar ice cap, but actually it's no farther north than the English Channel, and its winters aren't much colder than New York City's. I remember one time an American ship docked in St. John's in July, when the sun was hot enough to split rocks, and all the sailors were standing on deck in parkas."

By now, we had reached the site of the festivities—the Bali Room, on the fiftieth floor of the McGraw-Hill Building. The bamboo walls of the Bali Room were covered with murals of bovine religious figures, but provincial officials took pains to assure us that these did not hail from Newfoundland—that, indeed, Newfoundland had first-class hotels, widely recognized deities, a symphony orchestra, an opera, and towns from which you could watch icebergs float by. Charles Brett, a dapper member of the Newfoundland House of Assembly, said, speaking with a strong Irish brogue, "We are a proud people, independent and enterprising, and our way of life is very different from the rest of the North American continent." He invited us to visit his province for the four-hundredth-anniversary celebration being held on the spot. "Such an event won't be repeated for a hundred years, and it will take that long to forget this one," he said. We stood for a moment looking at a wall map of the island, reading the names of its towns (Come By Chance, Heart's Content, Heart's Desire, Heart's Delight, Too Good Arm) and admiring the craggy architecture of its coastline, and we were sorely tempted to pack our bags.

The appearance of a man impersonating Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the adventurer who claimed New Founde Land for the English Crown in 1583, was the afternoon's highlight. Clad in mustard tights, Sir Humphrey strode to the front of the Bali Room and delivered a monologue that covered Times Square restaurants, scurvy, and Big Bird. "I write my own material," Sir Humphrey told us later.

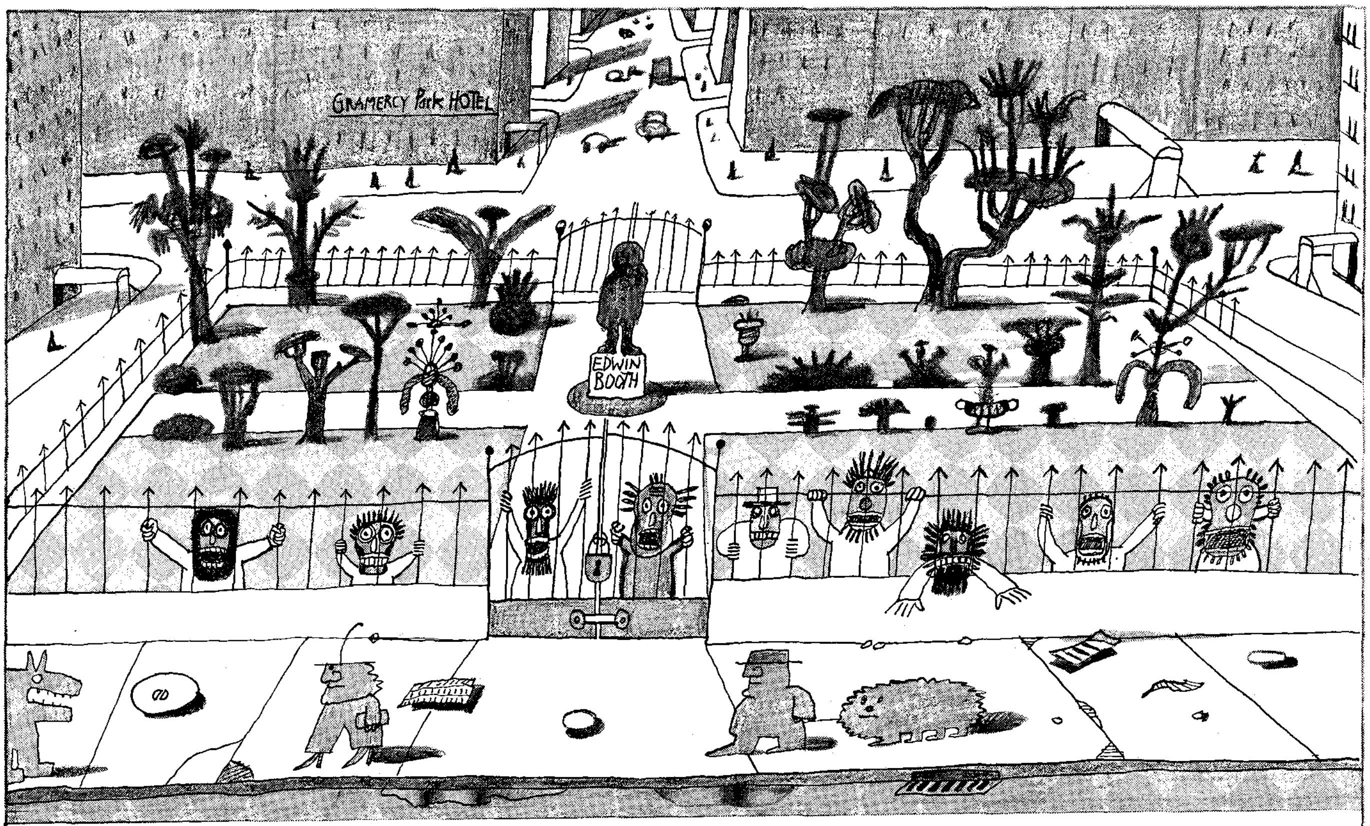
At our table, after downing "Labrador sole," two travel agents from New Jersey descended into a heated exchange.

"I'm a destination person," said one. "I have to be going somewhere that has something to see when I get there."

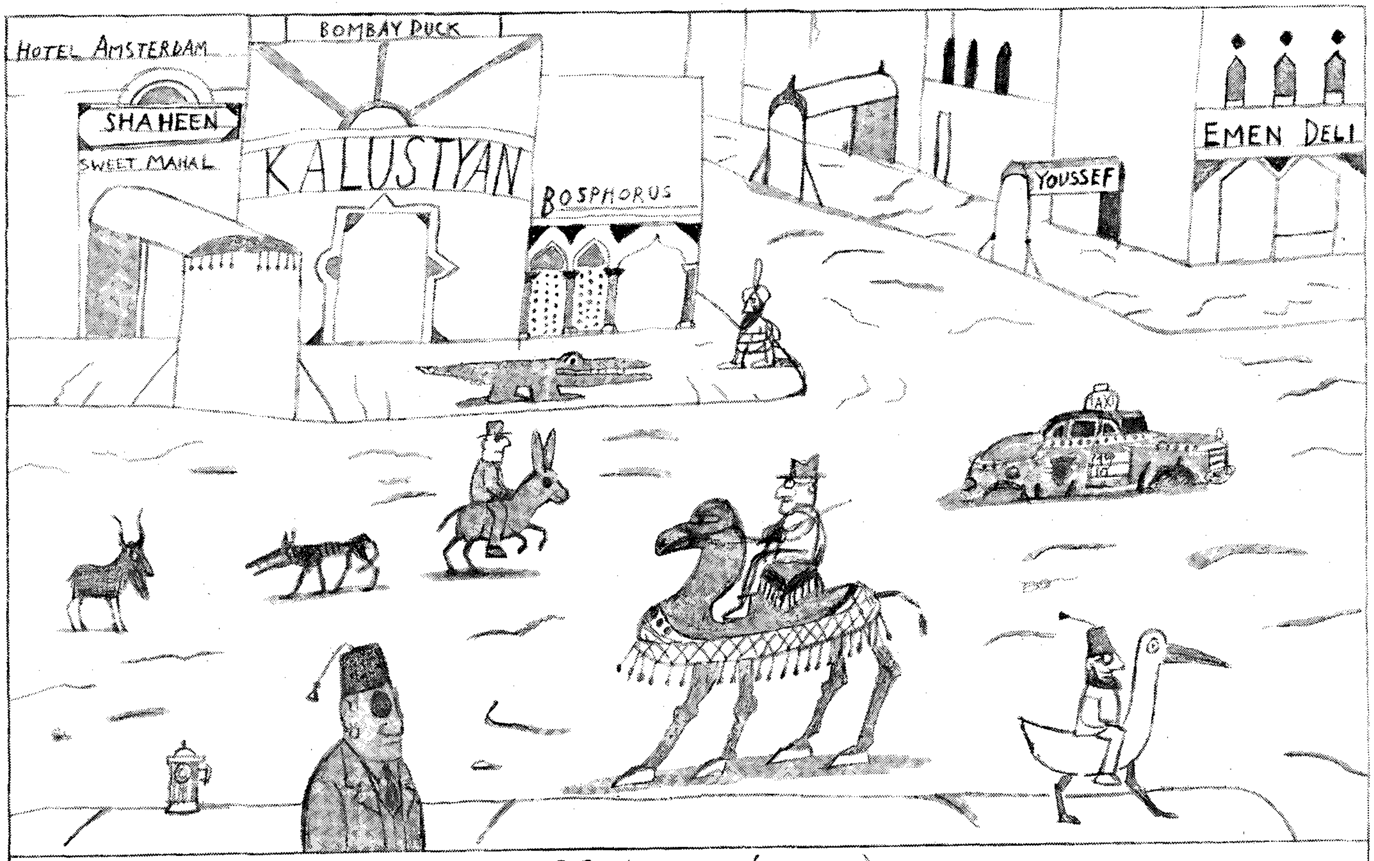
From across the table, in a voice dripping with condescension and melted butter, came the response "I'm a cruise person. I couldn't *care less* where I'm going."

We turned to Sheila, raised our nip bottle of the Newfoundland rum known not very mysteriously as Screech, and said, "Long may your big jib draw!"

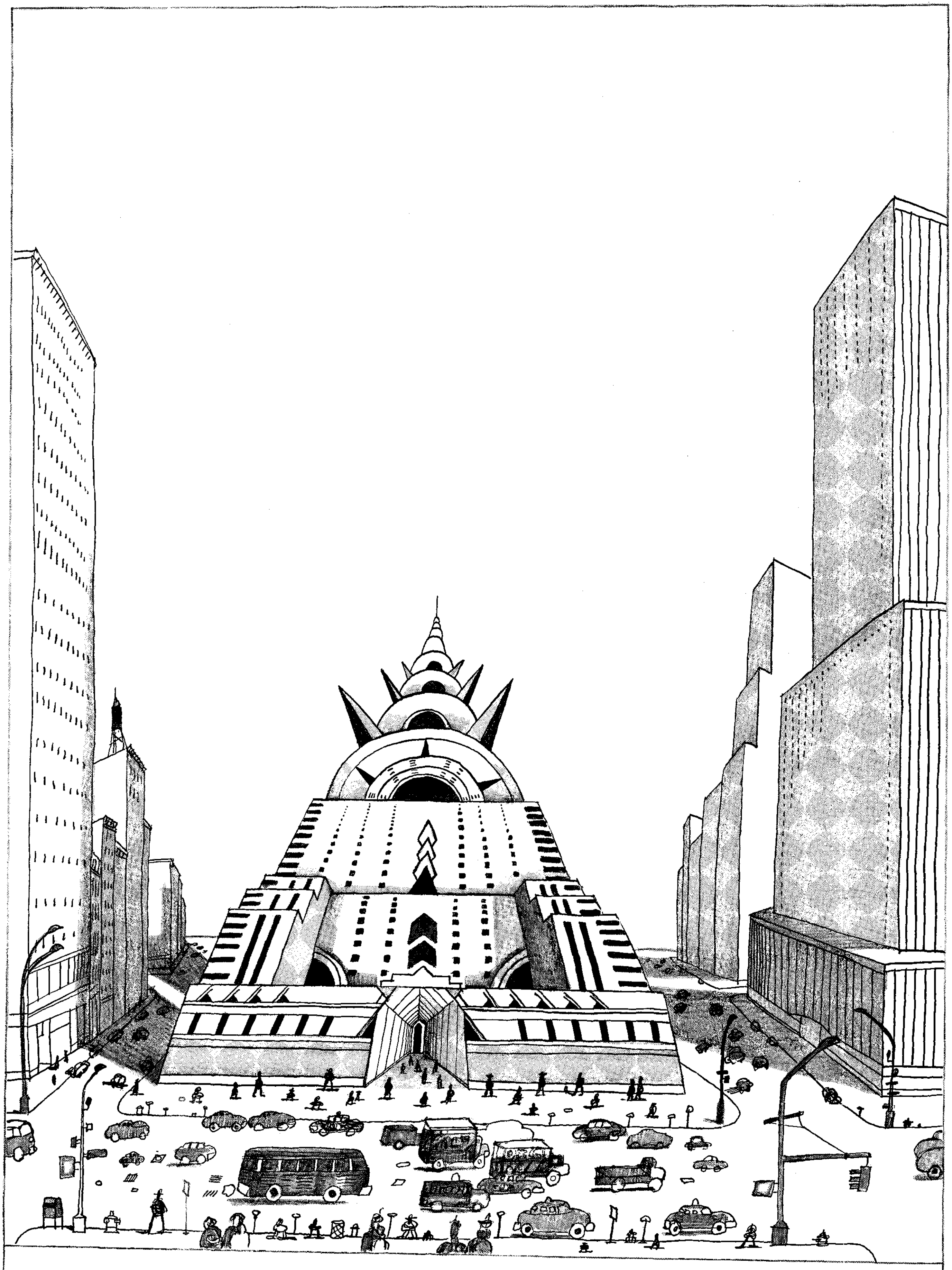
LEXINGTON AVENUE


GRAMERCY Park HOTEL
EDWIN BOOTH

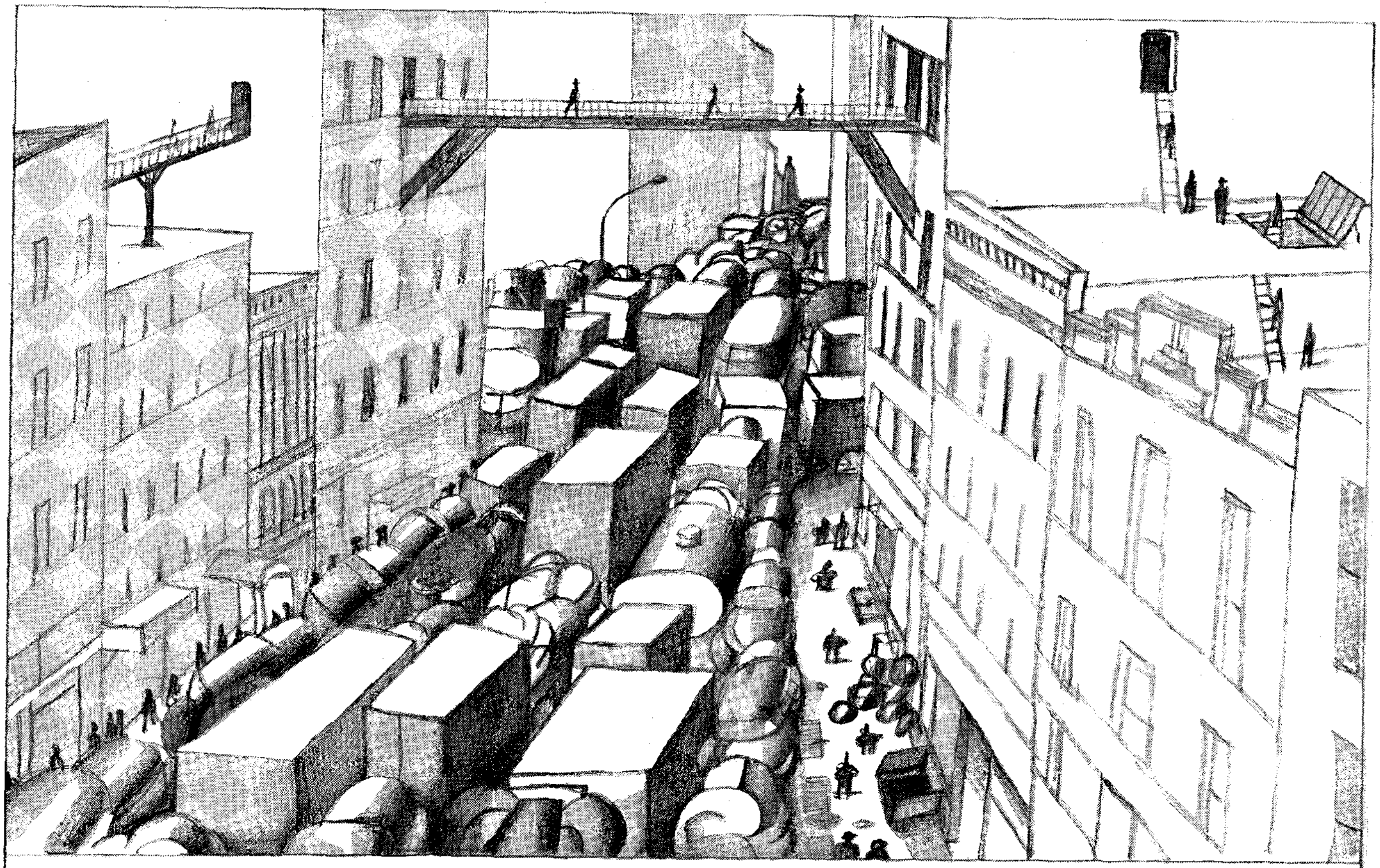
GRAMERCY PARK


HOTEL AMSTERDAM
BOMBAY DUCK
SHAHEEN
SWEET MAHAL
KALUSTYAN
BOSPHORUS
YOUSSEF
EMEN DELI
TAXI

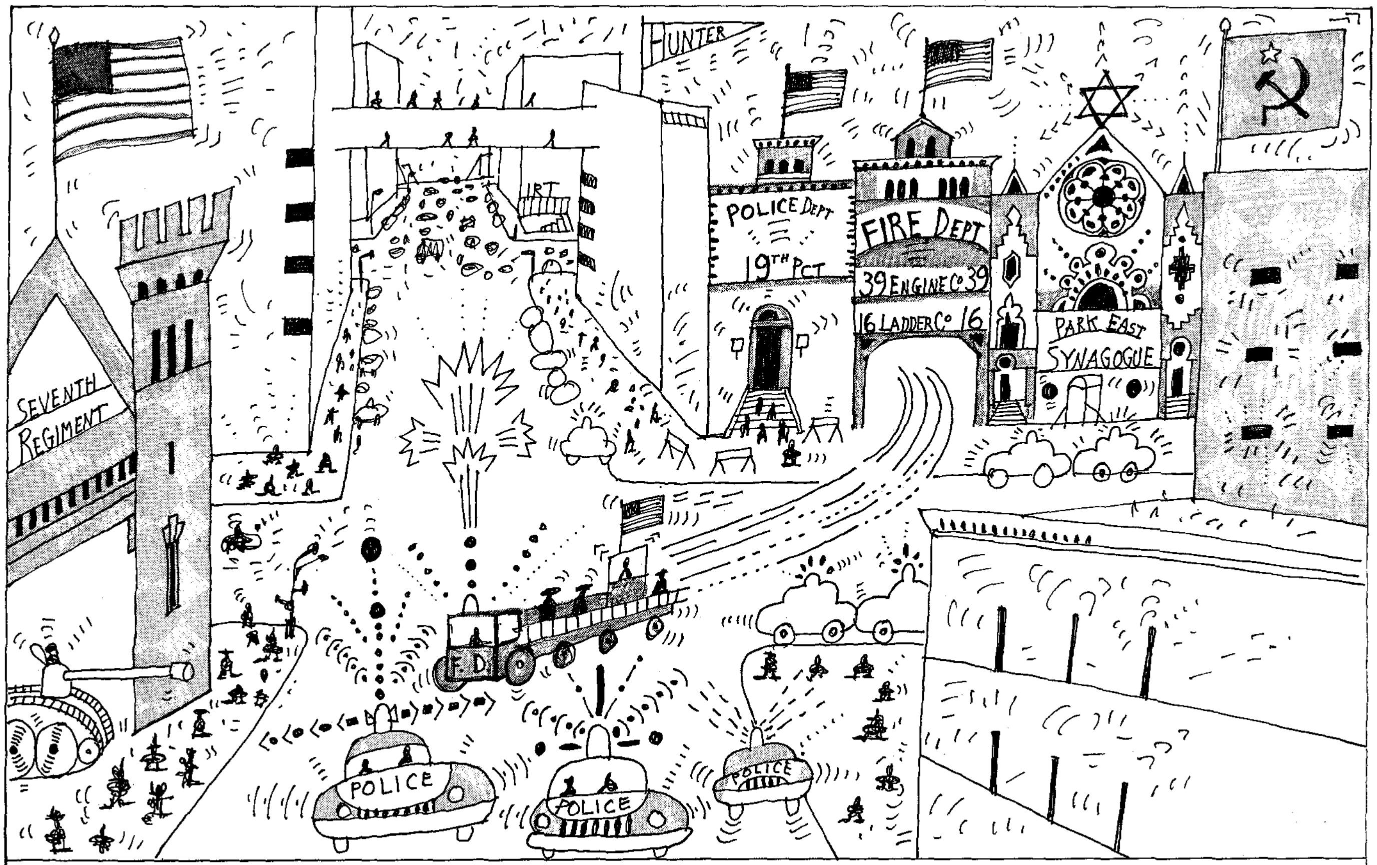
AT 28TH STREET (APPROX.)



CHRYSLER BUILDING AT 42^ND^ STREET



OVERPASS AT 58TH STREET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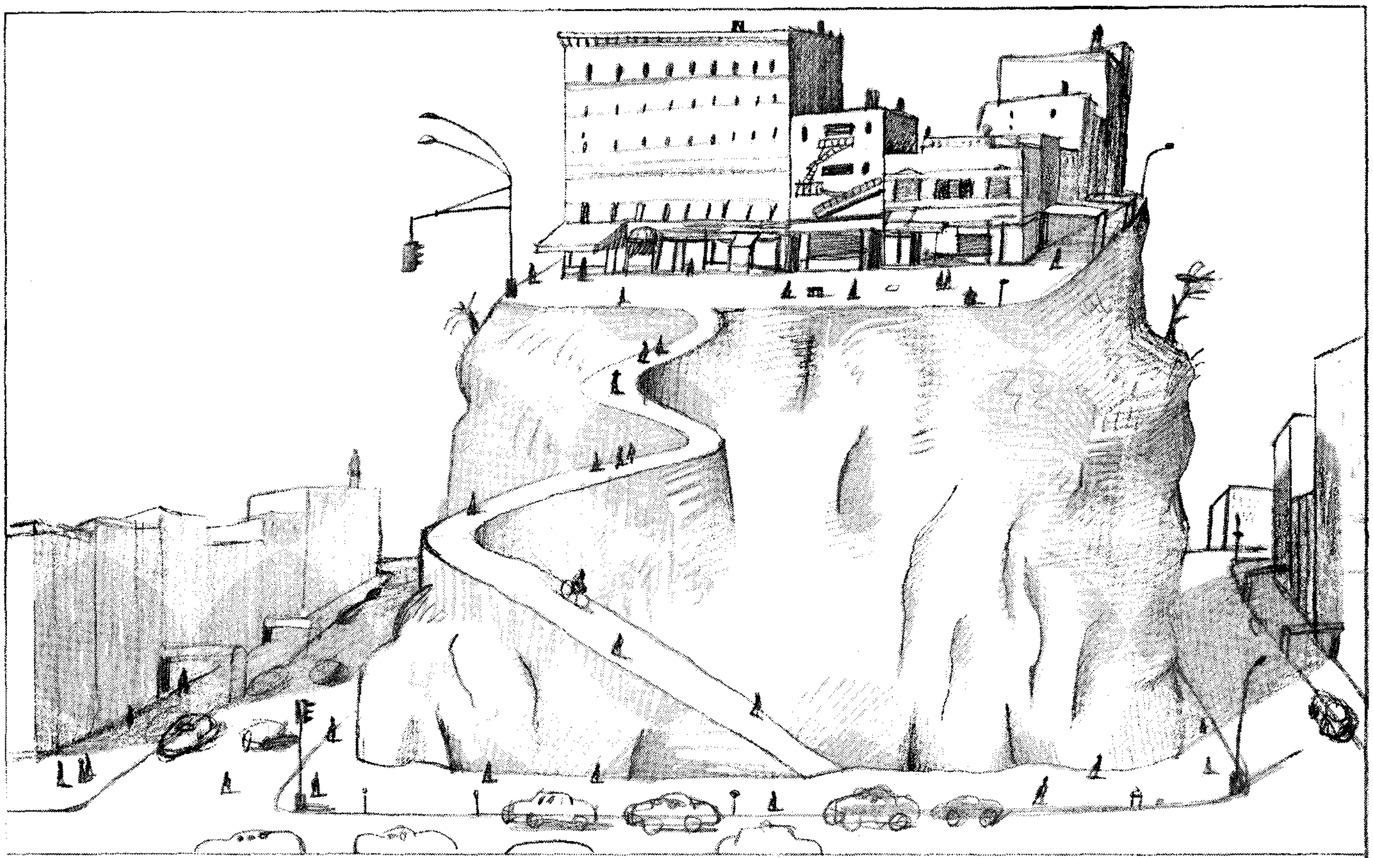
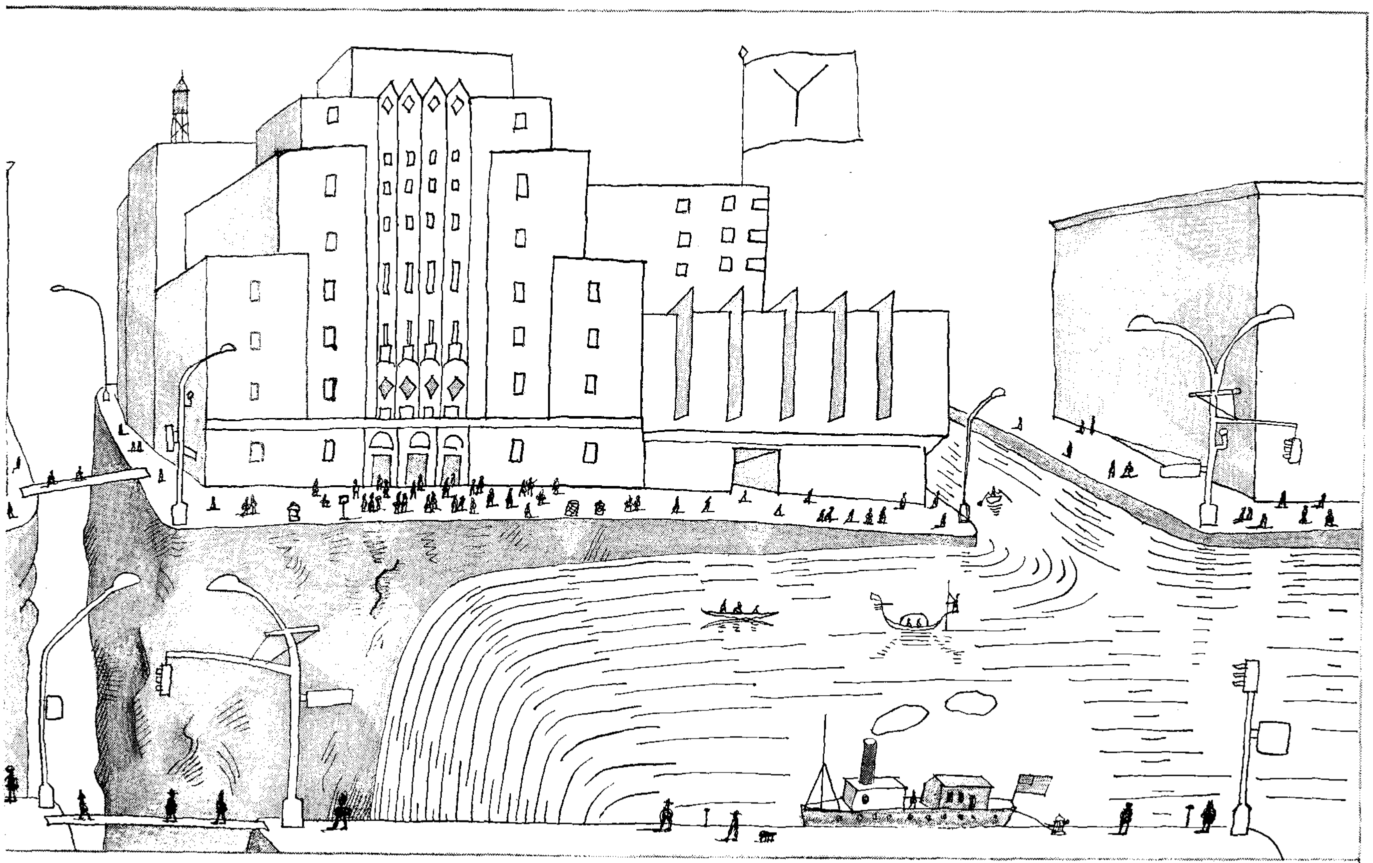
67TH STREET



LENOX HILL AT 73RD STREET



THE Y, EXCAVATIONS, AND WATERFALL AT 92ND STREET

STEINBERG

ONE MORE INTERVIEW

THE actor's tour had taken him to a Midwestern city fifteen miles from the small town where he had grown up, and an interviewer called his hotel room suggesting that they visit there together. "It would provide, you know," he said, "an angle." The newspaper the interviewer worked for was the only one left in the city, and this gave it an aura of monolithic power, of final opportunity. And the actor was at that awkward age almost too old for romantic leads but not old enough for character parts. Opportunity, his agent had more than once told him, doesn't knock forever. He could use the publicity.

"I can't stand interviews," he said.

This prospective interviewer said nothing, just waited.

"They're so intrinsically imprecise," the actor went on. "So sadly prurient." The presence on the other end of the line stuck to its silence. The female exclamations of another conversation faintly wafted into the wires. "O.K.," the actor said, and they set a time to meet on the hotel parking lot.

THE interviewer stood beside a little pumpkin-colored car wearing dun bell-bottoms and a denim jacket cut short as a waiter's jacket. He was a trim, young man with an exceptionally tight mouth and wiry auburn hair that had about it, without being exactly kinky, a glisten of contained energy, a kind of silent acrylic crackle that declared it would never decompose. There would be no mercy, the actor saw. He would have to watch what he said as carefully as if he were on radio. Unfortunate words had a way of passing into print from a single absent-minded nod politely granted an impudent question. The actor boasted a number of former wives, each equipped with vigilant lawyers, and he moved through the dark skies of private life, it sometimes seemed to him, like a comet trailing stiff white envelopes of legal stationery. So: no politeness today, no ridiculous "givingness," no charming sharing of indiscretions with this person to whom he was not a person, after all, but a name, an object to be exploited, a walking slag heap to be sifted for ore one more time.

"Would you like me to drive, so you can take notes?" the actor asked. He was a big-boned, coarse-skinned man offstage, and he took pleasure in menacing, with such extravagant coöperation, his wiry little persecutor.

"Why, yes, that might be nice, come to think of it."

The car was a Japanese model, as cunning and tawdry as a music box. It had four forward gears and a reverse tucked somewhere in the lower right quadrant, where New Zealand is on a map. The dashboard hummed and spelled out monosyllables of warning and instruction. The actor felt clumsy. "I don't drive much anymore," he explained. "I'm just dragged around by these limousines."

"What about around your summer place in Amagansett?" the interviewer asked, having already produced a notebook.

"My last wife got that, as you probably know. The place, the Porsche, everything."

"No, I didn't know." The man wrote busily.

"Don't put that in—Christ," the actor begged, shifting from first straight into fourth, with a fearful laboring of the engine.

"It's on the record, isn't it, elsewhere?"

"Well, let's not put it on again. Makes it look as though I have nothing else to talk about."

"Of course," the interviewer said. He put the notebook away and gazed out the window.

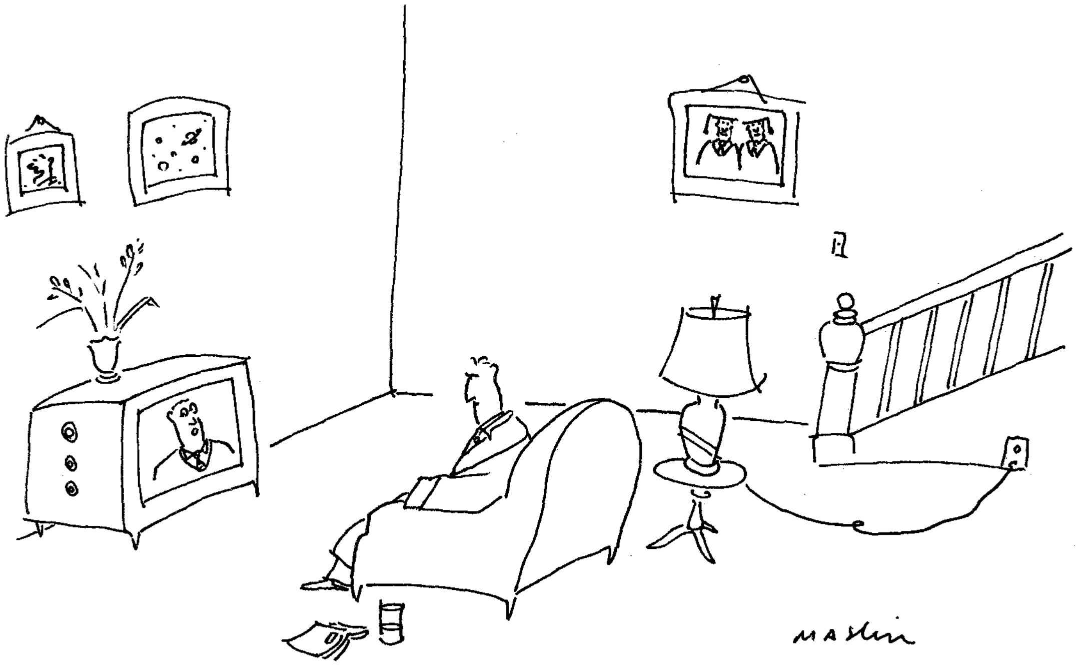
The actor didn't like this swift, prim docility, either; it seemed stagy. The other man's mouth was a mere nick of irritation in his profile. He was really the one in the driver's seat, and he knew it.

"This wasn't meant to be so much a personal piece about you," the interviewer said, "as about the place. You and the place you grew up in."

"It's not much of a place; that was its charm," the actor said, and bit down on his impulse to beg, "Don't put that in, either."

The miles went by. Inner suburbs gave way to outer, and then there was something like countryside. The interviewer sat silent, in what seemed to be a sulk. The strange impression grew upon the actor that this man had been a school athlete, the second baseman: quick on the pivot and pesky at the plate. Determined to be entertaining, the actor talked about the play he was in, leading actresses he had worked with, his theories of stagecraft, his philosophy of professional ups and downs. The interviewer kept his notebook tucked away. But the little automobile had become quite responsive to the actor's touch, and began to swing along curves he knew by heart, having driven them as a child, first

Chicken Feed



"This concludes the conscious part of your day. Good night."

with his father at the wheel and then with himself in control. "Of course," the actor explained, as they approached the town, "all this was trees and fields then. That mall didn't exist. That mess of houses over there was just dairy farm with a little creek that ran through a pasture where my mother's relatives used to gather watercress. There was a dam and a pond back in there where the tough boys and the pretty girls used to go swimming. I never did. My mother thought I might drown or lose my virginity or something."

"Uh-huh," the interviewer said, as though he had heard this before.

"Don't put that in about my mother and virginity," the actor asked. "She still has cousins in the area—in nursing homes, mostly. There used to be a diner here," he announced abruptly, "that stayed open all night. At two in the morning you could go there, after a date, all light-headed and the smell of lipstick in your nose, and drink a cup of coffee. That was my idea of the sophisticated life, drinking a cup of coffee at two in the morning. A man called Dusty Moser ran it. He never seemed to sleep. We kids loved him. Loved him like a father, you could say."

"Is that a fact?"

"I exaggerate a little. Dusty was O.K., though. Died young, of some disease nobody would ever name. Better skip that; he may have a widow."

Grudgingly the interviewer had got out his notebook and made a few notes. The gravel lot that had surrounded the diner was occupied now by a great cube of brown-tinted glass, the branch of a statewide bank. Yellow arrows painted on the smooth asphalt told automobiles how to go to the drive-in windows. The actor studied the faces of the people moving in and out of the bank and recognized none of them, though there was something he did recognize—a tone, a pallor and density of flesh in their arms and faces, a way of suddenly looking behind and above them, unsmilingly, fearing the worst out of the sky, so the whites of their eyes showed. "Up here," he said, "there was a feed mill, where . . ."

Where some of the faster girls had supposedly let it be done to them, that fabled thing, in the weedy area between two asbestos-shingled walls. The actor was surprised, after more than a decade away, by how sexy the town was, how saturated with love and that psychosomatic quickening which love brings. It was a kind of hill town, divided in the middle by an avenue that followed the curve of an abandoned railroad bed. The town's lower part, south of the avenue, had been built solid in the years just before the Depression in rows of brick semi-detached houses, houses with symmetrical big living-room windows and square-pillared front porches. There was a security here in these rosy rows, block after block, each with its little apron of terraced lawn, and two concrete steps leading up to the first terrace, and little pansy beds or barberry hedges along the porch. The rectilinear, repetitive streets were high-crowned, and the actor was made to remember the rhythm imparted to a car, the soft braking and dipping, as the intersections were cautiously traversed. Many an afternoon, many a Sunday, he had cruised these streets in his parents' old tan Dodge, and then in the navy-blue Chrysler with the iridescent touched-up patch on the fender, looking for the action, for a familiar car parked outside a house he knew, that might signal an afternoon of canasta, an evening of laughing at Liberace or the roller derby on television—any excuse for a party, a party wherever two or three got together.

"This side of town hasn't changed much at all," he told the interviewer. "How could it? They didn't leave any vacant lots." Each of the thickset duplexes was like a married couple, it occurred to him now, the rumblings and spats on one side of the wall impossible not to hear on the other. "For some reason," the actor said, "the good-looking girls all tended to live over in this section. My family lived in a house all alone on its lot, on the older side of town. There's a distinct change once you cross the avenue. The houses, a lot of them, are wood, and look—how can I say?—gaunt. Pinched. Scary."

He steered the silky little car through an intersection with a stop-light that hadn't been there thirty years ago and drove uphill, out of the cozy low-lying area of red brick rows, into the slanting neighborhood where he had been raised. "That used to be a barbershop," he said, driving up Liberty Street. "You can still see the striped pole, though Jake's been dead for years now. Apoplexy, if memory serves and if you care." Haircuts, the long wait and then the sitting so still, had filled the actor as a child with a gloom and suspense bordering on terror. There had been a big plate-glass window, and as the scissors interminably clicked around his ears the sunshine and traffic on the other side had loomed as an unattainable paradise. Now that window held a sign proclaiming that gold and silver could be bought and sold here. He suddenly remembered the octagonal, green-and-cream pattern of the linoleum floor, dotted with hair clippings. Jake had had a red face but could tap-dance or at least do a nimble shuffle-and-slide on that floor, performing with his broom for his audience of regulars. “And where you see that marquee with ‘Bingo’ on it was the old movie house, where I learned to dream,” the actor said. “To dream and to pose, you could put it.” Actually, the marquee said “INGO,” and the look of disuse in its new role as a gambling place had overtaken the theatre. The old glass cases where the movie posters—Alan Ladd, Lana Turner, Pinocchio—had been different every week were empty of any advertisement.

“Which was your house?” the interviewer asked.

“That one.”

“Which *one?*”

“You missed it. It looks just like the ones around it.”

“I thought you said it stood so alone on its lot.”

“They were small lots.” Why was he being perverse, the actor wondered. Was it that the house itself, in his own quick glimpse of it, seemed to beg that he not give it away? It was wearing a new color of paint—a bright lime green—like a desperate disguise. Or was it that he himself was ashamed of it, because it in fact had *not* been just like the ones around it? It had been and still was slightly smaller than its flanking neighbors, those better-kept and higher-gabled houses owned in his boyhood by the Behns and the Lassiters, who looked down on his family, his mother had felt, because his father worked with his hands, because his father was unemployed, because his father came home drunk and could be heard singing out on the lawn . . . There were many reasons why the Behns and the Lassiters might look down on them.

The actor’s furtive glance had not been so quick, however, that he did not spy in the shrubbery around the front porch, with its jigsawed bannister uprights, the invisible ghosts that had kept him company when he hid there, there where the earth had been too packed and sheltered to give weeds much of a purchase. The spaces between the bushes had been like a set of little rooms, a house only he lived in, and where he entertained voices. Who had these presences been, that had spoken back to the voice inside his head?

MIDSUMMER

Something primal in our spine makes the child swing
from the gnarled trapeze of a sea-almond branch.
I have been comparing the sea almond’s shapes to the suffering
in van Gogh’s orchards. And that, too, is primal. A bunch
of sea grapes hangs over the calm sea, and the shadows
I shovel with a dry leaf are as warm as ash, as
noon jerks toward its rigid, inert center.
Sunbathers broil on their grid, the shallows they enter
are so warm that out in the reef the blear grouper lunges
at nothing, teased by self-scaring minnows.
Abruptly remembering its job, a breaker glazes
the sand that dries fast. For hours, without a heave,
the sea suspires through the deep lungs of sponges.
In the thatched beach bar, a clock tests its stiff elbow
every minute and, outside, an even older iguana
climbs hand over claw, as unloved as Quasimodo,
into his belfry of shade, swaying there. When a
cloud darkens, my terror caused it. Lizzie and Anna
lie idling on different rafts, their shadows under them.
The curled swell has the clarity of lime.
In two more days my daughters will go home.
The frame of human happiness is time;
the child’s swing slackens to a metronome.
Happiness sparkles on the sea like soda.

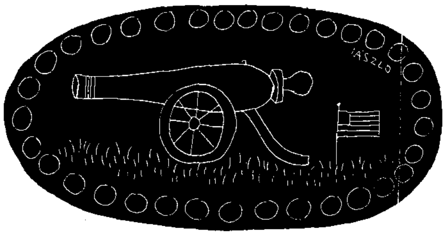
—Derek Walcott

• •

They were still there, crowded around the porch, calling out to him. There were even a few at the side, where his mother had tried to grow peonies and it had proved too shady. Or had she planted the roots too deep? Mrs. Behn told her she had and they didn’t speak for a year. The brick walk along here had been very productive of anthills. Out back, there had been a sandbox, and its little ridges had been dunes in the Sahara and his green lead tanks had been chasing Rommel. The voices he had heard while playing in the sandbox had been different; they had been news voices, broadcast from overseas.

“YOU said you learned to dream and to pose in the movie house,” the interviewer prompted.

They were driving down another block, and his old house was sealed safe behind them. “And in the high school,” the actor said. “I’ll take you by it. They built it up on top of the hill; the only thing higher in town is the cemetery. Here’s a confession for you. You like confessions, don’t you?”



That silence again.

“I had terrible acne as a kid, from about fourteen on. Well, when I put on makeup for some assembly play in about ninth grade, my own skin disappeared! For as long as I was onstage, I was like everybody else. I was human. So I said to myself, ‘Hey. The actor’s life for me.’ ”

“Many adolescent boys have acne, don’t they?” There seemed a reprimand in this, a call back to earth.

“I don’t know. Did you?”

“Not much, actually.”

“Well, then. I bet you were quite a smooth jock in your time.”

“Well, I was . . .”

“Don’t be modest. You played second base, didn’t you?”

“Center field, usually.”

“Same idea. Anyway, I didn’t care what other boys had. They were them and I was me. Leave that grammar just the way I said it.”

“Yes. I don’t know that I can use everything you say. You’ve already been so generous with your time.”

“Also, I loved having a role. It wasn’t just the makeup; the whole role was like a mask, a spiritual mask I was safe behind. If people laughed, it wasn’t at me, exactly. It was and it wasn’t. I loved to hear them laugh. Let’s hear you laugh.”

It was a dry, embarrassed noise.

“I love it,” the actor said. “There

"That's so true! If a woman has anything on the ball, men feel threatened."

• •

you see the high school. The old style, Roman pillars and all. They say when you come back to a place things look smaller, but it looks bigger than ever to me. It looks huge. I hear they don't have students to fill it now." He swung the corner, racily. "This little bug really has some zip, doesn't it? There used to be a variety store here, with the steps at an angle and the little overhang, and Halloween masks in the window at the right time of year, and then Christmas cards and Easter eggs . . . It was a kind of 3-D calendar you could walk into and take a stool. There was a counter we could sit up at and smoke. And look at ourselves smoking in the mirror. I bet you never smoked, did you?"

"No. As you guessed, I was big into sports."

"God, I used to smoke. Anything to keep a mask in front of my face. It's gone now. The store."

The new owners had painted everything white, even the display windows, so no one could look in. Somebody must be living behind those opaque windows. The people that had descended upon the town to live in it in the years since he had left were as if from the moon; he could not imagine their lives. "Now we're getting into a part of town that was new then—rich houses, we thought they were, though they don't look so rich now. This section was called Hillcrest. To live in Hillcrest was about the ritziest thing I could imagine—to live in Hillcrest and have huge closets of clothes, with a different corduroy shirt for every day of the week. Corduroy shirts—that dates me. And we used to wear reindeer sweaters. I don't suppose you know what a reindeer sweater was, do you?"

"I can imagine."

"I'm not sure you can. The sharp guys—there was a word then, 'snazzy,' s-n-a-z-z-y—the snazzy guys, whose fathers sold insurance or were foremen at the mill, owned a lot of them, beautifully knitted, with different things, it wasn't just reindeer—snowflakes, butterflies . . ."

"They're still around."

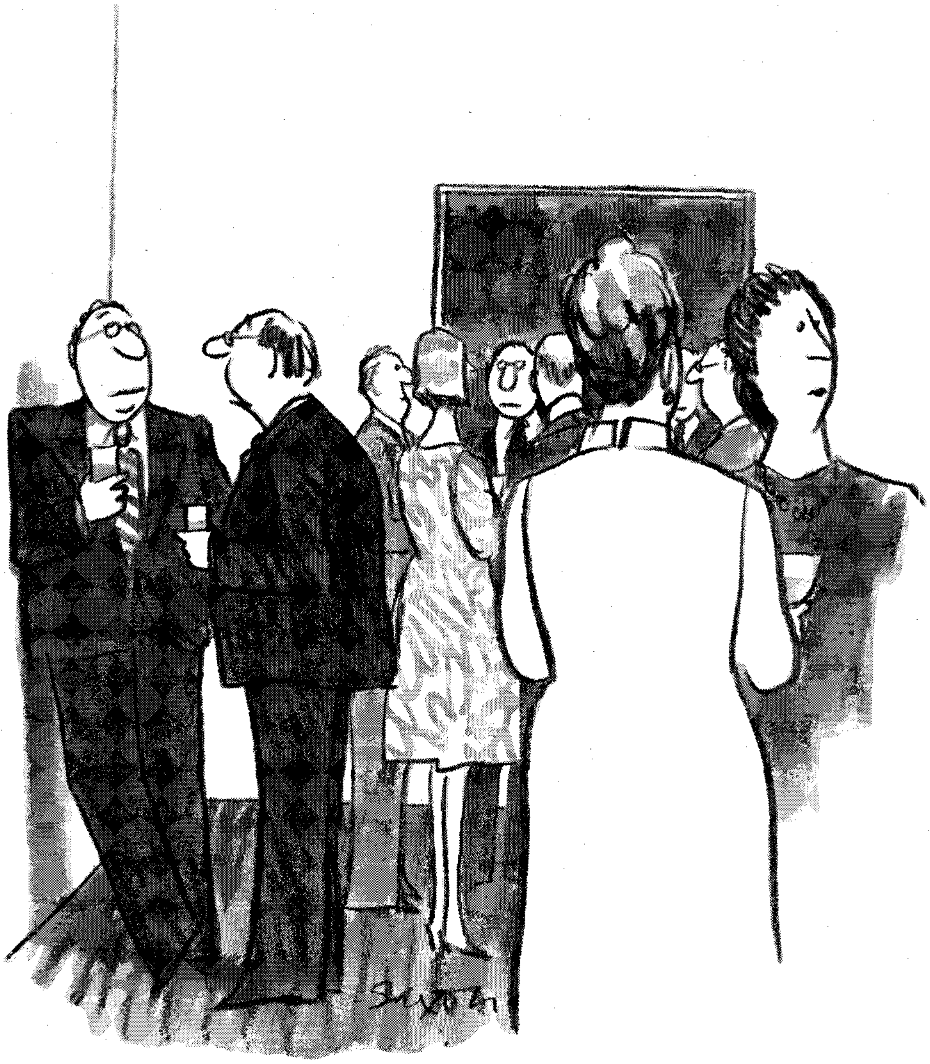
"It's not the same. I used to wear the one I had inside out some days, as if it was another sweater. It didn't fool anybody but made me feel slightly, you could say, snazzy. I tell you, I was pathetic. More than that, I was obnoxious. With acne yet. Just driving around Hillcrest makes me *feel* obnoxious. How am I acting?" He got no answer. "Now, down here," the actor announced, "this curving street, when I was a lad—l-a-d, another funny word—past the last new house built, there used to be a kind of dirt road that didn't go anywhere much and was a great place to park, if you had a girl."

At the age of seventeen, he had acquired a girl, Ermajean Willis. "For heaven's sake!" the actor exclaimed, without acting, his exclamation honest. "It's still here. I would have thought it'd been built up ages ago."

The necking place. The spatial feeling of the spot, with a tall bank of red earth on one side, freshly bulldozed then and still rather raw and scraggly now, and a lower rise on the other side, thickly green from the time when this had been a hillside hayfield, was unaltered, uncorrupted, sexy. In his excitement, the actor braked. "Amazing," he said, spacing his syllables, back in performance. "I wonder if it's still used."

"I see a few beer bottles," offered the interviewer uneasily.

"You don't understand what a gor-



"I'm sorry, what were you saying? I must have dozed off for a second."

• •

geous surprise this is. For a space like this to last, in modern America." The little unpaved road that generations of furtive cars had improvised continued for a few yards between the two sheltering shoulders of earth and then dipped down to rejoin a side street called Button. Button led into Maple, Maple crossed the avenue, and two more blocks took you into Sycamore; Ermajean used to live at the corner of Sycamore and Pierce. A kind of hazy warmth, as when he would show up after midnight at Dusty's diner, had been laid across the actor's face. Without his realizing it, the little car had driven itself under his hands along the remembered route, back into that inviting red realm of the two-family brick houses in rows. The car had come to the corner of Pierce and Sycamore, to the big house whose retaining walls were ornamented with mossy concrete balls and whose side entrance was a set of steps with an iron railing he had often grasped; he softly braked. She would come down those very steps for a date, all starchy and perfumed and hopeful, though what had he had to offer her but a second-run movie and a burger and ice-cream soda afterward? As she hurried across the street to his car, her pastel dress would be flattened against her thighs by her hurrying, by the soft wind she made in her haste to be with him.

"My girlfriend used to live here," he confessed to his interviewer.

"You had only one?"

"Well, yes. How many do you recommend? I thought I was lucky to have even one. She was a grade behind me at school, and after I graduated I lost track of her. Married, I suppose, somewhere." The actor was incredulous that the interviewer could be blind to the glory around them, the railings and retaining walls and little laplike lawns of these solid unchanging homes, which at any moment might release Ermajean racing lightly toward them with her hair in barrettes and her round young legs tipped by the kind of high-heeled white shoes that women in Hollywood comedies wore—Jean Arthur, Rosalind Russell. The actor felt swamped by love; he was physically sickened to think that such a scene had once been not merely actual but commonplace, and that a self of his had been there to play a part.

His foot eased the clutch back in, and the car moved off reluctantly. "Let me show you some more of the town," he offered. "There's a quarry where we used to ice-skate. And a playground. A block from here, where they put the new annex on the town hall, there used to be the strangest little structure, a tiny round stone building like a toy tower, where you paid your water bills." Ermajean loved butter-pecan ice cream, he remembered, in a vanilla soda, and always debated with him whether she should have onion on her hamburger. If he would, she would. And her skin—all of his life since, he had been dealing with women who were doctoring their skins with moisturizers and lotions and pancake makeup. Ermajean's skin had been utterly neutral in shade, tinted by nothing, pure trusting animal skin beneath her starchy clothes. The actor's face felt hot; he wanted to cruise forever through this half of town, the car dipping in a kind of obeisance at every intersection.

The interviewer cleared his throat and said, "I think maybe I've seen enough. This is only for a sidebar, you know."

"Wait. How about coming with me to my old luncheonette and having a bite? How about some butter-pecan ice cream?"

The other man laughed, stiffly, as when commanded to laugh before. "And then there's a time problem," he said. "If I don't get this in tonight, your show won't still be around."

"That's O.K. The luncheonette is a flower shop now anyway. Please, don't put my old girlfriend's name in the article."

"You never mentioned it."

"Ermajean Willis. Isn't that a wonderful funky name?"

"Maybe it'd be easier if I drove now."

"No. Keep your pencil out. You son of a bitch, I'm going to tell you the names of every family that used to live in this block."

—JOHN UPDIKE

LETTER FROM SAUDI ARABIA

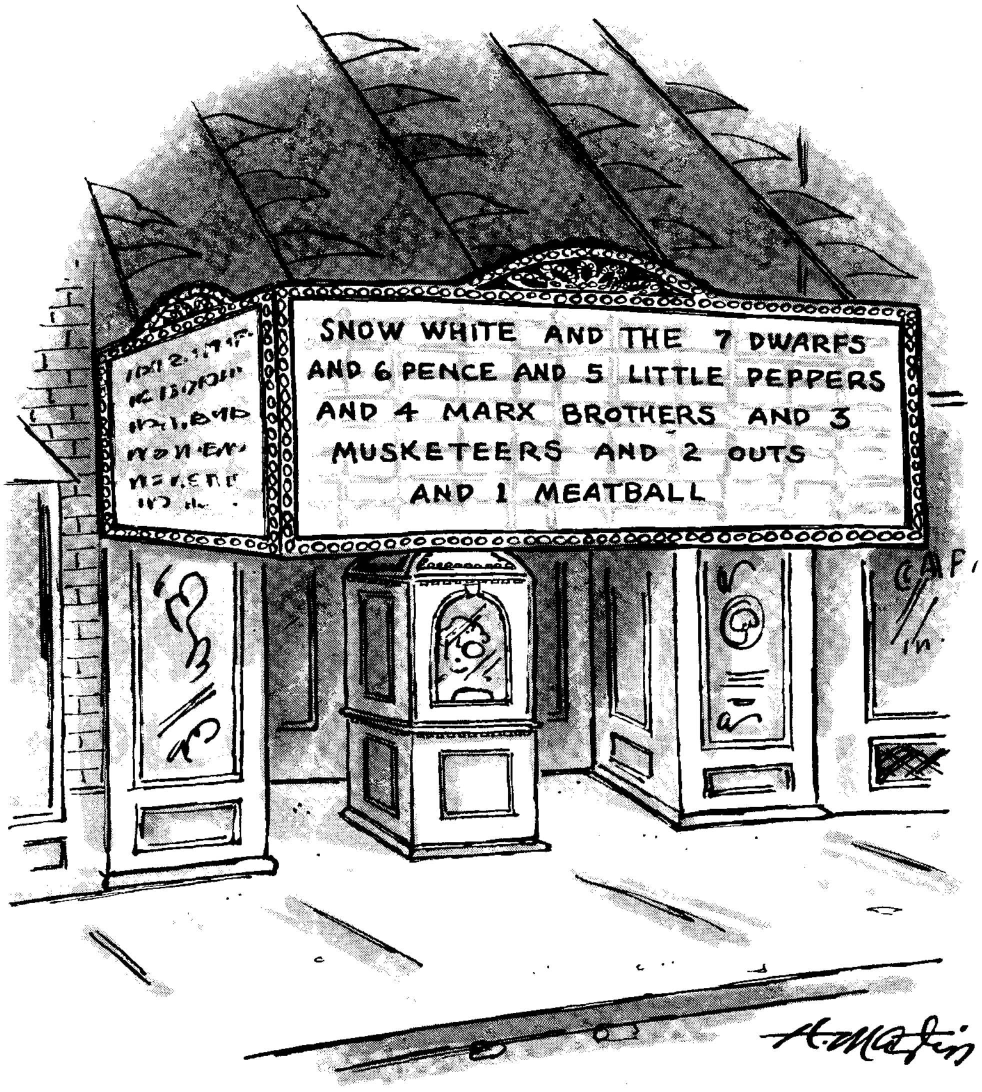
“THOSE were the Wild West days!” a Saudi friend exclaimed when I told him I had last visited the Kingdom in 1978. It hardly needed saying. Signs galore announce that the drop in oil prices has ended the period of headlong boom. Everywhere, there is evident a settling down to moderate growth and more orderly habits.

Deplaning in Jidda, the port city on the Red Sea where most international flights land, used to be a nightmare of confused milling about. But a huge new airport has been built, primarily to accommodate pilgrims to Mecca. My passage through immigration (in a line for foreigners, separate from a line for Saudi citizens and from one for citizens of other Islamic countries) was swift. My luggage was waiting, and customs inspection—including a search for, as well as questions about, liquor, drugs, and pornography—went briskly. More than a hundred pilgrims from Nigeria had been on the plane with me. They spoke a tongue strange in the Middle East, and indicated in a variety of ways—among them being barefoot and carrying large bundles on their heads—a general unfamiliarity with the procedures of air travel. Their boarding in Beirut, to which they had flown from Lagos, had delayed the plane almost an hour. At Jidda, they were hustled through the airport and into specially built pilgrim hostels in about ten minutes. A young man from the Ministry of Information who had been sent to welcome me said that the airport was the largest in the world and, during the hajj, or pilgrimage period, very nearly the busiest. “Sometimes a plane a minute,” he said. He added that even troublemakers sent from Iran by Ayatollah Khomeini had been unable to provoke incidents. “We put them up with the West Africans,” he said, smiling gently. “They can’t talk to each other.”

In town, new marks of Western systemization stand out. Street signs, in Arabic and English, have been posted everywhere, and there are numbers on houses; I was told that an up-to-date map is being prepared. Sidewalks run along the streets, and curbs mark them off. Major thoroughfares are divided down the middle by strips of grass, often planted with palm trees. The young man from the Ministry of Information thought that the abundance of green had tempered the climate. “In the past, cool weather lasted only during the month of January,” he said. “This year, it ran from December through the middle of March. Some people say there has been a change in the weather everywhere. But I think that here it is the foliage.”

Heaps of garbage used to accumulate in the gutters, attaining mountainous size around main intersections. Now there is an efficient sanitation service, organized by a private company—called ACE, for Arabian Cleaning Enterprises—which works under contract to the City of Jidda. Large turquoise cans have been placed at every street corner as depositories for trash from individual homes. Trucks painted turquoise and manned by uniformed workers pick up the trash every day. Jidda, almost Scandinavian in its spick-and-span appearance, must be the cleanest city in the Third World.

The sanitation workers are mainly Pakistanis, and when I inquired into their situation I learned anew the basic rule that a country attracts the immigrants it deserves. The House of Saud achieved its dominant position in the Arabian peninsula in alliance with a highly puritanical sect of Sunni Muslims known—after the sect’s founder, an eighteenth-century preacher named Abdul-Wahhab—as the Wahhabis. The Wahhabis enjoin a faith more militant than that which prevails—or, at least, prevailed until the advent of Ayatollah Khomeini—in neighboring Muslim countries. So there has always been a tension in the Kingdom between the purity of the faith and the presence of foreigners. The late King Abdul-Aziz, the patriarch of the dynasty (he was the father of the most recent four kings), once observed, “My kingdom will survive only insofar as it remains a country difficult of access, where the foreigner will have no other aim, with his task fulfilled, but to get out.” The oil boom, however, brought accelerated modernization, and rapid growth of the main cities. The Bedouin nomads who are the


SNOW WHITE AND THE 7 DWARFS
AND 6 PENCE AND 5 LITTLE PEPPERS
AND 4 MARX BROTHERS AND 3
MUSKETEERS AND 2 OUTS
AND 1 MEATBALL

backbone of the indigenous population have had difficult adjustments to make. One way they maintain their dignity in the new environment is by refusing to do work deemed servile, which includes menial labor, most white-collar jobs, and even such relatively skilled tasks as nursing. The labor force, an estimated three million out of a total population of less than eight million, comes mainly from abroad. Five years ago, most heavy work was done by Yemenis, while the white-collar jobs were dominated by Egyptians, Syrians, and Palestinians. Europeans and Americans held virtually all the posts requiring knowledge of advanced technology. But a number of incidents, including the rise of Khomeini in Iran and the seizure of the Grand Mosque of Mecca by religious extremists in 1979, have heightened Saudi sensitivity to foreign, and potentially subversive, influences. Relations with North Yemen have been uneven, and the regime in South Yemen is Marxist. The Europeans and Americans charged heavily for their services and behaved in ways that offended conservative Muslims. So the Saudis have, in effect, dosed the immigration by bringing in Asians. The Yemenis, with an estimated eight hundred thousand, are still the largest non-Saudi group, but their number is down from about a million in 1978. Egyptians have been balanced with Pakistanis, at over two hundred thousand each. The Filipinos, of whom there are about two hundred thousand, come next. Palestinians have been offset by Koreans, at about a hundred thousand each. A Saudi merchant who has a number of Filipinos working in his office explained the shift in these terms: “During the boom times, we took any help that was available. Cost didn’t matter. Now it does, and the government is selective. It wants to dilute the Palestinians and Yemenis. So we bring in Koreans and Pakistanis, who are very inexpensive, to do the heavy work. The technical work has shifted from innovation, which is hard, to maintenance, which is more routine. Filipinos know how to run hospital equipment and man telexes as well as Americans and Europeans do. They ask less pay, cause fewer social problems, and if they do make trouble we can get rid of them easily.”

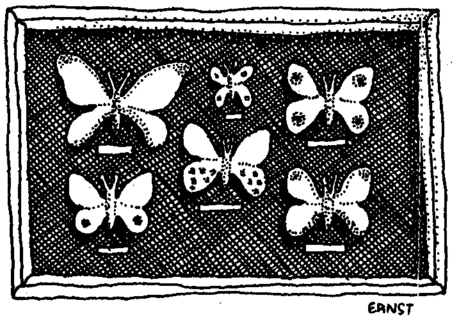
FOURTH

Time out of mind—false
dawn it might be, breaking—embers,
stars, salutes,
a cloud of burning metal salts . . .
My son follows
long stems up until they burst
and star and fall,
a fall of fire. He’ll be embarrassed
later on,
an ash lights on his cheek, his arm;
it’s nothing, skin
a paper lantern cloth, and earth
is unfamiliar
to him still, and so he cries.
Just now I think
we’ve seen a million million years
break by, seen novas,
all the heavy atoms thickened
deep inside
the ancient stars, seen all the stuff
of man and earth
come sifting down the sky to stove-
black here, and hearth-
stone here: the urn of light. An iron
sun’s repose.
So vapor trails collapse to roses,
rise, and burn,
and set again. Who counts the blank
spots in the sky?
But these are who we are, who lie
across coarse blankets
here, as I did by my father
on the Fourth
another life of warm Julys.
The stars blink out.
Show’s over; time to go. The sleight
of fire that jewels
the dark in memory is done,
and here my son
is fast asleep, tears dry. I lift
him, yawning, yearning
too for life, for the high falsework
of the light
that arches under heaven’s fall,
and feel the drift
of ash, the sieve, that limes the sleeper’s
upturned eye,
that sleeves us all in time, in time.

—RICHARD KENNEY

• •

THE status of women provides an even more sensitive indicator of the shifting balance between the true faith and the pace of modernization. The Wahhabis enjoin rigid segregation of the sexes in public, and the visitor to Saudi Arabia quickly senses that the custom is more closely observed here than anywhere else in the Arab world. For example, women may drive cars in all the other states along the Persian Gulf, but they are not permitted to drive in Saudi Arabia. A tightening of the regulations was set in motion by a scandal that was later publicized in the TV film “Death of a Princess”—an episode that led, in July, 1977, to the public execution of Mishaal, the granddaughter of King Abdul-Aziz’s eldest surviving son, Muhammad, and her lover. The fundamentalist reaction found new strength after the seizure of the Grand Mosque, when those responsible accused the Saudi royals of having abandoned the true faith. Virtually everybody I met, whether Saudi or foreigner, agreed that insistence on public segregation had been augmented recently. No week seems to go by without a nudge in that direction from Prince Nayef, the Minister of the Interior. One employee of a foreign embassy whom I visited pulled from his drawer warnings from the Ministry against mixed bathing, immodest dress for women, pornographic literature, and the mingling of men and women in offices. The case against women’s working outside the home has been formally pursued by some of the religious hierarchy and in the press. A more exact measure of the rise of fundamentalism has been the growing power of those directly descended from Abdul-Wahhab himself. Members of this clan—known as the Al al-Sheikh—are dominant in the fields of religion, education, and law. They have intermarried with the Saudi royal family, and have extended



BIG BUSINESS
Dana Fradon

their influence since the period of purely patriarchal reign—when their role was mainly religious—to rule through the ministries as bureaucrats. They hold, among other positions, those of Minister of Justice, Minister of Pilgrimage Affairs and Religious Endowments, Minister of Higher Education, head of the public security force in the Interior Ministry, and director of military intelligence in the Defense Ministry. In April, the Minister of Justice, Ibrahim al-Sheikh, had his deputy named director of women's education. He expanded his own influence at the same time by becoming chief of the Judicial Council.

Powerful tides, however, run against keeping women in their traditional place. An official of the Interior Ministry once remarked, "You can't keep women in the house if you educate them." Nonetheless, in 1960 public schools for women were opened, and the oil boom saw a vast expansion of educational facilities. Now there are seven universities in the Kingdom, which among them have an estimated ten thousand women students. Some twenty-five thousand women work in government jobs—mainly teaching other women. In 1981, transportation companies in Jidda and in the capital, Riyadh, opened special sections of their buses—in the back, naturally—to women unescorted by male relatives. Several banks have established women's branches, staffed and directed by women, with only a single male guard on the premises. Anne Murphy, the wife of the American Ambassador, Richard Murphy, told me that she did her banking at such an establishment and felt she was better treated than at American banks. A jeweller in one of the hotels, on the other hand, told me that he had recently accepted, as payment from one of the princesses, a check on the women's branch of his own bank. The men's branch refused to cash it. He was not admitted when he took the check round to the women's branch. Eventually, he cashed it through the guard.

Boutiques and hairdressing salons are also operated by women. They have been an object of considerable interest since it was rumored that Princess Mishaal first met her lover at a boutique. Flying down from Beirut, I read in the *Arab News*, an English-language Saudi paper, of a fashion show at the Hotel Meridien in Jidda, which, for the first time, put Saudi couture on display as well as dresses from Europe. The show had been staged by a boutique. Mrs. Murphy, who had missed the opening, was interested in going to the boutique, and agreed to take me along. After a phone call to clear the way, we went with two women employees of the American Embassy.

The boutique turned out to consist of two rooms in a bungalow in a good residential district of Jidda. The merchandise included Japanese screens, porcelain from China, and stuffed animals from Torrance, California. Posters, among them one put out by *Vogue*, decorated the walls. There were racks of dresses in each room, and in one room chairs were grouped around a table. Three women, including one

"You never liked my baking-powder biscuits because they're not your mother's baking-powder biscuits! You'll never like anybody's baking-powder biscuits if they're not your mother's baking-powder biscuits! You're pigheaded, Harold! Plain and simple. You're pigheaded!"

• •

from Syria and one from Tunisia, ran the place. The chief owner was a Saudi, who had been educated in Cairo and had come back, after marrying an engineer, to raise a family in Jidda. Her children were grown, and about eighteen months ago she had had the idea of designing Saudi dresses. She obtained patronage, apparently from a princess, and opened her boutique.

The dresses on display were varied. There were some with short skirts, designed for foreign travel; some with spaghetti shoulder straps, designed for parties among women; and some that were long and hung straight. High necks and full skirts predominated, and there was an abundance of taffeta and of net over silk. The prices ranged from about five hundred dollars (seventeen hundred riyals) for a cotton dress made in Saudi Arabia to about two thousand dollars (six thousand eight hundred riyals) for an Italian creation of lamé. The chief owner said that she had designed the Saudi dresses herself, and they had been sewn by Egyptian seamstresses, who worked in a bungalow next door. She said that her dresses were intended to be cool, and also to be in keeping with Saudi tradition—a phrase that seemed to mean that they concealed the female form.

Three clients who came in tightened their veils perceptibly when they saw me. Two of them, a mother and daughter, made inquiries about a wedding dress. It was not yet ready, and they hurried away. The third started to leave without speaking, but then changed her mind. She was a woman in her thirties. Gold bracelets and red lacquered toenails bespoke money. She said that she would answer some questions but that I must not reveal her name. It was particularly important, she added, that I not give the name of her husband, who was an engineer. She said she bought about a hundred and twenty dresses a year. Formerly, she had bought everything in Europe. But European designers did not really understand the needs of Saudi women, she said. Moreover, fashions changed so rapidly in Europe that it was impossible to keep up. Now she did not travel so much. At the boutique, she could have material bought in Europe cut to her own taste. She could come in for fittings. In effect, she had a hand in the designing of her own clothes. Before she left, she repeated the warning about not mentioning her husband. When I left, one of the women from the American Embassy again stressed the importance of that proscription. I asked why it was so important. The answer to the question underlines the progress already made by women in Saudi Arabia, the distance they have to go, the tenuousness of their gains, and the irrationality involved in holding the line against further gains. I was told that there was no difficulty about a woman opening a boutique, or about a fashion show, or about my visit, or about owners' and patrons' talking to me. But if the name of the customer's husband appeared in the press he could cite that as a ground for divorce.

THE virtual inevitability of a growing role for women in the Kingdom has found surprising, though indirect, expression in another quarter. After leaving the boutique, I visited the editor-in-chief of *al-Madinah*, a leading daily, with a circulation of about seventy thousand, that is known for its conservative position on social issues. The paper is housed in a vault-like building that resembles a mosque. Ahmed Muhammad Mahmoud, the editor, is a slim, graceful middle-aged man, whose education in Koranic schools was topped off by a stint at Indiana University. His office combines the latest electronic paraphernalia with the carpeting and the quiet usually associated more with a publisher's suite than with a working newsroom. As

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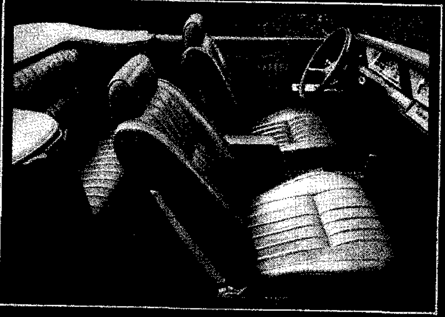

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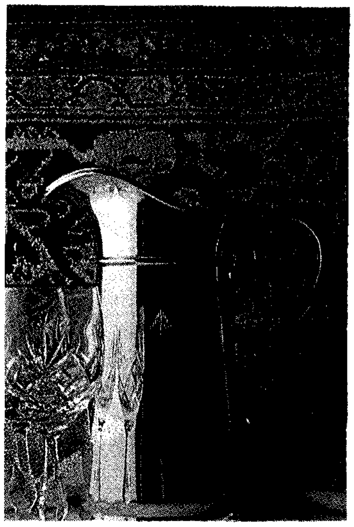

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our talk started, I mentioned the boutique, and asked him what his wife did. He said she taught geography at a secondary school. I said I thought it would be something like that. He said, in a tone that suggested a warning against my jumping to conclusions, that her present job didn't mean that women would someday work along with men in hospitals. I laughed, and pointed out that he had suggested that, not I. Then he laughed. My impression was that he knew that I knew that he knew—otherwise he wouldn't have mentioned it—that women would be working with men in Saudi hospitals in the fairly near future.

Iran was the subject I mainly wanted to discuss with him. Ayatollah Khomeini came to power as an opponent of all royal regimes, not merely that of the Shah. "Monarchic rule," he said in the address generally taken to be his political credo, "is in conflict with Islamic rule and with the Islamic political system." He lashed out against "the many big palaces, the servants, the royal courts," and other appurtenances of monarchy, which flourished in Saudi Arabia and the Emirates of the Gulf as much as they had in the Iran of the Shah. And his hostility deepened after Saudi Arabia supported Iraq in its attack on Iran in September, 1980.

The Saudi press, not surprisingly, seems well-nigh obsessed by Khomeini. Articles about the weaknesses of the regime and its brutal war with Iraq fill the papers. *Al-Madinah* itself, on the day of my visit, was serializing the memoirs of Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, the former President of Iran, who broke with Khomeini and fled to France. An American diplomat familiar with Saudi Arabia had previously told me that Iran was central to the politics of the Kingdom. "It's like the Russians being outflanked on the left, or George Wallace, in the old days, being outsegged in the South," he said. "The Saudis are accustomed to being defenders of the faith, the foremost exponents of religious purity. They can deal with secular challenges easily enough, but when they're outflanked on the religious side they're baffled and disoriented. They don't know what to do."

Mahmoud acknowledged that Khomeini did indeed pose a special problem. He said, "In the beginning, when the Ayatollah started his struggle against the Shah, our paper felt a lot of sympathy with him. The Shah had deviated from Islam by allowing alcoholic drinks and brothels and by suppressing religious people, like Khomeini himself. We gave so much favorable coverage to Iran back in 1979 and 1980, we wished him so well, that they began to call us 'the Khomeini paper.' A basic change took place when Iran started to threaten other countries in the Gulf, exporting revolution and spreading the seeds of trouble. Khomeini's interference in our affairs was a phenomenon new to the area. Now we can see that Khomeini has not followed the true path of Islam. Islam means 'peace,' and the role of Islam is to make harmony prevail. We at this paper feel it is particularly important to show Khomeini to the people for what he is. The job of the media in this country, as we see it, is to educate people about Islam. We are a kind of political academy. Our basic duty is to present Islam, and to point out which is the correct road and which is the myth—the pseudo Islam."

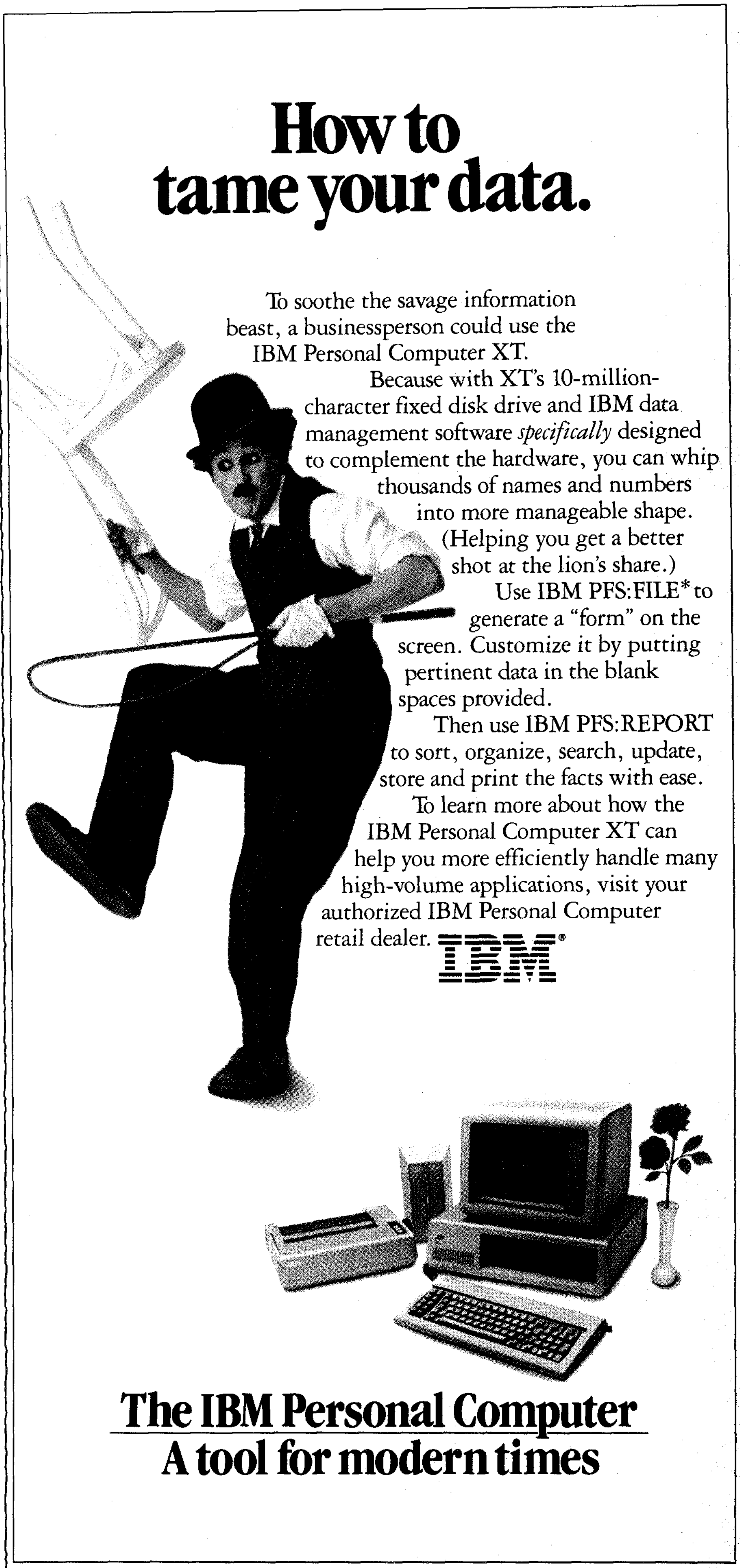
I asked him about the 1979 Mecca incident, which bore a double relevance to Khomeini. The leader of the attack, Juhaiman bin Muhammad Utaibi, had echoed Khomeini's charges that the Saudi rulers had lost their legitimacy by drowning themselves and the Kingdom in dollars. One of his few known public statements was a pamphlet titled "Rules of Allegiance and Obedience: The Misconduct of Rulers," which is full of Khomeini-like jeremiads. To be sure, the Ayatollah and most other Iranians belong to a minority branch of Islam —the Shiites—while the Saudi monarchy and the overwhelming majority of Saudis follow the orthodox, or Sunni, branch. But there is an important Shiite minority in the Kingdom—about a quarter of a million people, concentrated around the oil fields in the Eastern Province, which borders the Persian Gulf. The Saudi Shiites rioted during the siege of the Grand Mosque, and then there was unrest among them in 1980, and again in March of this year.

In commenting on Mecca, Mahmoud confirmed the theory that the Saudis have trouble dealing with arguments that come at them from super-religionists. He said, "The Mecca incident was totally anti-Islam. It is not Islamic to seize holy places, or to kill opponents without a trial. Our religious leaders all condemned the subversion. Everybody thought that it was barbaric. It did Khomeini harm in this country. Anyhow, he doesn't have any following here—except in the Eastern Province."

IMMEDIATELY after the visit to *al-Madinah*, I flew from Jidda to Riyadh, about five hundred miles to the east. The plane was full, but in other ways the flight announced that the boom times were over. In 1978, reservations had to be made well in advance and were subject to cancellation up until flight time. Acquiring tickets was difficult even when one had a reservation, and boarding passes were sold by scalpers at planeside. This time, I made my reservation by phone on the day of the flight. There was no line to pick up tickets, and there were no signs of scalping. At the boarding, women and children went on first.

Driving from the Riyadh airport to the Hotel Intercontinental, I noticed on a main thoroughfare near the hotel a complex of twelve-story apartment buildings. Alongside was a spotless playground, absolutely empty. Another official from the Ministry of Information had been sent to meet me at the airport, and I asked him about the complex. He said that the apartments, some five thousand in all, had been constructed in a rush for the municipality of Riyadh by a Korean firm. The complex had many communal features besides the playground, among them a mosque, a restaurant, and a supermarket. But between the start and the end of construction the oil glut had taken its full toll. Nobody wanted the apartments; Riyadh had a housing glut, too.

The Intercontinental delivered the same message. Five years ago, the lobby resembled in its bustle the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Among hundreds of Americans, Europeans, and Japanese angling after something, I had encountered Spiro Agnew and Nelson Rockefeller. Even confirmed reservations were not a guarantee of accommodation, and I had spent my first night at the home of a friend. But this time, in the course of a five-day stay, I saw only four people in the lobby. Two were journalists who were in Riyadh to report on Saudi relations with the Palestine Liberation Organization. One was a Saudi businessman who was trying to do something about a slump in government contracts. The fourth was the executive director of the International



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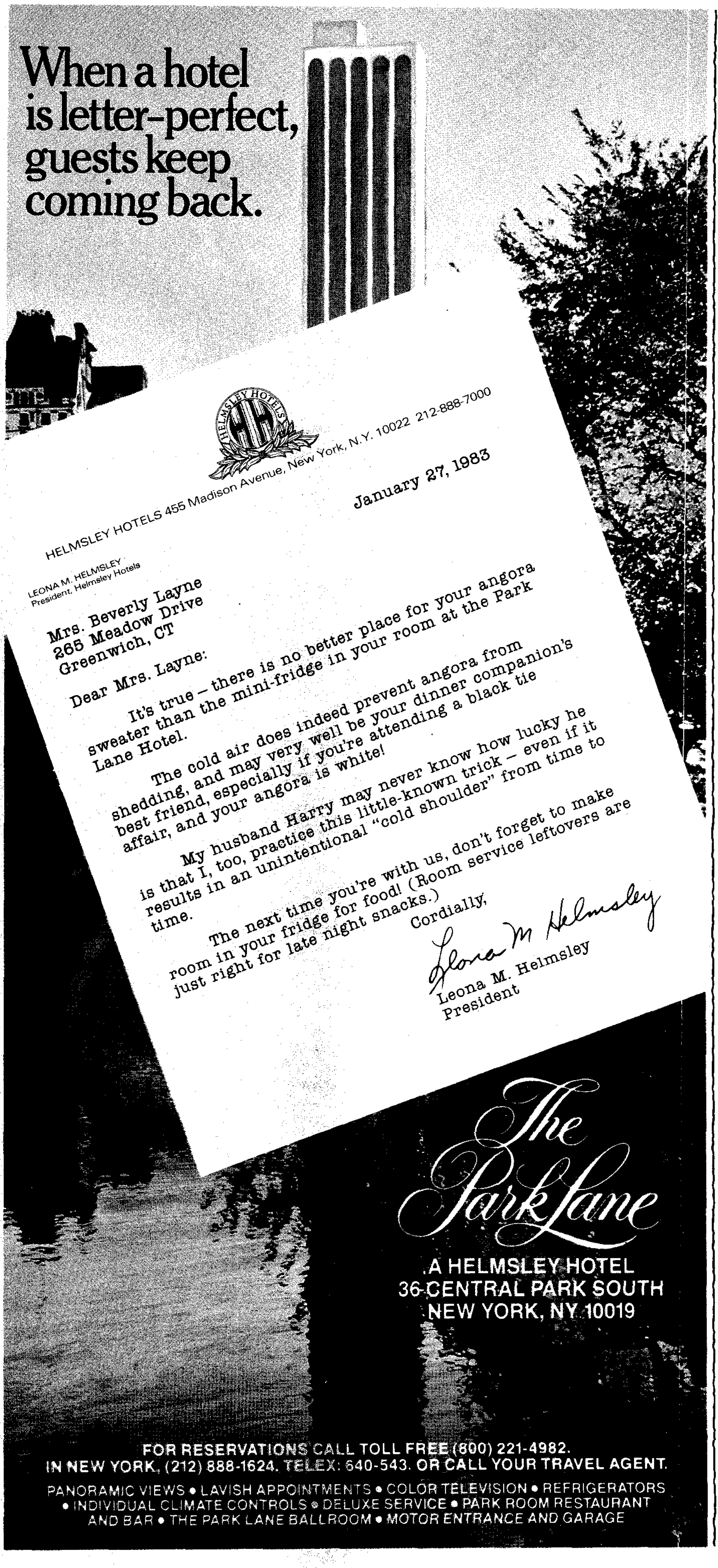
Monetary Fund in Saudi Arabia, Yusuf Nimatallah, who was inquiring into a coming drawdown of Saudi balances. As for accommodations, I had a choice of rooms. A room clerk told me that the hotel was only seventy per cent occupied.

THE Saudi budget for 1983-84 (or 1403-04, by Islamic count) was unveiled on April 13th and provided a large-scale picture of the slump. Revenues are down from just under ninety billion dollars last year to roughly seventy billion dollars this year. To compensate for the decline, reserves held abroad (an estimated hundred and thirty-five billion dollars) will be drawn down by about ten billion dollars. The other ten billion dollars will come from cutbacks in ongoing expenses. Though the budget did *not* give formal details concerning the cuts, the Finance Minister, Muhammad Abal Khail, told me that major appropriations—for defense, education, and big development projects—would be spared. Reductions would mainly take the form of a stretching out of construction projects. Wherever possible, foreigners would be made to bear the brunt. He indicated that bidding for construction jobs, which had previously been limited to a handful of concerns, most of them foreign, was now being thrown open to all comers. "In the past, we used to have maybe ten tenders for a particular building or road, and it would take us three months to analyze the bids," he said. "Now we will have at least a hundred offers. It will take us that much longer just to make decisions. So spending will slow down."

If budgeting is the art of spreading misery with a minimum of fallout, the Finance Minister has achieved an undoubted success. Indeed, finding critics proved difficult. Inside the government, there was some discontent on the part of the central bank, the Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency, which has responsibility for reserves abroad. The bank's governor, Abdul-Aziz Quraishi, resigned the day after the budget was announced. Such a departure is a rare event, for he had held the post for nine years, and the present Cabinet has stayed almost unchanged since 1975.

Saudi businessmen, particularly those in construction, have obviously been affected by the reduction in government spending. The one I met at the hotel, a hawk-faced man in white robes named Aly Musaallam, who I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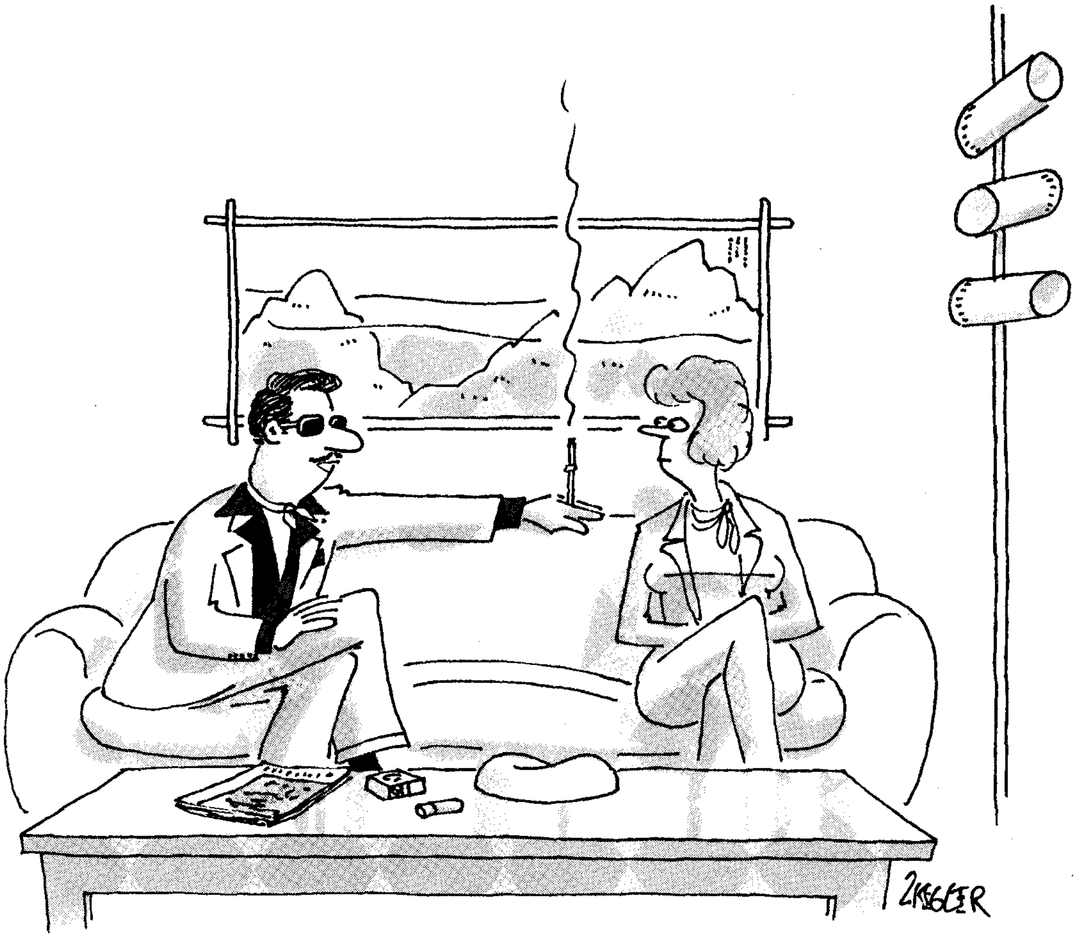
later learned was a friend of King Fahd and worth many millions, acknowledged that he would now have to develop some new enterprises. I asked for an example. He mentioned glass manufacture. I asked for particulars. He then changed the subject, in a way Saudis have, to what he took to be an American weakness. He said, "I wonder whether the term of the American President is not too short. As soon as he gets elected, he has to think about running again. He has no time to think about big decisions or organize a grand strategy. He is very much at the mercy of vested interests, especially the Zionist lobby. I think you might be better off if you had a one-term President elected for six years."



"Marry me, Linda. Share in the magic."

• •

Another businessman whom I met, at his office, was a Lebanese who had acquired Saudi citizenship. His situation was, for that reason, somewhat precarious, and he agreed to talk only on condition that I not mention his name. He then acknowledged that, particularly in construction, times were tough. He used to build offices and houses on credit. Now he wanted his money up front. I asked him how much. He said, "If I don't get thirty-five per cent at the beginning, there's no deal."

Agriculture, he said, was the field he would like to enter. He said land could be bought with long-term government loans at no interest. Seed and equipment were practically free. Loans were available for water desalinization. The government then bought the produce at highly subsidized prices. Wheat was purchased at about two thousand dollars per ton—or about fifteen times the going price in international markets. He said, "Agriculture is the best business in the Kingdom. The government wants to become self-sufficient. You can even import livestock by plane and make money."

I objected that agriculture subsidized on that scale was certainly uneconomical, and that eventually, if the budgetary stringency continued, the government would stop the subsidies.

He said, "There's a war now between the American producers and the European producers. You subsidize your farmers and they subsidize their farmers. Whoever can stay in the business will survive. We can stay in the business."

I then asked about other possibilities. Once again, the subject changed. He said, "Before asking us questions, you should admit that the two big philosophies of the world have failed. One is the Communist philosophy. It depends on the principle that people are equal. But we all know that people are not equal. So Communism is stillborn. The other is the American philosophy—capitalism. It is based on the consumer. But there is only so much you Americans can consume at home. Then you have to export. But there is only so much you can export before markets are saturated. Now you are at the stage where your best export is arms. They are quickly consumed. When a tank meets a missile, that is the end of both of them. Then you can sell more."

That rueful, and even bitter, note finds little echo on the official side. On the contrary, Saudi Arabia's technocrats, who hold more than half of twenty-five ministerial jobs in the Cabinet, seem pleased by the opportunity to slow the frantic pace of growth. Probably the most illustrious of them is Ghazi Qusaibi, a distinguished poet and essayist who holds a Ph.D. in international relations from the University of London and who, at forty-three, is both the Minister of Industry and the acting Minister of Health. Qusaibi is a tall, easygoing man, far less formal in manner than most Saudis in official positions. Before receiving me, he wandered into one of my other interviews and said jovially to the minister I was talking with, "Don't tell him all our secrets." When we got together, he told me that he welcomed the economic slowdown as giving him a chance to shift the focus of efforts in health care. He said, "The philosophy of my approach to health is: Think small. The big hospitals have been built. The most advanced techniques have been installed. So now we have to emphasize primary care. We have to help mothers and children and the aged, not just people with complicated diseases. We have to fight malaria and bilharzia. We need to clean up polluted water. We need to bring proper sewage disposal to many villages. The present situation, in which all projects come up for review, offers an opportunity to change directions in health care."

The Minister of Commerce is Suleiman Suleim, a smiling, round-faced man with a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins. He found another reason to welcome the change in the economic atmosphere. He said, "We are in the position of an overweight man who goes on a diet. From 1974 through 1981, we were going full speed. Now we examine carefully every project—each bridge, each school. We have more widespread bidding for contracts. So our companies have to become more competitive."

Hisham Nazer, the Planning Minister, who was trained in political science at the University of California at Los Angeles, seemed positively jubilant over the slowdown, because it meant a reassertion of priorities and of discipline. He said, "Basically, we have completed our infrastructure. Now the task is to build services, and to move beyond government into the private sector. The moment has come to make that change, and the loss of revenues provides the occasion. We built four-lane highways when two would do. We overbuilt housing. We created an excess of electric generating power. Now we can restore the balance. We can move from the major cities—from the Jidda-Riyadh axis—to regional development. The short-term pain will be very small. We can cut slowly, simply by stretching out building. But the long-term significance can be great."

PERHAPS the most reflective of the Saudi technocrats was the Toscanini of the new budget, Finance Minister Abal Khail. He is a soft-spoken, sad-eyed man in his late forties, who has a degree in business administration from Cairo University. In talking to me, he made many of the same points as the other ministers, but in a broader context. He pointed out that Saudi Arabia was lucky that the slowdown in growth followed a widely publicized break in the price of oil. He said, "The drop in oil prices dramatized a change of economic pace that had been necessary for some time. All the people in our country know the importance of oil. They know that when oil revenues go down there has to be some general consequence. It is not like Britain or France, or even the United States, where people don't understand readily why growth slows."

Abal Khail discussed various possibilities for a slight tightening of the budget. He mentioned such matters as defense spending and foreign aid. But he came down firmly for stretching out construction and for thinning out reserves. On the latter point, he said, "We have no problem in drawing down our reserves. That's what they're there for. In the last decade, our spending was limited only by our capacity to absorb. Shortage of skills was the constraint, and inflation. Because we had more revenue than we could use, we accumulated reserves. But they are available precisely so that we can stabilize spending, not force it way down in a time of economic trouble. Thus, we can draw down without serious problems—at least for a while."

How long, I asked the Minister, would the tauter times last? He said, "We are living in a world where events are moving very rapidly. No one can make solid assumptions about what will happen in the future. Usually, you can make two or three assumptions that work. Now you need to make ten, and you can't make any with confidence. But in general our economy depends upon the world economy. In the United States, there seems to be a recovery. Europe will come back only slowly, and also Japan. So we will have to wait until the end of 1983 before we can become reasonably confident."

As a parting shot, I asked the Finance Minister, in view of his disposition to consider issues broadly, whether there should be some political alterations to complement the change in the economic climate. I first mentioned the Cabinet, and the fact that it had been in place with hardly any shifts for nearly eight years. I then cited repeated rumors that Saudi Arabia would establish a kind of proto-legislature, or consultative council. Abal Khail acknowledged that maybe the time was ripe for such a change. But then he said, "It's better if you put this question to someone higher than a minister."

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"Someone higher than a minister," of course, means a member of the royal family. Such deference, shown by a minister most easy about taking broad stands, points to an underlying political reality. For all their ability, training, and reputation, the ministers are only managers, executors of policy. The board of directors, the true makers of policy, are the senior princes.

The dominant influence of the senior princes finds striking expression in economic and budgetary matters. The princes are big spenders, and the new budget, despite some tightening, is basically generous—particularly in areas of interest to the most influential members of the royal family. Thus, the cuts come almost entirely in the form of construction stretchouts; they chiefly hit foreign firms, and leave the holdings of the royal family almost unscathed. Half of the estimated budget gap will be filled by Saudi reserves abroad—a method that will not lighten royal purses at all. Most experts figure that the deficit will actually be between thirty and forty billion dollars. In fact, when I mentioned thirty billion dollars to the Finance Minister, before the budget appeared, he did not demur. But the higher deficit, if it develops, will probably be paid out of reserves, too.

A principal beneficiary of the loose purse strings is King Fahd, who also serves as Prime Minister. He is the fourth son of the patriarch, Abdul-Aziz, to ascend the throne. The first, King Saud, was deposed in 1964 as an incompetent wastrel. Saud's half brother Faisal, before his assassination, in 1975, became revered as a leader who had restored the dignity of the throne and fostered the unity that allowed Egypt and Syria to attack Israel in the Ramadan War of 1973. King Khalid, who succeeded Faisal, was in poor health and showed little interest in government. Fahd had been the de-facto ruler of the Kingdom even before succeeding Khalid, in June, 1982, when Khalid died. Fahd had been known as a protégé of Faisal, his half brother, so expectations ran very high. It was not in his interest to start his rule with a budget that featured big cuts. The present budget at least minimizes the perception of difficulty. As Fahd himself put it, in a budget speech that was televised in the Kingdom on April 13th, "no part of the country has failed to acquire the facilities it needs or has failed to receive the means of sustenance and prosperity that are necessary for all citizens."

Apart from his general interest in spending, Fahd is very keen on agriculture. One foreign visitor, in fact, was told by his country's ambassador that if he had any particular subject on his mind he should mention it during the first ten minutes of his audience with the King. "Otherwise," the ambassador warned, "Fahd will spend hours telling you about how to dig up truffles." Agricultural subsidies, of course, go through the present budget untouched.

As the Saudi monarch, Fahd has special responsibilities toward the Bedouin tribesmen, and he spends much of his time receiving chieftains in the desert. Two recent American callers—Jimmy Carter, in March, and Henry Kissinger, in April—were transported out to a desert camp to see him. Still, he has opulent tastes, and is building a splendid new royal palace in Jidda. The site is an island, made of fill, on the northern edge of the harbor. So far, only the first bit is in place—a huge iron grillwork, painted black, that resembles, to the point of replication, the fence of Buckingham Palace. Though there is little to see, the lavish preparations have already generated plenty of stories. A true one centers on a new Intercontinental Hotel, which was recently erected on the embankment facing the island. The hotel was so close to the site of the palace that patrons would have had a view into the royal gardens, so before the hotel could be put into service the King bought it as a royal guesthouse. Another story is about a tub ordered for the palace. It is being made out of seven tons of red granite imported from Canada. It will be about ten feet long and three feet deep. As to the total cost of the palace, an employee of the Greek firm that is doing the construction said he thought it would come to about a billion dollars. But, of course, there is room for that in the budget.

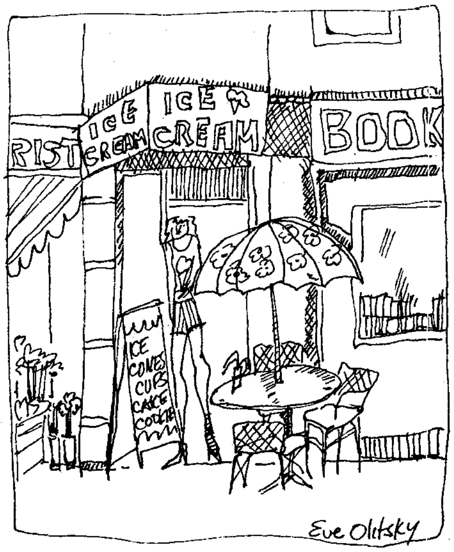
"Am I late for the bash?"

• •

AFTER Fahd, in line of precedence, come three other senior princes, with important ministerial jobs in the security system. Abdullah, a half brother of Fahd, is the Crown Prince and the First Deputy Prime Minister, and heads the National Guard, a tribal levy of about fifteen thousand men, which serves as a kind of Praetorian guard for the royal family. He is followed by two full brothers of Fahd, Prince Sultan and Prince Nayef. Fahd, Sultan, and Nayef, along with four other brothers, are known as the Sudairi Seven—because their mother, who is from the Sudairi family, bore seven male children to King Abdul-Aziz. Prince Sultan is the Second Deputy Prime Minister and the Minister of Defense and Aviation. Prince Nayef is the Minister of the Interior and heads a security force of some sixty-five hundred men. Funding for these various security forces—with all that that entails in the way of contracts and commissions for children of the royals and their favored commission agents—has been held at very high levels. In his budget speech of April 13th, King Fahd said that "building . . . military power and strengthening . . . national security . . . will always be the core of our interest and efforts and the pivot of our policy." He said that a hundred and fifty billion riyals, or nearly forty-five billion dollars, had been "allocated this year" to "the National Guard, and the Defense Ministry and the Interior Ministry and their military formations and security forces." That puts Saudi Arabia first in the world in per-capita security spending, and fourth in the world—after the Soviet Union, the United States, and China—in absolute spending on security. Still, the King said in his budget speech, “I believe there is no need to talk about these things in detail, because such matters are supposed to remain restricted.”

Even stronger, and far more important, is the influence of the senior princes in managing oil prices. That responsibility, indeed, is akin to governing itself. Oil puts the Kingdom at one of the political, economic, and strategic nerve centers of the whole world. The European allies and Japan are intimately involved as consumers of Saudi oil. The United States is deeply engaged as a protector of its allies and because the four American companies that make up the Arabian-American Oil Company, commonly known as Aramco—Exxon, Mobil, Socal, and Texaco—market much of the oil. Moscow comes into the picture as the opposite number to Washington. The developing countries, including such regional giants as India, Turkey, and Brazil, have a major stake because their growth depends heavily on imported oil. The other oil countries are implicated, too, whether as partners with the Kingdom in the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries or as competitors with OPEC. Conservative Arab leaders, like Hussein of Jordan and Hassan of Morocco, are drawn in because they depend on Saudi subsidies, while Egypt depends substantially on remittances from Egyptian workers in the Kingdom. Radical Arabs, notably the Syrians and the P.L.O., also live off Saudi subsidies, paid as a kind of insurance—if not as outright protection money. Finally, oil repeatedly lands Saudi Arabia in the middle of the bloodiest war now being waged anywhere in the world, for the Saudis continue to finance Iraq in its battle against their own chief nemesis, the Iran of Ayatollah Khomeini.

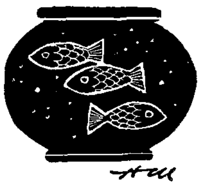
Oil policy, besides requiring delicate balances among conflicting international priorities, tends to divide the Saudis internally. It impinges directly upon rates of economic growth, and thus intersects with the controversy over the pace of modernization. Most Saudi technocrats strongly favor a policy of relatively low production at relatively high prices. Under that policy, growth can be kept steady, without any need to bring in large numbers of foreign workers to expand production facilities. Revenues hold even, and that makes planning easier. The Kingdom’s vast reserves—over a hundred and sixty billion barrels, or an amount equal to the combined total of the proven reserves of the United States, the Soviet Union, Mexico, and Venezuela—can thus be made to last an exceptionally long time. Sentiment for the low-production-and-high-price approach became particularly strong in late 1980, when the Saudis hit a production high of more than ten million barrels per day, which they sold at prices below those being obtained by other OPEC partners. So vocal was the opposition that the most famous of the technocrats, Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the Minister of Petroleum, felt obliged to defend the policy in public. On January 31, 1981, he gave a public lecture to students at the University of Petroleum and Minerals, in Dammam. Against the critics, Sheikh Yamani mobilized a global argument showing that unvarying adherence to low production and high prices would drive consumers out of the market, leaving Saudi Arabia high and dry with enormous reserves that could not be sold. He pointed out, first, that “there is a relationship between oil prices and oil consumption rates.” He noted that when “prices increased in 1979-80 . . . the rates of oil consumption went down, and we expect a further decrease in oil consumption in 1981.” He also said that “whenever oil prices increase, larger amounts of capital are invested in search of alternative sources of energy and in the search for oil in different areas.” As an example, he cited a rise in “the consumption of coal . . . an increase in nuclear energy, as well as in the rates of oil-well drilling.” The combination of falling demand and rising supply would mean big trouble soon, Yamani predicted. He said, “As we approach the year 1982 and enter it . . . we will most likely encounter a big glut in the oil market at a time when we are not ready for it. . . . Then the chances of a price collapse will be great.”



In taking on the critics openly, Yamani was not speaking for himself. Despite his status as an international television celebrity, the Saudi Petroleum Minister is, like all the other technocrats, an agent of the senior princes. Indeed, he has repeatedly interrupted OPEC meetings to gain time for new instructions. He has even left Geneva or Vienna for London, where communications with Riyadh are supposed to be more secure. So visible is his dependence that the oil ministers of other nations poke fun at it. Muhammad Gharazi, the Iranian Oil Minister, makes a special point of taunting Yamani as a mere bearer of messages. After the OPEC meeting in Vienna last December, the *Middle East Economic Survey*, an English-language publication known to be well disposed to Yamani, quoted Gharazi as saying, “The Saudi representative acts like some kind of porter.” The Iranians protested that they had been misquoted, and the publication later printed a correction. In the corrected version, Gharazi was quoted as saying, “The Saudi representative acts like some kind of reporter.”

Even serving as a mere reporter for the royal family on oil matters would require broad knowledge, high ability, and fast feet—for the princes do not speak with a single tongue. When it comes to the bewildering array of interests associated with oil, the multiplicity of choice breaks down unity at the highest levels. In the process, individual leaders define themselves as personalities in ways readily apparent even to outsiders.

KING FAHD, the sixty-two-year-old monarch, shares several attitudes that were held by his father, Abdul-Aziz, and his half brother and mentor, Faisal. Like them, and like many of the other older Saudi leaders who were educated mainly in the Kingdom, Fahd tends to rely heavily on the United States. Probably his most self-assertive action—the so-called Fahd Plan for peace between Israel and the Arabs, which he put forward in August, 1981—came in response to American nudging. Another action that bore his personal stamp—raising oil production to an all-time high of more than ten million barrels a day, in the fall of 1980—was a result of direct pleas from Washington for the Kingdom to offset the drop in oil output which followed the outbreak of the Iran-Iraq war. But Fahd, in contrast to Faisal and Abdul-Aziz, is not a decisive man. He is well known for switches in plans, last-minute postponements of visits, and diplomatic illnesses. Arabists in the State Department refer to him as a "marshmallow." Crown Prince Abdullah, in an interview with the Kuwaiti newspaper *as-Siyasah* on March 22nd, strongly implied that the King was unsure up to the last minute whether or not to attend the nonaligned summit meeting held in New Delhi in March. Abdullah said, "King Fahd actually intended to attend the nonaligned conference. . . . King Fahd's absence from the conference was due to previous commitments and engagements."



Vulnerability to outside pressure probably figures importantly in the chops and changes. Whereas Faisal was austere, Fahd is self-indulgent. He is fat and is getting fatter. He made a name for himself on the French Riviera as a high roller. One of his sons, Muhammad bin Fahd, has been cited as a principal in two international business affairs that attracted unfavorable attention: a shipping deal with the son of William Tavoulareas, the president of Mobil; and a contract for a telephone system with Philips of the Netherlands, which yielded a commission of as much as five hundred million dollars. So the King virtually invites reproach. In addition, he is constantly subject to the assertion of different views by two princes active in government and high on the list of possible successors.

One is Crown Prince Abdullah, who is set apart from the monarch in many important ways. Abdullah is the only son of Abdul-Aziz and a wife from the Shammar tribe, in the north of the Kingdom, which has strong family ties with the Bedouins and with Syria and Iraq. He himself is partial to the desert, and to such activities as falconry and horsemanship. As his mother's only son, and with a traditional background, he was apparently drawn into systematic rivalry with Fahd and the other Sudairi brothers—especially Prince Sultan, the Minister of Defense—who are keen on modernizing the Kingdom. It is rumored that Abdullah backed Khalid against Fahd for the succession to King Faisal; that he inserted himself, as next in line to Fahd, against the claims of Sultan, back in 1978, when Khalid fell seriously ill; that he used the National Guard, under his command, as a counterweight to the regular armed forces, under Sultan. Reports of dissension reached an apogee in March of this year, with a wave of stories that Abdullah had been wounded, and hospitalized, while leading an abortive military coup against Fahd.

Abdullah's *as-Siyasah* interview was intended to scotch the rumors, and it was given wide circulation—including broadcasts and several rebroadcasts on television and radio—by the Ministry of Information. Abdullah denied that any coup had been attempted since 1969, in the days of King Faisal's reign. "After that," he said, "the Kingdom did not witness what could be described as a plot to overthrow the regime." He said there had recently been a "small number of arrests . . . for the crime of smuggling drugs." Of his own role, he said, "A visit I paid to the central hospital for an ordinary checkup was interpreted as the result of a shooting incident." He dismissed the whole episode as "psychological war and rumors." In the course of the interview, however, Abdullah confirmed impressions of dissension at the top on several issues. He implicitly acknowledged that there had been friction between the regular armed forces and the National Guard. He made reference to a dispute he had had with another Sudairi brother—Prince Nayef, the Minister of the Interior—on the issue of an accord on internal security with various Gulf states, including Kuwait. Finally, Abdullah proposed the elements of a more subtle approach to Ayatollah Khomeini and to the entire Iran-Iraq war. These last suggestions could be diplomatically described as being, at the least, "in tension with" Fahd's emphasis on the American connection.

The starting point for the Abdullah approach is Syria. In addition to the connection through his mother, he is said to have a Syrian woman among his wives and a Syrian among his top advisers. He has visited Damascus frequently, and is said to be close to both President Hafez Assad and his brother Rifaat Assad, who is the chief of Syria's internal-security forces. In the *as-Siyasah* interview, Abdullah indicated that he had recently been trying to mediate between Syria, which has supported Iran in the war, and Iraq—

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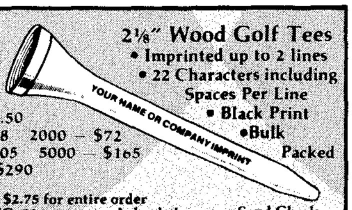
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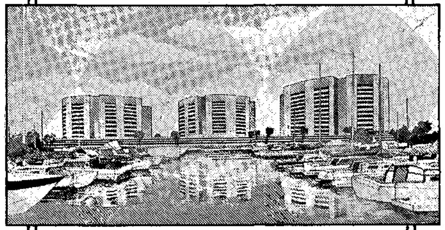

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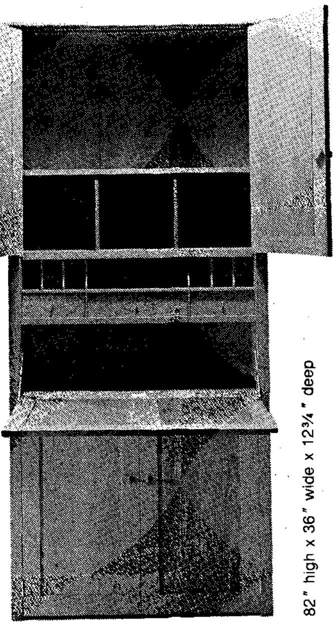

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which has Abdullah's full support. In the interview, he said of Iraq, "There is a popular commitment stronger than ever to Iraqi President Saddam Hussein. . . . The Iraqis are prepared to die in defense of their homeland. The situation on the Iraqi front is good, and they have strong weapons." With respect to Iran, he evinced indirect but unmistakable hostility to the Ayatollah. He spoke of "foreign forces toying with the Arab world." He said that some had "tried to enter a war with us on the level of creeds through their religious extremism." He tied that effort to "the incident of the Grand Mosque." The war between Iran and Iraq, he thought, could be ended only "by the fall of either the Iraqi or the Iranian ruler." Apparently, his Syrian effort is aimed at helping those moderate Iranians who are prepared to go easy in the war now and who, later, when Ayatollah Khomeini dies, might make peace. In what could only be a reference to the death of Khomeini, Abdullah said of the future course of the war, "The war will remain limited to a border war of attrition until Iran's outlook on the nature of things changes."

A strategy that depends so heavily on Syria inevitably runs athwart Fahd's hope for a tight relationship with the United States, since the Syrians are close to the Soviets and have been the foremost foes of various American and Saudi proposals for a settlement between Israel and the Palestinian Arabs. Abdullah seems perfectly content to accept this consequence. He is not keen on either of the superpowers. "The great powers," he said in the interview, "make their own calculations." Neither does he see any need to press the P.L.O. for a more accommodating position. "Regarding the Palestinian brothers, we do not interfere," he told *as-Siyasah*. "The decision is theirs." Nor is Abdullah eager to help the United States and the other industrialized countries by keeping oil production high. On the contrary, he is prepared to go far lower than has ever officially been suggested. He said, "We are capable of living with a quantity not exceeding a million barrels a day."

BECAUSE of his traditional background, and because he has a stammer, Abdullah is often dismissed by people close to the Sudairi Seven as unsophisticated and inarticulate. But his views are similar to those of the most prominent and sophisticated of the younger princes, Saud al-Faisal, who is the Foreign Minister. Saud is a son of King Faisal, and so a nephew of Fahd and Abdullah. He is regarded with special attention because the assumption is that after Fahd and Abdullah die the succession will go to one of their nephews. Saud is the leader of what is called the Party of the Nephews. He was tutored by his father, whom he resembles in appearance, and formally educated at Lawrenceville and Princeton. He served as Deputy Minister of Oil to Yamani before becoming Foreign Minister, in 1975, at the age of thirty-four. As Foreign Minister, he enunciates a policy of equidistance from the United States and the Soviet Union. He has been prominent in meetings of the Islamic movement; at the United Nations; and in the nonaligned movement. He urged the King to attend the recent nonaligned meeting in New Delhi. A former high American official who knows him well says, "Like most people who went to Ivy League schools in the sixties, Saud al-Faisal is a great believer in the Third World, and in taking a neutral position between the big powers."

I called on him at his office in Riyadh. I asked him about the Iran-Iraq war, and he put forward the view that it continued because the Soviet Union and the United States wanted it to continue. I said that we Americans didn't have the right idiom for an appeal to either Saddam Hussein or Ayatollah Khomeini. The Prince said dryly, "Wars are made with weapons, not idioms. The two sides get their weapons from you and your friends and the Russians and their friends."

He went on to voice support for Syria, saying, "It is very hard for Syria or any other country facing the aggressive actions of Israel, and its threats, not to turn for help wherever possible. But Syria is reliable. The Syrians will not give way to the Russians." At the same time, he showed sympathy for the P.L.O. and Yasir Arafat. He said, "The Palestinians are opening up. They are not trying to trick people. They have given Arafat a broad base for negotiation. There is a base for a discussion between the Jordanians and the P.L.O., and for a negotiation with Israel. But something has to happen on the Israeli side. The Israelis have to stop building settlements. They have to withdraw from Lebanon."

I mentioned Abdullah's scheme to outwait Khomeini and to bribe the

Syrians into making peace between Iran and Iraq. I said there seemed to be something cynical in that approach, since the Syrians tended to egg the Iranians on against Iraq, and to keep the P.L.O. in the field against Israel. The Prince raised an eyebrow, and cited, with an air of cosmopolitan world-weariness, a line that expresses the affinity between Abdullah and many of the younger princes: "Cynics are only frustrated idealists."

THE shaping of oil policy to foster conflicting goals preoccupied, and baffled, Saudi leaders for most of last year and for the first quarter of this year. As 1982 began, the price of Arabian light crude, which has been the benchmark for the price of all oil sold by OPEC members, stood at thirty-four dollars per barrel—up from eighteen dollars in 1979. Because of the high prices, there developed over the course of 1982—as Yamani had predicted early the year before—an oil glut. Weakened both by a recession and by conservation measures, international demand for imported oil fell. OPEC's share of the non-Communist nations' oil supply went from fifty-nine per cent in 1979 to forty-three per cent in 1982, while the supply from non-OPEC sources, notably Mexico and British and Norwegian producers in the North Sea, rose from twenty-one and a half million barrels a day at the end of 1979 to twenty-four million three hundred thousand at the end of 1982. In those conditions, strong internal competition for market shares was generated inside OPEC. The Iranians, by selling at a discount that took as much as eight dollars off the thirty-four-dollar price, raised their production, according to their own figures, from two million barrels a day to over three million, of which two and a half million were for export. Nigeria, Libya, Algeria, and Venezuela, undergoing financial strain, and in direct competition for Atlantic markets with the North Sea and Mexican producers, kept production very high, in part by selling their best crude without the usual quality premium. The Aramco partners were increasingly loath to purchase oil from the Saudis at the thirty-four-dollar price. Saudi output, which had been more than ten million barrels per day in 1980, fell to five million at the end of 1982 and headed lower.

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easily have raised output unilaterally, forced prices lower, and taken market shares away from all competitors. But such unilateral action would have provoked strong opposition. The Iranians, loudly echoing the Ayatollah's charge that the Saudi regime was an unfit guardian of the holy places, would have led the way. The radical regime of Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, in Libya, which had previously made the same charge, would have joined Teheran for ideological reasons. For financial reasons, the Algerians, the Venezuelans, and the Nigerians would have supported the Iranians and the Libyans. Radical Arabs throughout the Middle East, led by the Palestinians and the Syrians, would have had a field day with the theme that Fahd had sold the oil weapon for a mess of American pottage. Those reproaches would inevitably have found resonance within the Kingdom. Consequently, the Saudis felt obliged to move within the framework of OPEC, rather than unilaterally. But that proved, at meeting after meeting, hard to manage.

A year-end OPEC session that began on December 18th in Vienna revealed the internal bickering. The purpose of the meeting was to establish a production ceiling with agreed market shares, so that the thirty-four-dollar price could be maintained. Consensus developed around an Indonesian proposal to fix an OPEC total of eighteen and a half million barrels a day for 1983. But when it came to setting quotas for each country, the members never came close. Yamani indicated, by saying he would refer the figure to the King for approval, that Saudi Arabia might go as low as six million barrels a day—but no lower. Iran, Venezuela, and Nigeria, all suffering financial stress, refused to go below the highs attained during 1982. When the individual demands were totalled, the sum came to more than twenty-three million barrels a day. Two days after the session began, the ministers packed their bags and departed.

There followed a spate of ministerial comings and goings attended by rumors (usually of price reductions) and alarums (sometimes of a price collapse). Prince Abdullah moved to mediate between Iraq and Syria. Diplomatic relations between the Kingdom and Libya, which had been suspended in October, 1980, because of Colonel Qaddafi's hostility to the Kingdom's acceptance of American military equipment during the Iran-Iraq war, were renewed. There were reports—denied in the Kingdom—that Sheikh Yamani had met in Geneva with executives of the four Aramco companies to consider a drop in prices. The oil ministers of the four Persian Gulf states (Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the United Arab Emirates, and Qatar) convened a meeting on Bahrain Island. The oil ministers from Iraq, Indonesia, and Nigeria dropped by. The Libyan oil minister also came to Bahrain, and then went on to Teheran. Finally, on January 23rd, in Geneva, another OPEC session began.

◆

Once again, the focus was on maintaining the thirty-four-dollar price by an accord on a production ceiling, with quotas for individual states. On the first day, accord was reached on an over-all quota—seventeen and a half million barrels per day. There was also agreement on market shares, with Iran accepting a reduction to two and a half million barrels. Then, suddenly, a disagreement broke out on another issue—one that had long been considered dead but had never actually been resolved; in the past, it had usually been shelved. The Saudis and the Kuwaitis insisted that, as part of the package, the African producers (Nigeria, Algeria, and Libya) agree to adhere to, and even increase, the existing premium of a dollar and a half per barrel, because of their higher-quality crude and their greater proximity to European markets. The Africans refused, and they were backed by everybody else. The meeting broke up in acrimonious statements.

Exactly what caused the breakdown is still not clear. Saudi officials claim—but not for quotation by name—that the Nigerians goofed. As the Saudis tell it, there had been agreement at Bahrain on an over-all ceiling, country quotas, and a price differential between African and Gulf producers. The Nigerians, the Saudis say, either didn't understand the differential or changed their mind about it. As a result, there was no accord. A more likely version—in my view, anyway—is that the Saudis wanted a failure at Geneva, for which they expected to be able to blame Iran and its unwillingness to accept a lower quota. The Iranians surprised the Saudis by accepting the quota. Not wanting to take yes for an answer, Yamani then made a big fuss over differentials and forced the rupture.

Whatever the case, Muhammad

Gharazi, the Iranian Oil Minister, emerged from the Geneva meeting triumphant and on the offensive against the Saudis. In a press conference, he said that the meeting was a "victory" for Iran, because the Saudis had accepted in principle some reduction of their production, and "any reduction of Saudi Arabian production added to our own production is a victory." He claimed that Saudi Arabia had "lost its major role" in OPEC, and—using Iran's demonological term for the United States—that Saudi Arabia "will not have the financial capacity to help Satan anymore." Sheikh Yamani, by contrast, was isolated, on the defensive, and, for once, unsure of himself. Only the small Persian Gulf states had joined with the Saudis in resisting a deal, and Yamani opened a press conference he held in Geneva on January 24th by saying, "I imagine that a good number of you think this is the end of OPEC." He said he did not share that view, but he acknowledged, "I don't see a bright future." He said he expected "the North Sea oil price to come down," and he indicated that Nigeria would also drop its price. On January 30th, in an interview that appeared in a Saudi newspaper, he said he remained committed to the thirty-four-dollar benchmark price. The next day, he told an American in a private conversation that the Saudi government would push for a price cut of four dollars a barrel. In an interview with the Saudi magazine *Iqraa*, published on February 10th, he said, "I believe that a price cut is inevitable." Two days later, the Saudi Press Agency published the following official statement retracting the interview:

> The Saudi magazine *Iqraa* has published an interview on the subject of petroleum which it attributed to the Minister of Petroleum, Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani. An official responsible source has confirmed that no decision has been taken to date regarding either a reduction in oil prices or an increase in oil production. This clarification is necessary because the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia is greatly concerned about the interests of the member countries of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, of which it is one, as well as its own interests in particular.

The retraction did not come in time to avert a burst of the kind of criticism that the Kingdom least likes to receive. The official Libyan news agency said that the Saudi call for a price cut was part of "an attempt to destroy the Islamic world and further the interests of the imperialist economies at the ex-

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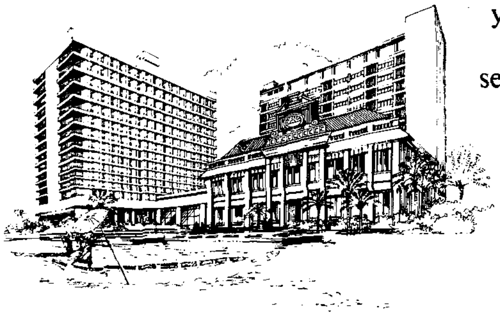

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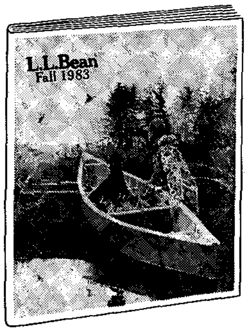

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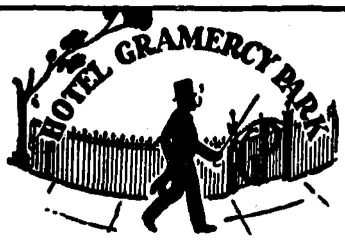

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pense of the peoples of the oil-producing countries." The Algerian daily *el-Moudjahid* said that "Saudi Arabia's oil policy is influenced by the big oil multinationals . . . which are anxious to maintain the level of their profitability."

But then, just as Yamani seemed about to topple, events came to his rescue. Constant talk about a price drop had the predictable psychological effect. Buyers left the market in droves. With stocks accumulating, the high-cost producers came under pressure to sell. On February 18th, Britain announced that it was cutting prices by three dollars a barrel, to thirty dollars and fifty cents. The next day, Nigeria announced that it would also cut its price—by five and a half dollars a barrel—to thirty dollars. These isolated moves created, as Muhammad Gharazi did not fail to point out, the danger of a price war and a market collapse. The stage was set for another OPEC meeting, again to consider the price drop.

The meeting took place in London. It was a marathon affair, which lasted twelve days, ending on March 14th. Before the formal session began, there had been three weeks of consultations in London and Paris. The thirteen OPEC members were joined by Mexico and the North Sea producers in informal agreements. As the Saudis tell it, at least, the British and the Mexicans agreed not to raise production above present levels. As for the OPEC members, they settled on twenty-nine dollars as the benchmark price for Arabian light crude. Nigeria was given a special dispensation to sell at thirty dollars a barrel—a differential of only a dollar. Libya and Algeria accepted differentials of a dollar and a half. There was an over-all ceiling of seventeen and a half million barrels a day on production. Iran was granted an increase, and Libya and Venezuela were authorized to continue their high levels of production. Saudi Arabia reserved to itself the right, and the responsibility, to act as swing producer, adjusting its output to market requirements. Its nominal quota was five million barrels per day.

Iran did not formally approve the agreement. Gharazi, in a press conference, said that his country had fought for the thirty-four-dollar price. But he was clearly pleased with the quota for Iran of two million four hundred thousand barrels a day—an increase that compared favorably with the Saudi decrease to five million barrels a day. So Gharazi, while withholding support, restrained his rhetoric. In his press conference, he did not crow over the reduction of the Saudi quota. He said, "Everyone accepts that there are some facts of life."

Several oil companies indicated that they believed further cuts would be required in order to stabilize the markets. It seemed at least possible that the North Sea producers would reduce prices and that then the Nigerians would also give way, forcing a price war and a general reduction. But Yamani was confident. "I have a strong feeling that this will really work out and OPEC will be in the driver's seat," he said after the London meeting. The following month, with prices holding and an American recovery under way, he was even more confident. In an interview that appeared in the Saudi magazine *al-Yamamah* on April 26th, he predicted that the twenty-nine-dollar price would hold through 1985. "The oil crisis," he said, "has come to an end."

At some cost, however. For, as part of the effort to avoid isolation and protect themselves against radical charges of selling out to "Satan," the Saudi leaders, in keeping with Prince Abdullah's line, have stayed close to Syria. The Syrian connection severely limits what the Saudis have been able to do on behalf of the Reagan plan for peace in the Middle East. Thus, the Saudis have not pressed the Syrians hard to pull out of Lebanon. Nor have they offset Syria's pressure on the P.L.O. to stay clear of the Reagan plan. Nor have they given King Hussein of Jordan the kind of backing he needs to go along without the P.L.O.

The unwillingness to take sides in these matters has twice landed the Saudis in very awkward positions—first in early April, when the P.L.O. leader, Yasir Arafat, refused to join King Hussein in negotiations suggested by President Reagan; then in mid-May, when the Syrians' refusal to withdraw from Lebanon put a crimp in a plan arranged by the United States for Israeli withdrawal. The Saudis were unhappy with Arafat, and let it be known that at the time they would not receive him in the Kingdom. They were also unhappy with Syria, and in a formal statement they expressed "respect for the free will of the Lebanese people [and] their rights to regain their sovereignty and impose their authority over their own land."

But then radical elements inside the P.L.O. challenged Arafat, and the Syrians both threatened him and warned of a new round of fighting with Israel. At once, the Saudis embraced Arafat. Crown Prince Abdullah and Foreign Minister Saud began shuttling between Syria, Iraq, and Libya in an effort to soften feelings and promote meetings. When a get-together among Arabs proved difficult to arrange, they began working on a session between the Syrians and the Americans. This frantic waffling did not surprise American officials here. "The most the Saudis will do as a sanction against the Syrians," one said, "is to not increase subsidies." Another said, "You know you're in the Middle East when you've been lied to by the Israelis and let down by the Saudis."

Still, the Saudi regime showed anew its capacity for survival. It traversed dangerous ground in the oil crisis, and it appears to have remained stable. Though some Americans may be miffed, the Saudis seem increasingly confident of their own judgments. Finance Minister Abal Khail, indeed, challenged the general Western assumption that tensions are inevitably generated by a clash between rapid modernization and traditional ways. At the end of my chat with him, he volunteered a sweeping cultural statement. "There is a major difference between countries like ours and countries like yours which you Westerners do not perceive," he said. "You have developed in a harmonious way. You have made great strides in material things, and at the same time you have advanced socially. So you assume there is a necessary connection. When you see in our country a gap between material advancement and social progress, you sense some defect or tension—something wrong. But we have no history of harmonious development, and no expectation of it. We have always lived with a gap between material accomplishment and social development, and we can live with that gap for a long, long, long time."

—JOSEPH KRAFT

•

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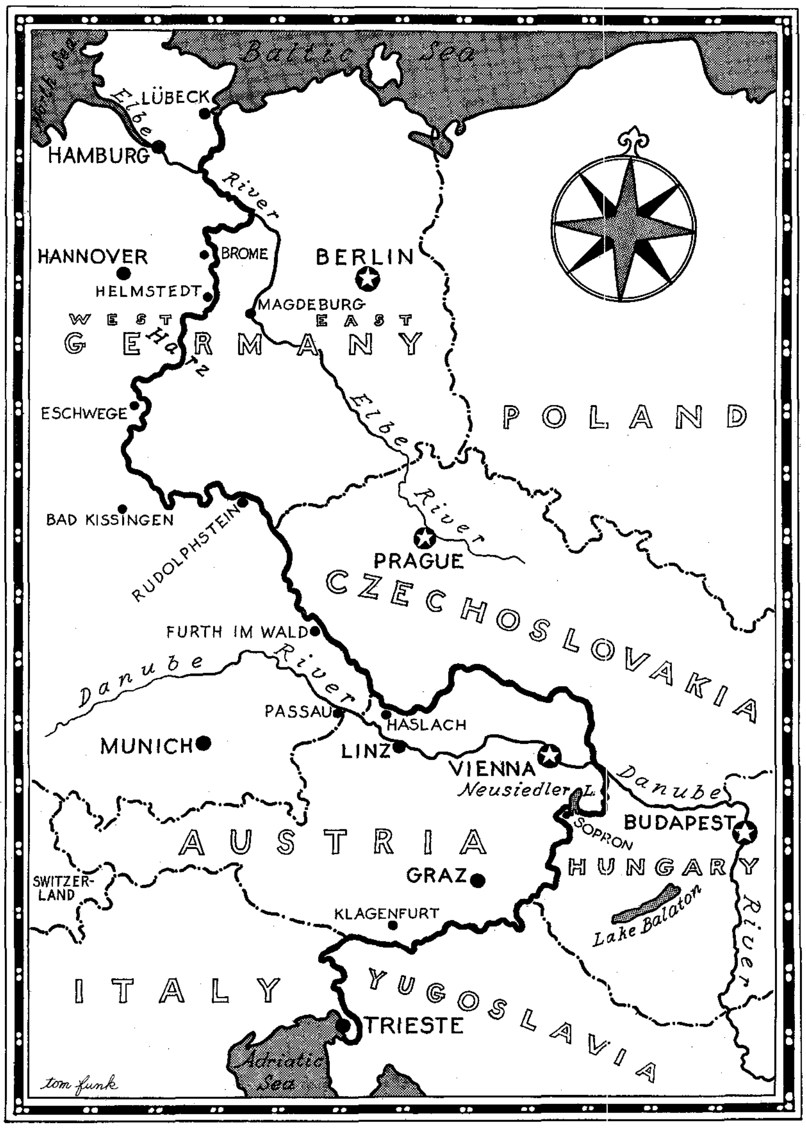
THE EDGE OF THE FOREST—II



ONE thing for which Berlin is celebrated is the *Berliner Luft*—the Berlin air. But since I had been in Berlin, in the course of a journey along the Iron Curtain, in the fall of 1981, the weather had been damp and dull; the collective zip of the citizenry surely came from a psychic or biologic reserve rather than from any properties of the local atmosphere. Then a morning came when the overcast broke. By ten, the sun was shining, the *Luft* was uplifting. I stood at a bus stop in the Kurfürstendamm, or Kudamm, as it is generally called, waiting for a No. 29 and taking deep breaths, unbothered by traffic fumes. It was a day I had earmarked for going into East Berlin. The weather was conspiring to put the German Democratic Republic in a good light.

I grew up in the neighborhood of a castle, with Roman walls and a Norman keep. I used to play in and around it, putting myself and my friends in the roles of attackers and defenders. But until this morning, walking up the Friedrichstrasse toward Checkpoint Charlie and the Wall, I had never imagined what it was like to approach a castle as a peaceful stranger: the walls and towers apparently unmanned, though one knew there were watchful people within; the feeling of hidden arrows aimed or oil being brought to the boil for pouring down on attacking forces. I passed the little Allied checkpoint hut in the middle of the street and followed the sidewalk toward where the street passed through a gap in the Wall. There was a slight blur of movement within the observation slit of the watchtower, as if eyes were moving deep within the shadow of a visor. I stepped over the line that marked the border. The path, inside the Wall, took a sudden turn. It was a sort of maze, with the direction signs so small that one knew where to go next only when one had reached the intended point; it seemed that one wasn't allowed to do any pre-thinking or planning. Shabby sheds were joined by what looked like cattle-run enclosures. I came abruptly to the end of one of these and to a gate that was firmly shut. A uniformed guard said "Pass?" and I handed over my passport. A middle-aged couple were standing there, too, and shortly we were joined by a tall young Japanese. But none of us really looked at or acknowledged one another. It was as if each of us wanted to indicate that he or she wasn't attached to any of the others, just in case they were handed back their passports with a shake of the head, denied permission to enter. The guard had delivered our passports to a slot in a window behind him, and there they were presumably being scrutinized. I wondered if the photographs of me taken by G.D.R. border troops had been fed into a computer system that would now cause a red light to flash as they tapped out my name. Out in the open air, a car pointed toward West Berlin was being thoroughly searched; everything that could be lifted up or opened was.

My passport was returned, but first the guard opened it and studied the photograph inside and compared it with my face. He looked at me, at the passport photo, and at me again; then he handed the passport over. "Thank you," I said, grateful to have passed this test. He pushed the button of an electric switch, and the gate clicked open, so that I could go through; there was no handle or knob on my side of it. I followed an arrow that directed me into a building. Altogether, there were three separate passport checks on the way through; there was the question "Any books, papers, magazines?" (I had none); and there was a payment of five Deutsche marks for a day's pass, and the compulsory exchange of a minimum of twenty-five Deutsche marks into G.D.R. marks, on a one-to-one basis. (The unofficial but realistic rate, quoted in some West German banks, varies between four and five G.D.R. marks to one West German mark. But under G.D.R. law it is illegal to take East German marks from the Federal Republic of Germany into the G.D.R.) I was handed a plastic packet of East German money—very lightweight coins adding up to five marks, and a twenty-mark note with a picture of happy schoolchildren on one side and of Goethe on the other. I doubt if

Goethe would have regarded this as an elective affinity.

And then I was out in the air and on the Friedrichstrasse in East Berlin, the street leading toward Unter den Linden. Along here, Martin Bormann was seen (was it for the last time?) dodging behind a German tank as it lumbered down the Friedrichstrasse. I passed a woman who was entering a warehouse, and it was curious to think that although she had just stepped off the same sidewalk I was using, there was no possibility of her going through the checkpoint I had come through a hundred yards away. Nothing like a Communist state for heightening one's sense of privilege!

Unter den Linden was the governing heart of prewar Berlin; despite the presence now of several travel agencies, record stores, and restaurants, it remains a boulevard lined with great institutions—libraries, a university, an opera house, government offices, the Soviet Embassy—as it proceeds eastward from the Brandenburg Gate. This triumphal monument sets the neoclassical tone for the wide street—and perhaps the authoritarian tone, too, for those to whom Greek columns are a reminder not only of Athenian democracy but of the slaves. Here and on adjacent streets, massive buildings are slowly being restored; some still bear the marks of Second World War shrapnel. Many of these buildings are the work of Karl Friedrich Schinkel, the Prussian architect, painter, and stage and furniture designer, who not only built and rebuilt much of early-nineteenth-century Berlin but for ten years made a living as a painter of dramatic, picturesque landscapes, and as a designer of stoves, vases, and medals—it was he who designed the Iron Cross.

Frederick the Great, Prussia's king, glorified in the form of a huge equestrian statue, has recently been brought out of isolation in Potsdam and restored to a central plinth in Unter den Linden. Not far away is a small Schinkel building, the Neue Wache. It was built after the Napoleonic Wars and in 1930 became a war memorial—a windowless structure with the portico and pediment of a little Greek temple forming its entryway. There were two smartly dressed young soldiers on guard in front of it. I arrived at the same time as a wedding party. The bride, a young woman in a white bridal dress, carried her bouquet of flowers into the Neue Wache and placed it by a memorial flame that is always kept burning. Photographs were taken of bride and groom and relatives. Then the guard was changed. Although the G.D.R. refuses to acknowledge any line of descent between itself and the Third Reich, it seems to have taken over the Wehrmacht uniform of long, flared gray greatcoat, a deep steel helmet with turned-out edges on back and sides, and tall black jackboots; and it has also adopted the goose step—the *Stechschritt*—to which guards have marched here since before Kaiser Wilhelm's time. A file of pale-eyed blond lads was marched forth by a young lieutenant, kicking their legs high. Then, stamping their feet in unison, moving their weapons sharply, two of their number changed places with the two who had been guarding the memorial. *Achtung!* The file goose-stepped back where it had come from, and as it passed, the young lieutenant's wary eyes met mine. There was an unspoken exchange—slightly challenging but not completely hostile on his part, perhaps warding off the anger he saw in me. I am aware of the fact that the goose step is in use in the armies of various countries, but for anyone who is old enough to remember the Second World War it must be pretty closely connected with Hitler's armies. The sight of it is enough to raise the question: What was that war fought for? One youngster who was with a group of spectators walked off pretending to goose-step, but no one laughed.

IN East Berlin, talking to various people whom I shall leave anonymous, I got the impression that most G.D.R. citizens are proud of their social services; they are glad not to be threatened by widespread unemployment; and what they object to most about their regime is that it doesn't give them the opportunity to come and go—or, more precisely, to go and return. There is no way of being sure how many are deeply disaffected. A woman who recently fled the G.D.R. told me she believed that ninety per cent of the young people would quit the country if they could. One ex-G.D.R. soldier said that a third of those serving in the military wanted to get out of the G.D.R. I suspect from what people in East Berlin told me that perhaps ten per cent of G.D.R. citizens would leave for good if they were allowed to but that most simply want what they see as the basic human right to leave their country for a holiday, or even a long stay, and then return to it. There are also some who think that the Wall can be justified on economic grounds: that the East German standard of living has risen a great deal since it was built. How could the state educate people and then let them take their knowledge and skills to other countries? There is a worker shortage and a population

The COMING BOOM
THE COMING BOOM
THE COMING COLLAPSE
Modell

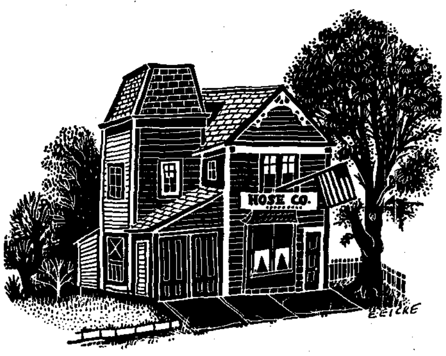
crunch; the G.D.R. has a very low birthrate. (The Federal Republic has the lowest, but in the past it has made up for a lack of workers by importing them from Southern Europe.) Most East Germans seem fairly stoic about their lack of political choice; most have never known any other condition. On the one hand, many people in the East watch a lot of West German television, and the young tape music from Western radio stations. On the other hand, there is a good deal of excellent music and opera in East Berlin—attended by West Berliners, too. "Don Giovanni" was being performed in both parts of the city while I was there. I saw the production in West Berlin, and it was so soporifically awful that I took it for granted the East Berlin production was superior. East Berlin comedians can get away with criticism. One cabaret *compère's* joke: "Question: What's the difference between the theatre and real life? Answer: In the theatre there's always an emergency exit."

There are, nonetheless, still believers in the G.D.R.—people who, like the early Puritans, feel that some pleasures have to be spurned, some rights curtailed for the making of a better man in a better society. Some West Germans feel, for their part, that the G.D.R. provides a necessary whiff of close-at-hand astringency. Günter Gaus, a fairly important West German who worked in East Berlin for six and a half years, found it a worthwhile experience, which made him more aware of "the German nation." He served as the Federal Republic's Permanent Representative to the G.D.R. After returning to the West, he caused a stir early in 1981 when, in an interview in the weekly *Die Zeit*, he said he favored recognizing the G.D.R. as truly separate. He thought that West Germans should try to stop seeing the G.D.R. as unfriendly; they should try to see East Germans as individuals. As for Germany, perhaps it would be best to think of it, for want of any better way, as a "cultural nation," including Austrians, German-speaking Swiss, and East Germans. Gaus said that he'd found a lot to admire in the G.D.R. More of the German past was preserved there, partly because industrialization was less advanced. There was much conscious attention to history, like reinstating the statue of Frederick the Great. There was, moreover, a toughness about the East Germans, a self-reliance—they had only themselves to fall back on. Their intellectuals were more down-to-earth. East Germany, in a word, was more truly German.

One could (and some did) see in this enthusiasm of Gaus's a Germanic desire to be part of a greater community, a *Gemeinschaft*—a sort of collective, linking-arms-and-singing experience in which the individual is dissolved. Some readers thought that Gaus's position as special envoy to East Germany—with which he had negotiated, among other things, road tolls and the rights of West German reporters in the G.D.R.—had hardly served to bring him in touch with the realities of daily life. Many of his observations seemed slightly sentimental, and they pointed out that the self-reliant and down-to-earth characteristics he saw in East Germans could also be seen in prisoners in jail.

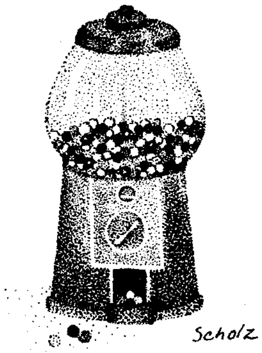
EAST BERLIN is a good place for impromptu encounters. As I was dithering by a bridge that led to the large island around which the Spree River bends its arms—I was wondering whether to walk across the vast Marx-Engels Platz or to head first for the Pergamon Museum—an elderly man with a scarred face who was smoking a hand-rolled cigarette stopped and proceeded to tell me about the different museum buildings on the island. After looking at some of the antiquities in the Pergamon Museum—Trajan's Temple, the Pergamon Altar, a processional way from Babylon—I headed across the Marx-Engels Platz (which is not going to provide any particularly interesting relics of exquisite masonry for museums three thousand years hence). I walked to the south end of the island and across a bridge. I'd bought an architectural guide to the buildings of East Berlin, and as I was standing on a street corner looking around for an allegedly distinguished nineteen-twenties office building, said to be in the immediate neighborhood, someone began to speak to me. This time, my interlocutor was a man in his thirties wearing a turtleneck sweater and a trenchcoat. A journalist? A radio producer? An architect? He looked at my guidebook and at the street. We agreed that the building didn't seem to be here anymore. And whether this made him reflect on the various causes of the destruction of Berlin buildings or not, I don't know, but he said, suddenly, "*Nie wieder Krieg*"—"Never again war." He added that he was sorry he couldn't help, and, with a smile and "*Auf Wiedersehen*," walked away. I had, I have to admit, a moment of doubt. Was he a G.D.R. agent sent out to soften up foreign tourists? But I quickly put this aside as an unworthy thought. He was obviously a man of our time, horrified by the prospect of a nuclear holocaust that could be unleashed by Reagan or Brezhnev, by levels of government that seem to operate somehow unaffected by people. That "*Nie wieder Krieg*" stayed with me in the days and weeks to come.

As I resumed my walk, East Berlin struck me as half empty. There weren't the people one usually sees in cities, out shopping, walking from office to office, bustling about on all sorts of errands. When I reached the Alexanderplatz, another vast, windy space of concrete rimmed by tower blocks, I paused at the edge of the sidewalk as I prepared to cross an immensely wide street. I turned to look for traffic. I could see in the distance a thin phalanx of Wartburgs, Ladas, and Trabants waiting for a light to change, so I set off across the street. There were no other pedestrians doing the same. When I had proceeded a few paces, a horn began to honk in a road-repair truck parked nearby, and a man in it gave me a friendly but negative shake of the head. I walked on a few more paces and heard the shrill blasts of a whistle. On the far side of the square, a police car had drawn up. Uniformed men jumped out of it. It was their whistles I could hear. Now they were waving and shouting at me. I got the message. I retreated. (The traffic was still nowhere near.) I returned to the sidewalk and found an underground passageway that one was supposed to use to get to the other side of the street. And I walked through slowly, hoping that the police would have gone on or forgotten what I looked like by the time I reached the other side. I had no desire to expand my



East Berlin visit to include the local stalag or gulag for jaywalkers.

In the late afternoon, I walked around a district north of the Spree, which bends and heads westward parallel with Unter den Linden. The Wall in this area runs from west to east for a while, before going north again. Away from the neoclassical grandeur of Unter den Linden and the tawdry modernity of the two big squares, the city is grubby. Coal dust lies in the streets and is embedded in the rough pebble-dash stucco of apartment buildings. Dust rises from the tracks as the trams rattle by. In shops, the merchandise is simply labelled, and presented in a take-it-or-leave-it way.



I was looking for the Wall. It proved hard to reach, because much of this area was taken up by the grounds of the Charité Hospital, and many of the side streets that headed west were blocked off. I walked north, then northeast. Eventually, after forty minutes or so, I found a way to approach the Wall, across the broad Invalidenstrasse and up a smaller street called Gartenstrasse, which was empty of people. It was bordered on one side by what looked like an old railway yard and on the other by shabby three- and four-story apartment houses. At the end of the street, I saw a bumpy, unfinished-looking wall—the inner wall, on which no cosmetic decoration had been wasted. Barbed wire. And a watchtower, within which binoculars swivelled and fastened on me. I was about a hundred yards from the Wall, alone on the empty street. I came to a halt. I had, I assumed, every right to walk on. I was a foreign tourist. How was I to know that you had to have special permission to come within a hundred yards of the Wall? I saw no signs. But at that moment I felt like someone who lived there, and the will to walk closer drained out of me. I stood there for a little while, as if in prayer, then turned away. I could feel the binoculars on the back of my neck as I walked off.

In the Invalidenstrasse, I boarded a tram. In West Berlin, you pay the bus driver one mark fifty pfennigs—roughly seventy-five cents—per ride or allow him to stamp a card that can be bought at a slight discount. The driver of this tram was up front, and there was no conductor, but when I reached the driver I saw that he was in an inaccessible booth. Looking around for some way of paying, I saw a machine, something like a primitive potato peeler, that presumably dispensed tickets. But it had no instructions on it. I didn't know that one of the better boasts of the East German state is that public-transport fares have been kept to what they were in 1945: twenty pfennigs—about ten cents. I turned for help to the nearest passenger.

"How much does it cost to ride the tram?" I asked in my best adult-education-class German. I had addressed a young man, and he replied forthrightly but so gutturally that I didn't understand a word. I reached into a pocket and held out on my open palm all my East German change. He pointed to a twenty-pfennig piece and said, again, "*Zwo groschen.*" Ah—light dawned. Two groschen was two ten-pfennig coins; two tens equalled twenty. Another case of East German conservatism—preserving an old usage that went with an old tram fare. I put the two groschen in the machine and cranked the handle. A small piece of thick gray paper, evidently the result of many recyclings, came forth. I held it up like a trophy and turned and gave the tram's dozen passengers a big and only slightly embarrassed smile. I said "*Danke*" to the young man. Everyone in the tram was smiling back at me.

I had been feeling by turns conspicuous and invisible in East Berlin: at one moment like a creature from another world or another era, who has intruded into a society where his dress and manners are wryly wrong and provoke curious looks; and at another moment like someone whom people were looking right through, perhaps deliberately, because they didn't want to see him, because it hurt to see him—or see anyone who reminded them of a world outside that they couldn't get to. But here in the tram, rattling along the tracks of this grotty street, there was a different atmosphere, and I felt accepted by these East Berliners, whose smiles seemed to say, "You may be an ignorant foreigner, but we are grateful to you for being here and riding this tram with us."

Back in the city center, I went to the American Embassy to visit a foreign-service officer whose name I'd

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been given. Opposite the front entrance was a small concrete box of a building. With the sun glinting on its windows, it made me think of a camera, and it had been placed there, I later learned, to house G.D.R. officials photographing people who went in and out of the Embassy.

The officer I had come to see—whom I'll call Jack Getty—was having a standup conference with a colleague, in his office, when I arrived. It seems to be one of the characteristics of American official life that such discussions are generally going on when a visitor comes on the scene; there is no attempt to be found sitting formally behind a desk. One is flattered by feeling part of what's happening, by being allowed to enter and participate in the talk. The other person is introduced, the conversation continues for a minute, with no perceptible change of subject, and then the other person goes off and one is left with the person one has come to see. Afterward, they might compare notes. "Well, he said he was a writer."

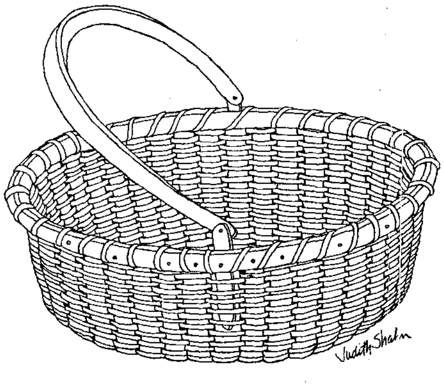
Getty himself fitted in with this mood. One got the feeling that his models were Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler rather than Chateaubriand and Harold Nicolson, and that he was—like the narrator of Chandler's "Trouble Is My Business"—"tough enough to swap punches with a power shovel." I asked him which countries he had served in, and after listing several African and Middle Eastern states he said, "This is the most repressive place I've ever been." And yet Berlin itself was less of a problem than it had been. "Up to 1971, the Soviets used Berlin to put the squeeze on us whenever they felt like it. They've given up on that for the time being. And in some ways you've got to admire these guys in the G.D.R. They did without Marshall aid. They were stripped bare by the Russkies. They've worked themselves stiff to improve their standard of living. They've got a lot of life's real problems licked. There's a cocoon of security—schools, hospitals, full employment, a fairer distribution of income than in many Western countries. O.K. And then, on the other hand, you can drive from one end of the country to the other in four hours—California's big compared with this place—and you've got to be privileged to get out of it. You need to be someone like one of their pet TV commentators or musicians. Then you can earn Western money, which is good for the regime, and you get to keep some, so you can buy wine and cheese in West Berlin."

The afternoon was ending. Getty suggested that I come back to his house for a drink. As we went downstairs, he said that his driver was an East German, provided by *them*, and probably a state security man. We climbed into the back seat of a waiting car and exchanged smiles with the driver. Getty went on, "He says he only speaks German, but who knows? Anyway, it won't do them any harm to know what we think about them."

The Gettys' house was fairly modern, set in a suburban district of large older houses most of which, like the buildings nearer the city center, looked as if they could do with a coat of paint. Mrs. Getty was Italian; she showed me the kitchen, full of up-to-date appliances. "Getting them fixed when they go wrong is difficult," she said. "You can wait for a month for a man to come."

"Yeah," said Getty, who was mixing a pitcher of Martinis. "There's a maintenance crew that comes over regularly from West Berlin to service the General Electric and Hotpoint kitchens of the Party brass. They have a well-protected enclave of houses out of town, and a lot of the other influentials live in districts like this. But we haven't come to know much about our neighbors here. One of them told one of our kids that they'd been warned not to socialize with the Americans."

Mrs. Getty said that it wasn't just the repair of modern domestic machinery that was hard to arrange; getting shoes mended was a real problem, too. *Eulenspiegel*, an East German humor magazine, had recently published a cartoon showing a road sign: "Next Shoe Repair Shop—50 Kilometres." The choice of meat in butcher shops was very poor. The Gettys bought their meat in West Berlin, and so did many of the East Berliners who worked for the American Embassy. The Embassy used to pay such local members of the staff as drivers in East German marks, but found it impossible to get them to work overtime until it began paying them in West German marks. Now there were volunteers for overtime, and drivers who drove their employers into West Berlin had the currency to buy fruit and meat there for their families.

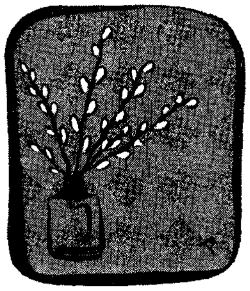


Although the Gettys gave the impression of having borne up under the strains of an artificial and unbalanced life in East Berlin, their children had not found it so easy. One of their sons, now at college in the United States, felt absolutely choked by the G.D.R.; he wanted to tell everyone he met what he thought about the regime. Most of the time, he kept silent about it. Getty said, "Yet he was also affected by the contrast between life in West Berlin and here. He came back from West Berlin one afternoon and said that he'd been up on the sixth floor of KaDeWe, the big department store, where they have their huge food section. He said he'd never seen anything so gross, so obscene."

Getty's driver, whether he was a security man or not, gave me a friendly smile as I got into the car. He drove me back into town, and down the Friedrichstrasse, where he dropped me at Checkpoint Charlie. It was much the same procedure going back: three or four passport checks; a question about how much G.D.R. money I had. That strange, slightly grubby sense of privilege, of being unfairly favored, came back to me as I went through the last gate and it clanged shut behind me. The stars were out in a clear sky. I walked fast through the gap in the Wall, trying hard not to run, and in the Kochstrasse I was relieved to reach the bus stop at the same time as a No. 29, which took me home.

I FLEW out of Berlin to Hannover the following day. A minute after the British Airways jet had taken off from Tegel Airport, we were over the Wall, flying west—at less than ten thousand feet, as the Berlin access agreement stipulates—over the fields and woods of the G.D.R. As we crossed the Elbe, one of the cabin staff made an announcement, and I realized that she was making it first in German; this was for the moment an internal German flight. In half an hour, the border appeared, looking like a seventeenth-century fortification pattern by Vauban where it turned the corner of a big field; the plowed strip made a lighter line where it passed into some woods, and the shadow of the plane skimmed over it.

I picked up my car and resumed my journey south, taking the road toward the Harz mountains. A small range, the Catskills or the Lake District of West Germany, they span the border about halfway down the dividing line between the two Germanys. Very few of the mountains are over a thousand metres high. The loftiest is the Brocken (1,142 metres), which is just inside the G.D.R. and, in German legend, is the chief haunt of witches. On Walpurgisnacht, which is the eve of May 1st, the witches are said to have a lively get-together on the Brocken.



The countryside began to lift, calm giving way to a heavy swell. The Harz appeared, a dark-green elevation of the horizon. I remembered my first sight of the Rockies as I drove across the Colorado plain, and an afternoon spent with a uranium prospector near Steamboat Springs. The Harz hold mineral wealth, too; they were famous once for their silver mines, and now produce zinc, lead, and copper. Goslar, which sits on the north side of the range, has been a mining town since medieval times. It looks less like Steamboat Springs or Deadwood Gulch than like the sort of place where Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs would feel at home; in fact, it is hard to see how Günter Gaus can claim that East Germans have a great concern with historic preservation when towns like Goslar, by their very existence, proclaim West German attachment to the architecture of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and various earlier times.

Up in the hills, I drove for a while along a lane that first followed the border for several kilometres and then swung away to join a main road that brought me to the village of Torfhaus. Here in full swing was the border as tourist attraction. The big draw was a view of the Brocken, five kilometres to the east—a gently rounded summit that rose above the surrounding hills, with spruce, fir, pine, and larch covering its slopes, and a Flash Gordon set of structures on top. There were antennae, towers, domes—a Soviet radar station. On the Torf, lower by several hundred metres, were West German radio and television transmitting devices, and on the Wurmberg, a thousand-metre-high eminence to the south, was a United States military radar tower, facing across toward the Russians on the Brocken. I could hear the wind shivering through the trees and the West German transmitting towers, and I could imagine the ether crackling with various kinds of radio waves as the Germans broadcast and the two great rivals probed, listened, and tried to interfere with one another.

In the parking lot at Torfhaus, big tourist buses were parked amid dozens of cars. Stalls selling beer and bratwurst were doing a spanking trade. Youngsters with ice-cream cones jostled one another to be next looking through coin-operated telescopes at the modern witchcraft on the Brocken. This is the country of Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel." Over in East Germany, there are also resort towns where people go to hike and ski. In the novel "Divided Heaven," by the East German writer Christa Wolf, a young couple go to a small town in the Harz for a holiday. From a viewing platform, there is a glimpse, on clear days, of a town in West Germany. " 'You'll see,' said Manfred, '. . . the guidebooks will soon be advertising "a glimpse of West Germany" as one of the sights of the town.' "

In the nineteenth century, the writer who made the Harz his own was Heinrich Heine, the poet and essayist, and people have been walking in his footsteps in the Harz ever since. Although his essays remain timely, his verse—perhaps because it was often translated by Victorians—occasionally seems arch or quaint. Goethe, at least with "Faust," travels better. Mephistopheles leads us into the Harz on Walpurgis Night:

> Voices in the height you hear,
> Distant now or sounding near,
> Streaming through the mountain
> range,
> Magic chanting, maddening, strange.

I stayed the night at a *pension* in Goslar, where a notice in my room requested in German, English, and Danish that guests please come in quietly. Next morning, there was no mist—simply sunshine. Although there were other guests at the *pension*, they had come in quietly the night before and were sleeping late. I had a solitary breakfast. Then I drove up into the

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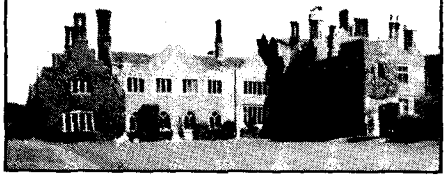

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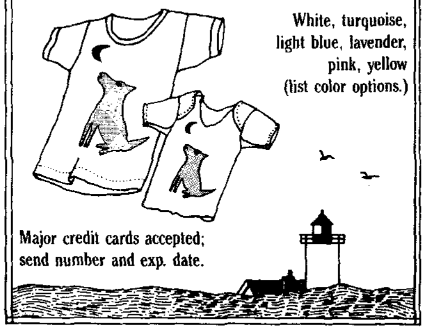

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Harz, following the valley of the Oker River, which tumbled down through rocky gorges, splashing and booming—a melodramatic torrent. I had the car radio tuned to the Deutschlandfunk, which was broadcasting appropriate music—Beethoven's "Fidelio." I stopped here and there for short hikes.

By noon, I was in Braunlage, a resort and spa town deep in the Harz and a bare kilometre from the border. I expressed my attachment to the split city on the Spree by halting at the Hotel Berliner Hof and acquiring there a *Zimmer mit Dusche*.

As I stood at the reception desk, a young man who looked Greek or Turkish came in and asked the proprietor, "*Haben Sie Arbeit?*"

"*Nein*," said the proprietor.

The golden days of plentiful work for foreign workers are over, as unemployment begins to affect even the West German economy. I had a beer with the proprietor, who was nevertheless sanguine about the fortunes of Braunlage and the Berliner Hof—plenty of Danes, plenty of Berliners, plenty of elderly people wanting to take a cure or enjoy the fresh air.

With sweater, plastic raincoat, and map stuffed into a nylon knapsack, I walked through Braunlage, which had something of New England about its houses—vertical siding, wooden shingles, even some asbestos shingles. I walked past other hotels and big sanatoriums in parklike grounds, and then out of town, northward, in the direction of the Wurmberg. In the woods, the wind in the pines sounded like the sea; occasionally there was a little shower of pine needles, and the smell of pine was strong. I was about two-thirds of the way up the Wurmberg when I saw the border—a watchtower to the east and an expanse of grass before the pine forest in the G.D.R. began. Birds and butterflies flew across my line of sight.

The path veered round behind the Wurmberg. I climbed under a cable-car tramway, the cars gliding eerily overhead. And when I got to the top, puffing, twenty minutes later, I found what I now began to realize was an essential part of most of these lofty border overlooks—a *Gasthaus* with terraced beer garden. Today, quite a lot of people were enjoying a Sunday out. A tall wooden tower provided rather rickety-looking access to a ski jump, from which a master of the sport could soar, so it seemed, into the G.D.R. Next to the *Gasthaus* terrace was a circle of rough stones, like a ring of large, gray, misshapen loaves. This (a sign said) was prehistoric, the remains of people who had lived and no doubt kept watch up here, though no exact date could be put on them.

I sat on the terrace with a beer and munched a cheese sandwich I'd made from things served to me at breakfast. Emmentaler on pumpernickel is delicious at 1 P.M., as far as I'm concerned, but not first thing in the morning. Quite a number of people on the terrace were also trying to outsmart the management by ordering a soft drink or a beer and eating their own food. Most had arrived by the tramway—young people in jeans and old ladies in flowered-print dresses—but there were also some hikers, either in modern hiking gear (nylon parkas, corduroy trousers) or in the traditional *Wander* getup, whose healthy-looking faces suggested that they had reached the summit on their own feet.

I walked away from the heavily peopled part of the Wurmberg summit into the woods. Half a mile from the ski lift, I came upon the other large structure on the mountain—the early-warning radar tower I'd seen from Torfhaus the previous afternoon. Close up, it looked like a giant egg-beater within which concrete had solidified, standing above the trees, its handle stuck in the ground. There was no security apparatus around it of the sort that I'd been told surrounded the Soviet installation on the Brocken. Here merely a single but effective fence girdled the tower, enclosing also a small parking lot with a few cars and a basketball hoop on a post. To the fence were fastened signs in English and German ordering the reader not to make sketches, take photographs, or make notes, "by order of the commanding officer" (a rather old-fashioned turn of phrase), on pain of their confiscation. So I walked on a few hundred yards, downhill, toward the border, before hiding behind a tree (which I thought might prevent my image from showing up on radar, pen in hand) and there communicating a few words to my notebook.

I walked southeastward along the border. The G.D.R. fence was about fifty yards away, and I was briefly in view of two watchtowers about a mile apart. No one was in sight. I walked along a little track next to the warning signs, the border posts, and occasional concrete markers. The Wurmberg rose to my right, and to my left, across a shallow valley, was a hill nearly as high, called Grosser Winter-Berg, in the G.D.R. The path became a deep rut, where a small stream perhaps made its way in spring. The shrubbery thickened, and trees bent out of the hillside over the path. I felt excessively lonely. I wondered where the Aufklärer—the border-reconnaissance troops—were. I was in a small wood, which felt old—full of old spirits. I felt the need to assert myself, to buck myself up a bit. What if I did walk on the other side of the marker posts for a little way, just so I could say I'd walked in East Germany? What if—? I went to the left of a marker post and took a few quick paces before stepping back onto the proper path. That wasn't difficult. I swerved left again at the next marker and walked along a yard or so inside the G.D.R., swinging my arms. I stepped round a bush and stopped dead. There they were. They saw me at the same moment I saw them—two of them, in their drab-green uniforms, about twenty feet away, squatting on the grass while they smoked cigarettes. They were about six long paces inside West Germany. The astonishment was mutual, but they moved faster than I did. They were up and running onto their own ground, Kalashnikov rifles swinging, clutching binoculars and cameras, before I'd thought about what to do next. And, having thought, I took a sudden jump sidewise, nearly fell over, and walked on, fast, once again on the path on the right side of the border. Had they noticed? As I passed them, standing at least as far back on their own side as they had been on the West German side, I didn't look at them. I had made my rash gesture of the day, and hastened on, and as soon as I knew they couldn't see me anymore I left the path and went farther up the Wurmberg slope. After five minutes, I felt relatively safe, and sat down until my heart stopped pounding. Just as well they'd been in the wrong, too.

Half an hour later, I came to the remains of a bridge that had once carried a road—the former Elenderstrasse—across a little brook that here formed the border, and on to Elend, now in the G.D.R. Over there—*drüben*—the road was narrow and deserted. On the West German side, it was wider but also without traffic; it had become a lane on which people could take a Sunday-afternoon stroll out from Braunlage without the exertion of climbing the Wurmberg. Beyond the fences, outer and inner, two German shepherds were attached by leashes to long wire runs. A man and a woman came walking from Braunlage, guiding a toddler who was pushing his own carriage. They arrived at the striped barrier that ended the road, and stood looking at the ruins of the bridge. I had recovered my nerve and felt suddenly annoyed that this small family couldn't keep walking. *Hier ist Deutschland nicht zu Ende!* Here, however, was a dividing line between two views of the state: on one side the state was still seen as the creation of and servant of the people; and on the other side people were considered to exist for the benefit of the state. And these concepts could be, as I'd learned, a mere quick and sudden jump apart.

IN the early morning, I drove south from Lower Saxony into Hesse. Children were cycling to school. There were few cars, but I was on my guard against farmers driving out on tractors from farmyards, obviously regarding the chances as small that a car would be coming along the road at that moment. Villages: Etzenborn, Weissenborn, Bischhausen, Bremke, Ischenrode, Ellershausen. . . . At Ellershausen, the road to Eschwege ran right next to the border for a mile or so, with the River Werra between road and fence. The East Germans had their own road inside the fence, and a working party: two cars, a truck, a motorcycle, workers, guards.

The Werra dodges in and out along the border in this area. An old section of prewar Autobahn heading toward the G.D.R. border at Herleshausen is cut off by a bulge of G.D.R. territory, and traffic is forced to detour on country roads. Just inside the G.D.R. between Herleshausen and Wartha, a new section of Autobahn is being built with West German funds. (West Germany contributes large sums toward the creation and improvement of transit routes to West Berlin across East Germany, putting money into not only the Autobahn but the modernization of G.D.R. railroad tracks.) At the Herleshausen *Übergang*, Chief Warrant Officer Hans-Werner Wiegand, of the Bundesgrenzschutz—the West German frontier police— showed me a computer terminal on which he could tap out names and car details, and which enabled the B.G.S. to nab the occasional West German thief, or a youth reported missing from home.

"This is how it works," he said, typing the name Bailey, A. Within a few seconds, the particulars of several A. Baileys with criminal records appeared on the screen—one American, two English. I was not among them.

I asked whether there had been any escapes recently in this area.

"The last civilian was about three years ago," Wiegand said. "He came through a mine field—he was drunk, and had fought with his wife after finding her with another man. Last year, five G.D.R. soldiers came over. This year, we've had only one so far. One of their border troops got across near Heldra, southeast of Eschwege, where they don't seem to have either mines or SM-70s at the moment. He disarmed and tied up his colleague, then stuck his Kalashnikov in the ground next to the fence, stepped up on the butt, and climbed over."

Finding out about escapes from the G.D.R. is not simple. Statistics given out by the West German government, by *Land* governments, and by private groups, such as the Working Group August 13th—the organization that runs the Wall museum in West Berlin and monitors human rights in the G.D.R.—don't always agree, and don't make clear the ways in which people have managed to get out of East Germany. From various press reports for 1979 that have been published in Britain, one gets various figures. The *Daily Telegraph* of April 11, 1980, quoting a Bonn government source, said that only eighty East German refugees had succeeded in crossing the border in 1979. The *Birmingham Post* of February 19, 1980, said, "Last year, 170 East Germans fled to West Germany, most of them border guard patrols who walked across. In Berlin itself, 36 attempts were success-

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ful." The *Times* of August 13, 1980, has from the Working Group August 13th the figure of a hundred and sixty-one escapes for the first half of 1979. The *Financial Times* of July 2, 1980, reported that four hundred and sixty-three East Germans made it to the West in 1979, and that roughly four hundred came out via the transit routes, smuggled through in Western cars.

Some of this confusion may arise from failure to distinguish between civilian refugees and fleeing border guards, some from the manner in which escapes take place and are recorded. Some of the obscurity, however, is deliberate. A number of years ago, it was realized in West Germany that reporting full details of where and how an escape had been made was helpful to the East German authorities, who immediately plugged the loophole, and even sometimes caught others trying to get out the same way. A Bavarian border policeman told me later on my trip that places exist from time to time where people can get across if they have up-to-the-minute knowledge about, for example, where fences are being repaired, mines have been removed, or guards have developed habits that may permit an escape. In the past, the G.D.R. authorities may have had no idea how an escape was made—or even that one *was* made—until it was reported in the West German press. Now papers usually mention only the *Land*—for instance, Schleswig-Holstein—to which the person escaped, or the town where the B.G.S. has announced the escape.

I will not reveal the real name of a man who told me how he got out of East Germany; nor shall I mention the large West German city where he now lives. I'll call him Dieter. He is a successful industrialist in his late thirties, dark-haired, stocky, immensely fit-looking. He was born and grew up in Leipzig. At school, he became a keen member of the Communist Young Pioneers. Doubt set in when he was nearly fifteen and came to be influenced by programs from West German television and by West German visitors he'd talked to. Dieter said, "There was a great difference between what I was taught at school and what I saw and heard on those occasions. I remember opening an atlas one day, finding countries like France and Switzerland, and thinking, Will I ever be able to go to them? For the first time, I thought, I will have to get out of this cage."

The building of the Berlin Wall closed the cage door. In the mid-nineteen-sixties, Dieter and a friend, Wilhelm, began to have long talks about how to escape. Wilhelm had done his military service as a border soldier, and after much poring over maps he and Dieter picked a place that Wilhelm knew, near Wartha, just across the border from Herleshausen.

"On the thirteenth of January, we took a train to Eisenach," Dieter told me. "There was snow all day. We stayed overnight in Eisenach, and the next morning we caught a bus to the edge of the five-kilometre zone. Of course, we didn't have the special pass needed to get inside it. It was a little past noon, and we walked along the edge of a field that got us round a checkpoint. But it wasn't just checkpoints—in that zone, the whole population is vetted for its reliability. The people are one hundred per cent Communists, or supposed to be, and if they see strangers they're supposed to telephone the authorities straightaway.

"We could see the low hills of the Thüringer Wald to the south. We went through a village, trying to look as if we had a purpose there. I had my gear in a tote bag, and Wilhelm carried an attaché case. The village was nearly empty; it was like a ghost town. On several corners, military-band music was coming from loudspeakers hung from lampposts. Snow began to fall lightly. One or two people moved past, but they didn't seem to see us. I wondered if we were invisible. Then we were in open country again, heading toward Wartha. We broke boughs from trees and tried to brush the snow behind us to hide our footsteps. But it didn't help much.

"At 2 P.M., we were nearly at the *Grenze*—the border. The spot where we wanted to cross was a bit more than a kilometre away. We had reached the Werra. We could see Wartha on a hill on the other side of the river, to the north, on our right. To the south, there was an old ruin of a castle on a hill. It looked like a watchtower. We knew that if we went on in broad daylight we'd be spotted, so we went along the hillside below the castle and found a little hollow. We stayed there, waiting for darkness. Those were the worst couple of hours of my life. Once, we heard a series of detonations—maybe it was animals setting off mines. I wanted to quit, and I think Wilhelm did, too. But there was no going back. We both had to prove to each other that we could go on.

"At 6 P.M., the church clock chimed in Wartha. It was a moonless night. We went slowly down to the river. There was a bridge, but when we got close to it we saw that it was well guarded and brightly lit. So we went back along the riverbank for a way and wondered what to do. Then Wilhelm stood up, walked a few paces forward, and stepped in. He didn't say a word to me. None of this was in the plan we'd made. I jumped in, waded out, and started swimming. We both had our winter coats on, and our bags, but somehow we managed to swim. The Werra there was about two hundred metres wide. The current was fierce. The water was icy. Wilhelm crawled out on a flat bit of the far shore. I got swept farther downriver, and where I landed the bank was steep. But Wilhelm had run along, and he pulled me up. We took off our coats, which now weighed a ton, and left them on a cattle fence. It was pitch-dark, though to the west we could see a single light. Wilhelm whispered to me that it was beyond the border—on the West German side of the road crossing. We walked in that direction. We had to be on the watch for wire—for barbed wire, and for signal wires. If we set off an alarm, the flares would go up. But Wilhelm thought he remembered where the trip wires would be. We got down and crawled, feeling ahead. We crawled for nearly a kilometre. Then we saw the first fence. We'd reached the *Grenze*.

"There were two fences, each a bit taller than I was. In those days, they were made of strands of barbed wire about ten centimetres—four inches—apart. Between the fences was the mined strip, fifteen metres across. We couldn't see a watchtower, though we knew that one was nearby. Well, this was it. In the next minute or so, I tapped all the energy in my body pulling two strands of wire apart so that Wilhelm could get through. He did the same for me. The next bit was Russian roulette. Wilhelm had no idea where the mines were. He went first. He threw his attaché case as far forward as he could jump—he threw it hard on the ground ahead. Then he jumped onto it. No detonation. He put one foot on the ground just next to the case and lifted up the case and threw it again. I jumped behind him, trying to land on the exact spot where he had been. So we reached the outer fence, which was just like the first. We helped each other through. Our hands were bleeding.

"We went on toward the light. It was about two hundred metres away, where the road crosses the border. We reached the road. As we stood on the edge of it, a car went by westward but didn't stop. We dashed along the road. There were two painted white lines across it, and we rushed across them. That was the actual border.

"Then: '*Guten Abend!*' Two B.G.S. men stepped forward to greet us. They had binoculars, and said they'd been watching us since we reached the outer fence. We went to their control post, where they gave us some brandy. Our body temperatures were pretty low, believe me. Not long after that, the pastor came from the village of Herleshausen with some dry clothes. The B.G.S. drove us to Eschwege, and we were put up for the night in the jail. We didn't have any West German money. Next day, we went to the reception center at Giessen. United States military intelligence and the Federal police interrogated us to make sure we weren't spies. How I made good in the Federal Republic is another story."

A RAINY morning: I drove past Bad Hersfeld and south, Bavaria-bound, windshield wipers busy. The border begins to veer southeast here, preparatory to its eastward stint along the top of Bavaria, which is tucked in under the G.D.R. My destination was Bad Kissingen, another spa town. The dome-shaped hills got higher now, and the valleys deeper; the earth was red, and the trees were darkly evergreen. The American sector of continued military interest was made evident in the form of many civilian cars with green "USA" license plates. On the radio, I had temporarily deserted the Deutschlandfunk for the American Forces Network. I learned that the U.S.O. was holding an anniversary celebration in Heidelberg. A marathon was to be run in Frankfurt. Herman's Hermits were followed by the Parker Sisters, or was it the Pointer Sisters? Outside the Bavarian villages, I saw roadside calvaries.

Bad Kissingen reminded me of the English south-coast resort of Bournemouth. It was hard not to see it as a Hockney painting: immaculate parks; slightly faded grand hotels; and a stately pleasure palace called the Kur, where the waters could be taken and where string orchestras played to audiences composed mostly of elderly women, sitting among palms and rubber plants. In large, secluded gardens off the quiet streets stood immense houses on whose gateposts were discreet plaques saying, for example, "Sanatorium Dr. Dietz" or "Sanatorium Dr. Rainer." Here the stresses of capitalist society felt by its survivors were relaxed, massaged, and washed away.

Bad Kissingen also housed an important United States Army base, and so among the gray-haired Germans strolling to and from the cure one saw bunches of off-duty Americans, black and white, plugged into transistor radios and chewing gum. The town was a rest center for German troops during the war, and it was never bombed. Today, the troops stationed at the prewar German Army's Manteuffel Kaserne, now Daley Barracks, are American—roughly a thousand members of the Second Squadron of the Eleventh Armored Cavalry Regiment and its supporting units. They are part of a total of three hundred and thirty-six thousand United States military personnel in Europe, most of whom are in West Germany. The Eleventh Armored Cavalry Regiment fought in Germany during the closing stages of the war, served with the occupation forces until 1948, was stationed in Germany from 1957 to 1964, and, after periods in Vietnam and the United States, returned to Germany in 1972. Despite this history, the Americans seem in some ways to be in Germany as unassimilated visitors. There is a barbershop, a Post Exchange, a bowling center, a nursery school, and a grade school. And yet many of the men have ties with Germany. Lieutenant Colonel Louis Sturbois, the commanding officer of the squadron, served first in Germany in 1964. Major Keith Skidmore, one of his assistants, told me that an uncle of his had served with the United States occupation force in Germany in 1947. Sergeant Albert Tatrai told me that his wife was half German—her mother was German and had married an

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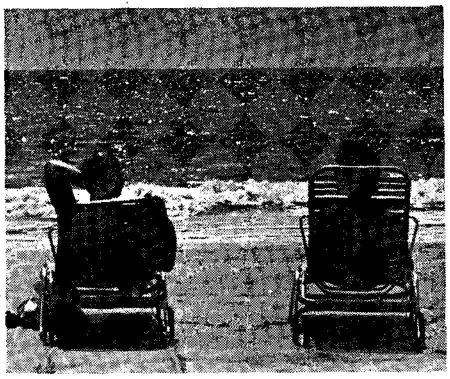

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American soldier just after the war—and that he and his wife often spoke German at home.

The Colonel and the Major briefed me on the role of the Armored Cavalry in Germany. Their mission was to conduct surveillance of a hundred and forty kilometres of the border and to be prepared to go to war "in minutes, and to win"—I assumed, in a conflict where Pershing and SS-20 missiles had remained in their launch areas.

"The two parts of the mission are compatible," the Colonel said. "While patrolling the border, we examine ground that we might have to occupy. Furthermore, the border is a motivator. The troops see why we're here. The border is evidence of a system that incarcerates its people behind bars."

I drove up to the border in a jeep with Sergeant Tatrai—long face, shaggy mustache, born in Pittsburgh, of Hungarian descent, thinking of becoming a police officer in a small town in Oregon when he retired from the Army. The jeep was elderly, and when it reached its maximum of forty-five miles an hour there was a teeth-grinding noise from the gearbox.

"It sounds a bit shaky, but it's really O.K.!" the Sergeant shouted. He had the heater on full, and great blasts of hot air hit my knees. It was a gray morning with heavy mist; Sergeant Tatrai said that he thought it would burn off. Several civilian cars overtook us, their drivers casting us rather impatient looks.

"They're not discourteous usually," the Sergeant said. "They're just in a hurry. Up along the border, though, people are real friendly. I got stuck in a ditch the other day, and a farmer who came by on his tractor pulled me out. Last winter, when we were out training, one of our tanks threw a final drive at 3 A.M. While we were working on it in the middle of the street of a border village, an elderly lady brought us out a pot of coffee. When it was empty, we put it back on her steps. Half an hour later, it was there full again."

We arrived at Camp Lee, a forward base in the woods near Wollbach, about ten kilometres from the *Grenze*—a word that Sergeant Tatrai pronounced to rhyme with "fence." Here one troop of the Second Squadron was always on duty. Under the trees sat their tanks—nine big dark-olive-green M-60 A3s—together with some armored personnel carriers, a pair of huge breakdown vehicles, and several jeeps. I walked round the camp with a young lieutenant named Ferguson, who was in love with his job and with Army jargon. "This vehicle must be able to move within a ten-minute time frame," he said as we halted momentarily beside a personnel carrier. We went on to where a young mechanic, covered in black oil and grease, was tackling a tank engine that hung from a gantry. "We have to be fully equipped to pull a pack out of one of these," the Lieutenant said, referring—I gathered—to the science of engine removal. He patted the flank of the M-60 A3, which was clearly unable to move within a ten-minute time frame. "I'd go to war in this baby and feel safe," he said.

An American troop stays at Camp Lee for a thirty-day period. They maintain their vehicles, train in various combat procedures, and go out on border patrols—"covering the trace," as Lieutenant Ferguson put it. The camp has an indoor gym and an open-air basketball court. I saw a game of horseshoes being played by six soldiers. A truckload of Coke and Fanta arrived while I was there. In the cafeteria, which was remarkably like a school dining room, I had an early lunch: Salisbury steak, kidney beans, salad, chocolate cake, and a glass of milk.

By noon, when I set off with the border patrol, the morning mist was lifting. Villages appeared in the folds of hills, each with a different type of spire or tower on its church—perhaps covered with charcoal-gray slates, perhaps the shape of a witch's hat. Usually, two jeeps went out on patrol, but Sergeant Tatrai was making use of my visit, which required an extra vehicle, to monitor the performance of the patrol leader, a newly arrived lieutenant who was being "border qualified." Sergeant Tatrai had to insure that the patrol was done according to standard operating procedure.

"This is really going to seem significant to *them*," said the Sergeant, with a flick of his head toward the east. "They don't usually see three jeeps on a patrol."

A case of Mountain Dew soda bounced around in the back of the jeep. We drove through Bad Königshofen and Herbstadt, and at Breitensee we arrived at the border. Sergeant Tatrai showed me where we were on his military map—a spot marked Primary Vantage Point 142. Across the East German fences, pastureland rolled into a distance delimited by fairly high hills—the Grosser Gleich-Berg—festooned with clouds. On the map, the border was indicated by a line of symbols, each looking like a child's drawing of a bed: I—I. We had arrived at the border by a lane, but now we turned northwest and jounced across a plowed field; I could feel the discs in my spine compress. The second jeep was right behind the first, containing the Lieutenant.

"The second vehicle's covering the lead vehicle from too close behind," said Sergeant Tatrai, in his role as tutor and inspector.

We drove through the edge of a field of winter wheat.

"These farmers complain about us, and yet they plant right up to the border markers," the Sergeant said. "They don't leave a track, or even a path—they really make it difficult."

The Lieutenant and his men came to a halt on a small grassy bluff that overlooked the border.

Sergeant Tatrai took a quick look at where they had stopped, and drove farther on around the bluff. "He's got a lot to learn. There's a much better view from here. Listen."

The radio was crackling. The Lieutenant was making contact with Camp Lee and starting his border report. I watched an old-fashioned cream-colored bus running along a road in the G.D.R. It reminded me of a model car—a Schuco—that my godfather had sent me when he was American consul in Munich in 1939; it resembled a toy version of the Chrysler Airflow sedan. Over the radio, the Lieutenant was talking about the trace. He reported the sighting of two Bravo Tangos—two G.D.R. border troopers—standing guard near a dog run, with two dogs, "German-shepherd type." Also, one truck, a Robar, heading south on the G.D.R. patrol road.

Sergeant Tatrai chuckled. He gave me a meaningful look, which I answered with a nod. The Lieutenant really ought to have got out of the front seat of his jeep.

Sergeant Tatrai pushed the call button of his radio and began to send a message to the Lieutenant. He said that from this position four dogs could be seen—two German shepherds, two black Labradors.

A few minutes of silence followed. Then the Lieutenant sent out across the airwaves to Camp Lee an amendment about the number and breed of the dogs.

"The object of the exercise is to see that all the information is obtained and that it is accurately reported," the Sergeant said to me.

We set off again. We heard the Lieutenant tell the second jeep to drop back to a better covering distance. The Lieutenant was sharpening up.

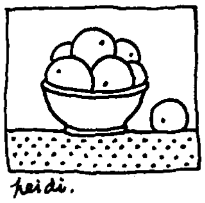
We passed a thin strip of woods; under the trees were bluebells, cow parsley, old-man's beard, and a light-brown VW van belonging to the Zoll—the West German customs service. We exchanged waves of the hand as we passed. A hundred yards on, there was another Zoll van, almost invisible in the trees.

"They must be up here for a reason," says the Sergeant. "Maybe they've got word of someone trying to come over. They'll sit up here for hours waiting for a border crosser."

We stop for a few minutes to allow some foresters to finish cutting down a tree next to the track. We pause again to receive some abuse from an elderly German farmer sitting on a tractor, who feels strongly about United States military vehicles ripping up his fields. Sergeant Tatrai hears him out, nods understandingly, and wishes him a nice day, in German. "Sometimes you want to ask them if they'd rather have a Russian tank division going through their crop," he says. "But you don't."

After maneuvers, American troops scrape mud left by tanks off the roads; they pay compensation for any damage done to crops. When small children wave at them in the border villages, they wave back, glad of the greetings. They are aware of the fact that although Americans have been here for a long time, the West Germans are beginning to wonder if the American troops are really necessary—if their presence doesn't suggest too close a West German tie to United States foreign policy—and whether or not Americans really understand European interests. (And one or two perhaps follow this up with worries about Europe's ability to arm itself—as perhaps the best deterrent—for a conventional, defensive war.)

The Lieutenant has got far ahead. He has missed a feature that the Sergeant says should be noted, and when we reach it Sergeant Tatrai radios the other jeeps our position. We are near the village of Irmelshausen. A stream comes through the border here, and the East Germans have just finished a new concrete structure carrying an extra-high section of fence over the stream, with a sort of portcullis reaching down into the stream bed and blocking the way of anyone who hopes to swim through. A BMW is parked on our side, and Sergeant Tatrai gets into conversation with the driver, who says he is an insurance inspector, visiting the area. When the Lieutenant's party turns up, the Lieutenant takes photographs of the structure and reports back to Camp Lee on the radio, describing it in detail. The Sergeant tells me that two G.D.R. border troops escaped here while they were on duty clearing the stream bed not long ago. Obviously, the new structure is meant to put a stop to that sort of thing; it must have cost fifty thousand Deutsche marks. The Lieutenant meanwhile has got into conversation with the insurance inspector. The Lieutenant's German is remarkably fluent, and the conversation develops into a bit of an interrogation. The Sergeant is impressed; he says, "I didn't know the Lieutenant could speak German that well."



Leaving the Lieutenant and his men to follow the trace, the Sergeant and I take a shortcut to go scouting a little farther ahead. The Sergeant has heard from a previous patrol that something may be happening near the G.D.R. village of Mendhausen, and when we get there the Sergeant has a quick look and picks up the radio to the Lieutenant. He says, "Keep coming up the trace till you reach us, and you'll see some real fine activity."

There are three West German civilian cars here; several of the passengers have binoculars. What they are watching is an East German mine-clearing detail.

The Sergeant parks twenty yards from the border marking posts where only a small clump of bushes is between us and the outer fence. Inside the fence are three military trucks, one with a Red Cross painted on the side, and eight men, all quite young. They wear white helmets and clear-plastic shields over their faces. Most are probing the ground with long rods, but one, moving ahead of the rest, wields a metal mine detector. The scene resembles a ballet. The soldiers step lightly, in a precise pattern dictated by where the ground has been tested. Tapes are unravelled, markers placed. "They'll blow the mines when they've found enough," Sergeant Tatrai says. "They may replace them with fresh ones, but I expect they'll put SM-70 automatic firing devices on the fence instead."

The Lieutenant and his two jeeps arrive in a flurry of dust, brakes squealing. The Lieutenant stands up in his jeep and puts his binoculars to his eyes, though everything is clear to ordinary sight. He says, "What vehicle is that in the middle? A Robar? A Whiskey Fifty?"

"No, sir," an enlisted man says. "That's a Ural two-seven-five."

Soon the Lieutenant starts his report to Camp Lee. He describes the mine-clearing operation. He explains that a section of the inner fence is down, so that a T-54 mine-blowing machine—a large bulldozer with a sort of ant-eater attachment on the front—can be brought into the strip between the fences. He gives the details firmly and clearly, really doing his job, and sounding pleased. This is a better-than-usual border occurrence to be reporting.

I think it only right, when he pauses, to draw his attention to something I've just noticed in the clump of bushes beyond the border markers, perhaps twenty feet away. It is almost a drawing or etching by Rembrandt, except that instead of two lovers in the bush, camouflaged and nearly hidden by branches and leaves are two Aufklärer, in their green uniforms. They are smiling broadly—to have been noticed only now, ten minutes after our arrival! But now that they have been seen one proceeds to take photographs of us. If this had been a real encounter between cavalry and Indians, the Indians would have won. The Lieutenant, however, in no way acknowledging any connection with General Custer, coolly works the Aufklärer into a continuation of his report to Camp Lee.

When we got back to Daley Barracks, in Bad Kissingen, I thanked Sergeant Tatrai for the day with the border patrol. I got the impression that he was going to give the Lieutenant a good report for his border qualification. The Sergeant was feeling critical of himself. "You know what I should have done?" he said. "I should have got the name of that man who said he was an insurance inspector.”

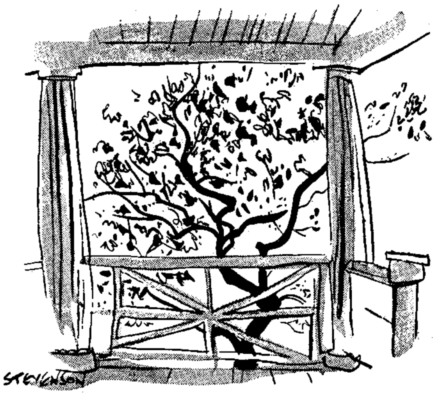
“Grüss Gott!”—“Greet God!”—is what they say, instead of “Good day,” in this southern part of Germany. The calvaries on country roads and approaches to villages also suggest a more demonstrative religious temperament in Bavaria. In Coburg, the Lord’s Day began gray and wet. Possibly I should have gone to Mass, in response to the church bells and my Catholic upbringing, but I drove eastward into the Bavarian boondocks. This was the last part of the West German border with East Germany. I stopped at Rudolphstein, where the Autobahn from Nuremberg crosses the border on the way to Berlin, about four hours away. Rudolphstein is a village of two hundred and eighty people which was doing its best to come to terms with its position. A small complex of services had sprung up, as at a superhighway interchange, to take care of people as they crossed the border. A family named Vogel was in the forefront of this activity, owning the Rasthof Berlin (with a provision store, a bar, and lodgings); the Gasthof Vogel, with rooms and a restaurant; and the Hotel Vogel. I booked a room in the last of these, which sat on the slope of a hillside within view and earshot of the Autobahn. From the terrace outside my room, at the back of the hotel, there was a long and beautiful prospect southwestward up a valley, with pastureland in the bottom and woods on either side and in the distance. The license plates of most of the cars of people staying at the Hotel Vogel began with “B,” for “Berlin.”

I walked up to the *Übergang* in the afternoon. The warrant officer in charge at the temporary-looking checkpoint buildings told me that the G.D.R. checkpoint, across the bridge that spans the Saale River, had a more permanent appearance and twenty-four separate ramps, where trucks were inspected. Four remote-control East German TV cameras, he said, monitored approaches to the bridge (which had been built by the East Germans with West German funds). He added that if I wanted any men’s magazines the places to look were the litter baskets at the filling station and restaurant just before the West German checkpoint, where East German drivers dumped copies of *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, and local equivalents, because they would be confiscated at the East German checkpoint. An East German truck driver walking past from inspection gave us a cheerful *“Grüss Gott.”* A year ago, a Russian truck driver had come across with a false driver’s license and stayed. In 1977, a G.D.R. truck, trying to break through at the *Übergang*, hit an emergency roadblock, and both men in it were hit by gunfire and dragged away. Each of these crossing places has its own litany of victims. Here at Rudolphstein, people particularly remember an Italian truck driver, Benito Corghi. In August, 1976, Corghi had driven through from the East German checkpoint with a load of pork and had just crossed the bridge into West Germany when he pulled up. He had forgotten some of his papers at the checkpoint. Rather than turn round and drive back and get involved in the difficulties of having to pass in to pass out again, he started to walk back. He was shot as he crossed the bridge. He was the first non-German Western person to die on the border. He was a member of the Italian Communist Party, with a wife and two children. “They may have yelled at him to stop,” the warrant officer said, “but since he was Italian, perhaps he didn’t understand.” At the time, the Italian Embassy in East Berlin lodged an energetic protest, and an East German Deputy Foreign Minister expressed regret.

I had dinner at the Gasthof Vogel, half a mile down a lane from the Hotel Vogel. In the restaurant, one could tell when Berliners arrived. They were pushy and noisy. They talked more loudly than the other people there, who were conversing in tones that seemed right for keeping what was being said a private matter. The Berliners charged around the dining room looking for menus and calling for the waitress. Perhaps they were still, in a way, driving. In a few minutes, with food and drink before them, they had somewhat quieted down.

After dinner, I walked westward out of the village, along a farm track, toward the setting sun. I had a sudden strange feeling of independence and self-realization. Fields and meadows led away to pinewoods on the higher hillsides. The edge of Germany: was it my way of assuming the worries of the world while forgetting my personal concerns of family and fortune, as if I were a knight-errant riding south and testing myself in chance encounters? My romantic train of thought broke off sharply at this point. Where, precisely, was I? There, straight ahead at the bottom of a dip, following a small stream, was the border fence. For a brief, weird moment, I thought, I am on the wrong side of it. How did I get here? How did it get behind me? It was like an act of evil enchantment. I pulled out my map of the Rudolphstein area, which I had not yet consulted closely. The problem was soon solved. Rudolphstein was in a small finger of land poking northwestward into East Germany. The view down the beautiful valley that I had admired earlier was a view into the other Germany.

I stood for a while, getting properly oriented. In the valley bottom, the stream could be heard. The hills and fields were deep-shadowed green. The horizon was a ferocious pink. And overhead, as if it were midday, a lark cartwheeled and sang.



SOUTH of Rudolphstein, in the small town of Schauenstein, live the Wetzel family, not far from where they landed several years ago, at the end of what is still the most original escape from the G.D.R. I visited them in their spacious apartment, in a modern building facing on the market square. The flat seemed sparsely furnished, but what furniture there was looked solid and expensive. There were flowers in a vase and what sounded like film music coming from stereo speakers. The Wetzels said they were living more prosperously than they used to in the town of Pössneck, a mere sixty kilometres north of here—partly because of income they were receiving from a film made about their adventure and partly because of the generally high standard of living in West Germany—but they quickly added that by East German standards they weren’t badly off there. They left for other reasons. But they were living quietly here, almost lying low. Günter Wetzel, who is in his late twenties, was a construction worker and bricklayer when he lived in the

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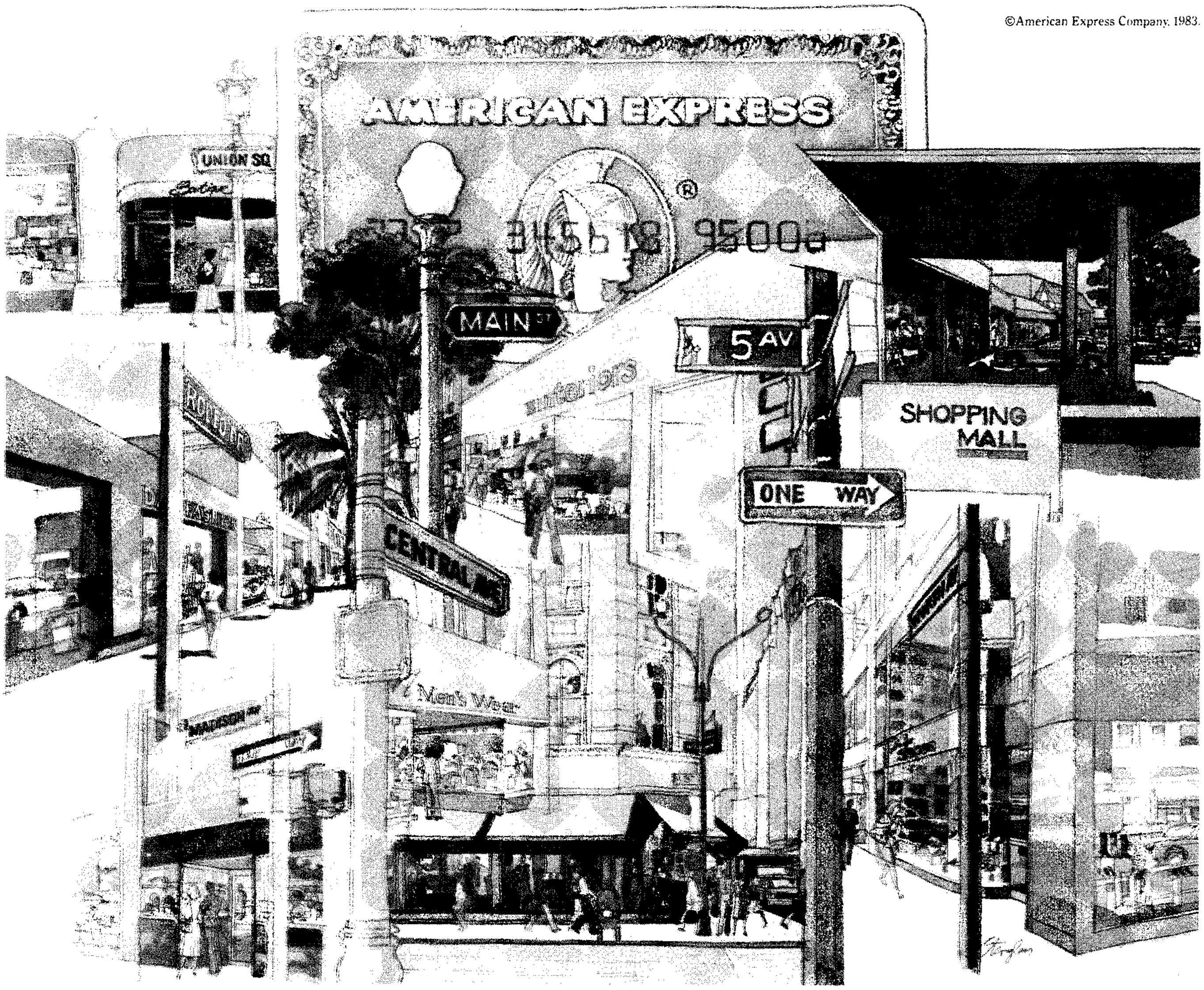

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The Observer's Perspective.

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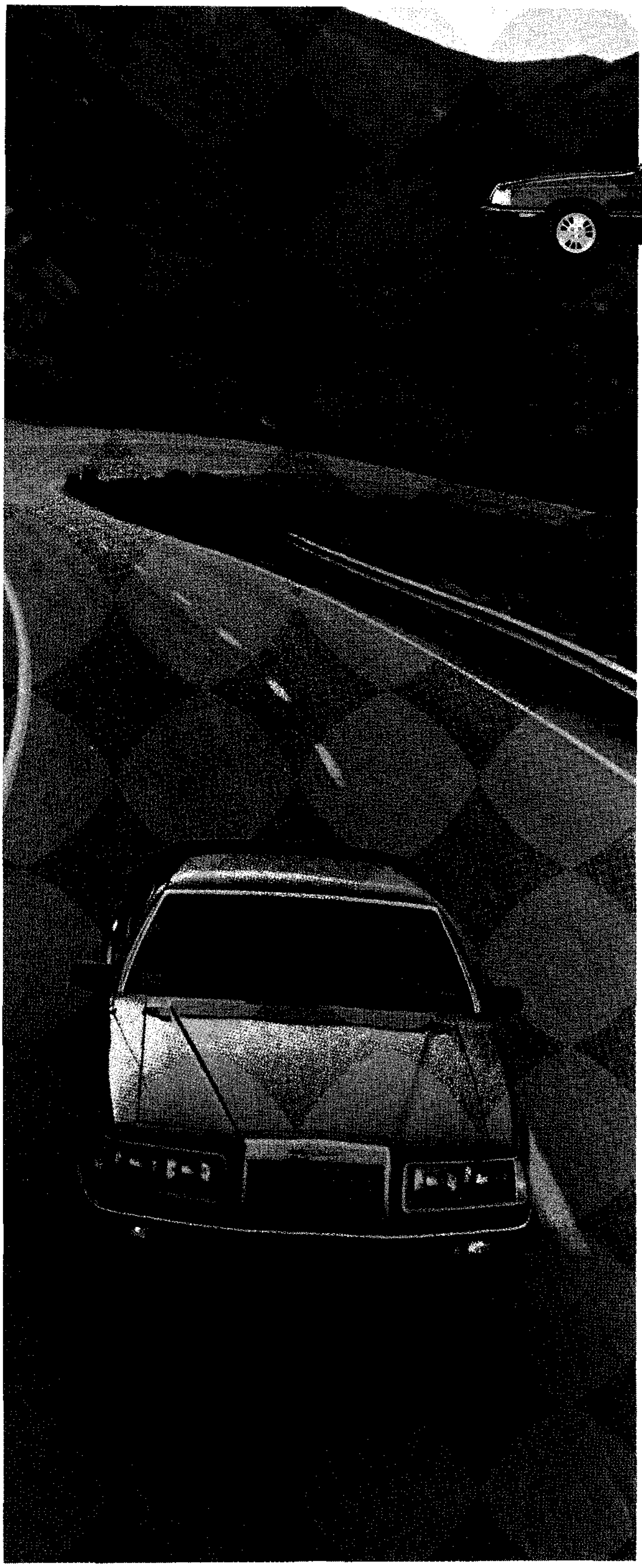

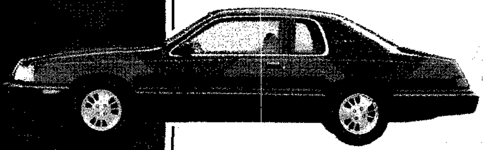

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Have you driven a Ford . . . lately?

Ford

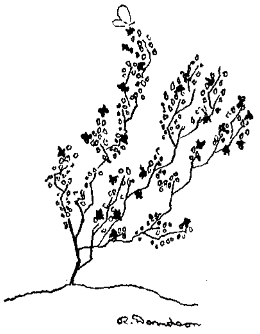
G.D.R.; he now works as a truck mechanic. He has soft, benevolent features, a droopy, unassertive mustache, and thick-fingered hands. His wife, Petra, is a chirpy redhead, willing on most occasions to do most of the talking. Their two small boys, Peter, seven, and Andreas, four, were running in and out of the room, wearing sheriff's badges and firing cap pistols.

A little more than three years before this, Günter Wetzel had begun to have conversations with Peter Strelzyk about leaving the G.D.R. Strelzyk, an electrician, who was then thirty-five, had served in the East German Air Force as a ground mechanic. He had recently seen a television program about hot-air ballooning, and he began studying books and manuals that showed how to build a hot-air balloon. When the Strelzyks and the Wetzels had exchanged opinions about life in the G.D.R., they decided to build a balloon as a way of getting out. Their first model would not rise from the ground. Their second didn't have enough lift for four adults and four children, and the Wetzels staunchly told the Strelzyks to try on their own. The Strelzyks did, late one evening, but they had trouble with the burner and came down just inside the border. Fortunately, they were not seen in the darkness. They crept away, managed to get out of the five-kilometre restricted zone without incident, and, after some hours of hiking cross-country, got back to their car, which they had left hidden in a remote place. They returned to Pössneck and, together with the Wetzels, set about making a third balloon.

Acquiring materials for a new balloon involved an increased risk, for it was likely that word had gone out to keep an eye open for people buying quantities of fabric. The Strelzyks and the Wetzels travelled to many places to buy rolls of nylon sheeting and drapery fabric from drygoods shops and department stores. Stitching the long, narrow panels together took fifteen days' work on a sewing machine. A new gas burner had to be constructed, and tanks of propane gas bought. The gondola was a simple steel platform about four and a half feet square, with a post at each corner and five lengths of rope running round it to hold the passengers in; it looked like a tiny boxing ring. The balloon itself was to be approximately twenty-eight metres high and twenty metres in diameter. It must have caused a sudden shortage of East German sheet and drapery stocks. Wetzel and Strelzyk tested their machinery and checked their calculations; this time, they hoped the balloon and the equipment were right.

On September 15, 1979, a Saturday, the weather forecast was promising: a light-to-moderate northerly wind. At 11 P.M., Strelzyk and Wetzel drove out into the countryside to take another look at wind and weather. Things seemed all right, so they returned to Pössneck and loaded the balloon and its gear into a small trailer, to be pulled by Strelzyk's eleven-year-old Wartburg. Young Andreas Wetzel, who was two, was given some drops of a tranquillizer by his mother, Petra, to keep him quiet. Then they all bade a hurried farewell to their homes, in which they left all their possessions—television sets, washing machines, even all their clothing apart from what they had on. The two women and three of the children squeezed into Strelzyk's car with him. Wetzel took the fifteen-year-old Strelzyk boy, Frank, behind him on his moped. They drove slowly south, scared of being stopped by the Volkspolizei.

Just before 1 A.M., they reached the place they had chosen for the ascent—a clearing in the woods near Oberlemnitz, about fifteen kilometres due north of the border. The balloon was unrolled; the gondola pegged down to short guy ropes; a homemade fan, powered by a motorcycle engine, started up; and the homemade portable gas burner, rather like a flamethrower, lit. Three of them held up the open mouth of the balloon while the air was heated. Slowly, the huge length of nylon began to swell and rise. When the balloon was over the gondola, its hot-air burner, standing like a fireworks rocket between four propane tanks on the gondola floor, was lit. The balloon began to lift the rickety gondola. They all scrambled aboard and waited for the balloon's lift to overcome their weight. It did. The ropes, straining, were released—except for one. The gondola tilted suddenly, and the burner looked for an instant as if it were going to burn the balloon fabric, but Wetzel managed to cut the rope with his knife.



They went up at roughly three hundred metres a minute. The wind moved them south at fifty kilometres an hour—nearly thirty knots. They rose to an altitude of two thousand metres—so their simple altimeter indicated—and Strelzyk turned down the burner flame. All they could hear was the hiss of the burner. The huge, tall bag of the balloon blotted out most of the sky above them, though it was a night full of stars. They reached twenty-six hundred metres. It was freezing cold—eight degrees below zero centigrade, or about eighteen degrees Fahrenheit. Andreas's drops weren't very effective. He got restless and fretful, and Petra Wetzel hugged him and sang him a nursery song. Down below, all was dark, until suddenly a bright light appeared: a beam panned the sky—a searchlight, which moved their way, caught the balloon for an instant, and moved on. Would the shooting start? But nothing happened.

When their flight had been under way for twenty-three minutes, the burner flame began to splutter. They dropped slowly to two thousand metres, the balloon revolving. The flame went out. Their descent became rapid. They didn't know whether or not they were still over the G.D.R. The earth was rushing to meet them; hills, woods, fields, roofs of houses came into view. They were over a pinewood. It slipped past. Here was the ground—and they landed with a sharp jolt in a thicket of blackberry bushes. The flight had lasted twenty-eight minutes. Where were they?

The small size of the fields gave them hope that they were in West Germany. The two men—Wetzel hobbling, one leg having been injured from the landing—moved off to the edge of the meadow, as it seemed to be. There was a road, and a car was coming along it. Now they would know. Was it a Trabant, a Lada, a Wartburg, or a Moskwitsch? Günter Wetzel let out a happy cry and shouted to the women and children that they were in the West. The car was an Audi. And in it were the police from the nearby town of Naila; they had been alerted by an insomniac lady who called them to say she had seen a balloon coming down.

Within a day, the Strelzyks and the Wetzels were the sensation of West Germany—and probably of East Germany, too, since most of the citizenry there heard of the flight on West German TV and radio. The G.D.R. authorities were assumed to be miffed that their radar system hadn't picked up the balloon. In any event, only small quantities of nylon material may now be bought in the G.D.R. by private purchasers. The West German press made immediate heroes of the two families. The magazine *Stern* bought the rights to their story and within two weeks had started to run a multi-part series on their adventure. The balloon was filled again with hot air for TV films and press photographs. Film offers were made (and agreement reached with Walt Disney Productions). The initial excitement wore off, but the public interest and publicity continued, and for the Strelzyks and the Wetzels it took some getting used to.

"Still, we've never regretted making the flight," Petra Wetzel said, topping up a glass of beer her husband had brought me. "We live in a smaller town here than we did in the G.D.R. Günter has a good job in a truck-repair workshop. He finds there is less regimentation and more incentive to get things done. I have a small mail-order business here. We didn't want to become prominent people."

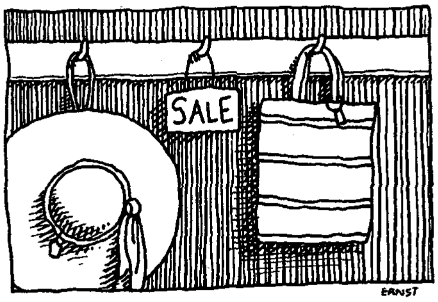
They have had to be prominent, however—to be introduced to notable people like Franz Joseph Strauss, the Bavarian politician, and to fly to America to be guests of their film producers in California for ten days. They were impressed by American hospitality and annoyed by American waste; Petra was particularly irritated by the way people in Beverly Hills left lights burning, day and night. Günter has been made a member of the Nuremberg balloon club and is also learning how to pilot a small plane. But things haven't all gone smoothly. For reasons they didn't want to go into, which apparently had to do with the share-out of fame and royalties, the Wetzels are rarely in touch with the Strelzyks, who are living in Bad Kissingen. They don't feel quite such close links with the acquaintances they have so far made here. They are prevented from having personal contact with many of their relatives in East Germany. Günter Wetzel's grandfather, who, at the age of eighty, should be able to leave the G.D.R. without trouble, went to the authorities to get a permit to go to West Germany but was ejected from the office abruptly once officials realized who he was. The Wetzels have heard that since their flight a number of people have been caught attempting to build balloons.

I thought it curious that the Wetzels had stayed so close to the border—almost as if they were still in its magnetic field. They said that their impression of the area had been good from the start—people were friendly—though there was a nervous strain in West German life that took some getting used to: the greater amount of free time you had to make use of; the greater choice of everything, with the vast numbers of items for sale in shops. Perhaps they were here because it was as close to their old home as they could get and still live in West Germany. They were living in the same region, almost as if the border weren't there. Günter Wetzel said, "Our life there wasn't bad in material terms. But it was a prison. If I'd been free to visit over here, I probably wouldn't have come for good."

An interesting thing about the Wetzels, it struck me, was that they demonstrated how extraordinary "ordinary" people can be—in other words, how extraordinary anyone can be. Neither intellectuals nor active dissidents, they were representatives of plain, energetic discontent.

Petra said that she wanted to go to California again, but Günter seemed happy just to be here.

THE Iron Curtain, once it has become the West German–Czechoslovak border, heads more directly south. The road I took was known first as the Porcelain Way and then as the Bavarian Ostmarkstrasse; the hilly country was the Oberpfälzer Wald on the German side of the border and the Českyles, or Böhmerwald, on the Czechoslovak side. The fields here had the appearance of being clearings in the woods, and the woods in the distance gave the impression of being a continuous fir and spruce forest. I had begun to dip into the "Nibelungenlied," the weird, inconsequential, but gripping medieval German epic of retribution and revenge; it is thought to have been written in southern Germany or western Austria, making use of various Norse and German material. The old forest is where some of the action occurs. In the Norse lay "Atlakvida," of the ninth century or thereabouts, a messenger is sent across "the gloomy forest," which the modern scholar A. T. Hatto believes may be "a memory of the great forest known as *Hercynia silva* or Firgund, north of the Roman road from the Rhineland to the Danube."



The sun slowly burned through a low haze. Men and women worked on the small farms, sometimes with children who for one reason or another hadn't set off for school. Women rode on plows, ran concrete mixers, and set milk churns out at the roadside. The church spires had a simple shape. Some of the place-names began to sound less Germanic, more Slavic or Eastern: Eslarn, Hocha, Cham. The Deutschlandfunk accompanied me, broadcasting the death of Siegfried from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" as I drove through mist-shrouded woods.

Furth im Wald means "the crossing in the woods." A fair-sized market town with road and railway connections to Czechoslovakia, it still had something of the village about it: some barns in town, for instance, and a glass-fronted display case opposite the station in which were noted the recent birthday celebrations (from fifty-ninth to eighty-first) of members of the local veterans' association. I stayed at the Hotel Hohenbogen, across from the station, where I had an excellent room for about a third of the price one would pay in a larger and more centrally situated West German town.

At the Furth im Wald railway station, the big daily event is the arrival and departure of the Donau-Kurier, which comes in from Prague just before noon and passes through on its way back in the late afternoon. It arrives from the west with carriages from Dortmund and Munich, generally holding a hundred and fifty passengers. The station master told me the train stops in Furth im Wald for twenty minutes for passport and customs inspections; it then halts for an hour just inside Czechoslovakia for similar inspections. As it continues toward Prague, the train is searched thoroughly by the Czechs; panels are opened in the tops of carriages, battery boxes are examined, and dogs are used to sniff parcels and freight. As the Czech officials make their way through the train, they remove all German newspapers from the seats and take away from passengers any periodicals regarded as offensive to the Czech regime—those of sexual or religious interest are most likely to be confiscated. Nevertheless, the old lady running the kiosk at the Furth im Wald station had a good selection of girlie magazines for sale—possibly for local or westbound customers. On this particular afternoon, the Donau-Kurier was nearly empty, with only twenty through passengers for Prague. The attendant in the Czech dining car sat resignedly totting up his meagre accounts.

The Czech-West German border is three hundred and fifty-six kilometres long; it is the old Bavarian-Bohemian border that existed between Bavaria and the Austro-Hungarian Empire in Maria Theresa's time, resurveyed and re-marked in 1932 through 1937. There are now five road crossings and two rail crossings. The Czechs have fenced in their side of it, but their fence is not always right at the border; in some places, it is as much as five kilometres back. There are no mines, no automatic firing devices, and relatively few watchtowers. Czechs who make it over the fence may think they've escaped, but often they still have several kilometres to cover before they're out of Czechoslovakia. Since the fence is generally fitted with an alarm wire to alert the guards, Czech patrols manage to pick up most would-be border crossers between the fence and the border. In 1980, only eight people are known to have got across, and five were Czechoslovak border guards; the border guards tend to be Slovak rather than Czech—conscripts from Slovakia, who have less of a tie with the local population.

I spent the following day looking at several sections of the Bavarian-Bohemian border with an officer of the Bavarian Frontier Police, Eberhart Pilz, a tall man in his thirties with a friendly, casual manner—a manner that seemed to suit the border here. We drove north toward Waldmünchen and along a small road that had once crossed the border at Höll. The hills are twenty-five hundred feet above sea level, with wide meadows on the Bavarian side of the border and thin woods on the other—pine, chestnut, and birch. Where the road reached the border, there was a striped barrier gate, the usual signs, and an old man—one of many who seem to make it part of their morning routine to walk up to the border and have a look at things. This old man had binoculars, with which he was inspecting the Czech woods; we exchanged "*Grüss Gott*"s with him. A small path lined with ragged robin and forget-me-nots ran on the Bavarian side of the border marking posts. Another small path, identical, but worn into the grass by Czech boots, ran on the other side of the posts. We reached a little stream, and there was a single-plank bridge for us, and another, slightly less solid-looking plank for them, a few feet away. Through the trees I could see a Czech watchtower with two men in it. Down below, twenty feet in from the border, were two Czech border guards with two German shepherds.

"*Dobrý den!*" called Pilz.

"*Dobrý den!*" said one of the Czechs, returning the good-day greeting with a wave. The dogs were even friendlier. Neither of them was on a leash, and they came bounding in our direction. I retained until the last second the conviction that they would halt on their side of the markers, but they didn't. They ran around us, tongues hanging out, tails swinging. It was funny, and almost embarrassing; I felt sorry for the Czech guards, who looked taken aback. Then one of them began to whistle for the dogs. The other called out what I took to be the Czechoslovak for "Here! Here!" The dogs, apparently defecting, took these efforts as signals to run farther into the Bavarian meadow, dashing through the long grass. Now one of the guards came running toward the border, his gun slapping against his side. I thought he was going to chase the dogs across the meadow, but he came to a stop at the line of posts, looking red in the face and thoroughly flustered, like any dog handler shown up in public by a dog that won't answer to his commands.

He called again, and then again, more sharply, anger getting the better of self-consciousness. The dogs slowed down. Their course changed; they turned and came trotting back, looking (I thought) fairly pleased with themselves. The guards gave relieved smiles, and Pilz and I made encouraging noises ("Well done!" and "Nice work") as leashes were snapped on and the dogs were patted, perhaps to receive a good tongue-lashing later on. The guards walked their charges back into the trees, where I now saw that a patrol vehicle had turned up. We watched someone who was clearly an officer get out. He began to shout at the two guards; he went on shouting. The good soldier Schweik lives on!

"You did the right thing," Pilz said to me.

"Oh? What was that?"

"You stood still. Always stand still when a dog runs toward you." He lifted a trouser leg and showed me scars on his calf where a Bavarian police dog had bitten him. He went on, "If we hadn't been here, the guards would have chased the dogs over on this side. We know they come over here sometimes—we've found one of their hats and a signal pistol in these fields."

I asked if the Bavarian dogs ever ran over there.

Pilz said, "I don't know about the dogs, but last year a local farmer lost a mare. He'd bought it not long before. We let the Czech border command know that it was lost. Four months passed, and then we heard that a Czech woodcutter had it. The Czechs asked a thousand marks because he had been looking after it all that time. So we talked with them—a few bottles were presented—and discovered that the woodcutter had been working the mare. We made some deductions for that, and we finally offered five hundred marks, which was accepted. The farmer got his mare back. Not long afterward, she had a foal—worth at least five hundred marks."

We drove southeast of Furth im Wald for twenty kilometres. The day, gray from the start, had turned wet: a thick drizzle fell. Pilz told me that the Bavarian-Czech border from here to its junction with Austria, sixty kilometres away, was almost entirely high, forested hills. It was some days since I had climbed the Wurmberg, in the Harz, and I reacted heartily to Pilz' suggestion—he made it a little reluctantly as he looked at the weather—that climbing the Grosser Osser, a thousand-two-hundred-and-ninety-three-metre peak of this range, would give me a good idea of the border landscape. We stopped at a Frontier Police station in the village of Lam and collected a local policeman and a German shepherd, to be our guides up the Grosser Osser. It was a young dog named Husain, I was told, and still

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being trained. Husain wore a patch, strapped to each shoulder, saying "*Polizei.*" We drove to where a road ended, about a third of the way up the Osser, and set out to climb a rock-strewn track. The drizzle got thicker; it was hard to see very far through it. Ledges of rock stuck out of the hillside like balconies; on thin patches of soil, berries and a sort of heather were growing. The dog suddenly dashed off through the trees, perhaps on the scent of an animal. "Husain!" yelled his keeper. "Husain! Husain!" It was clearly a day for dogs.

Husain did not return. Possibly, it was time for him to visit Czechoslovakia, and he would be returned in four months, for a suitable payment. Pilz and I walked on upward, leaving the local policeman to try to retrieve the dog. The path corkscrewed round to the north flank of the Osser, a hill that I was beginning to think of as a mountain. I had got ahead of Pilz somehow. Suddenly the border appeared—the blue-and-white posts. The ground looked a little less rocky and rain-soaked on the other side, so I walked in Czechoslovakia part of the time, and when the rain came down heavily I stopped and stood with Pilz for several minutes under a Czech pine tree that was as good as any umbrella. I could hear Husain's policeman still calling for him. Then, the rain having thinned out a little, we set out for the summit, which Pilz said was traversed by the border, even though we knew that what on a clear day is a superb view of the hills, forests, and distant villages of Bohemia would be absolutely blotted out by wet clouds when we got there.

TWO hundred thousand foreigners live in Munich, making up roughly a sixth of the Bavarian capital's population. Despite its being central to tourist Germany as the place where overflowing steins of beer are quaffed, and despite its being notorious as the spot where Hitler, head of the relatively unknown Nazi Party, came to public notice when he staged his unsuccessful beer-hall putsch on November 8, 1923, in an attempt to seize power in Bavaria, Munich does not feel particularly German. Perhaps this feeling was prompted by several walks I took in the Englischer Garten, the lovely park Count Rumford—formerly Benjamin Thompson, an Anglo-American adventurer and scientist who lived here in the late seventeen-eighties—designed along the lines of landscaped parkland surrounding an English country house. I stayed with friends, Zygmunt and Hildegard Jablonski, in their modern apartment in the Schwabing neighborhood, and took one of my walks through the Englischer Garten on my way to Radio Free Europe. The radio station, where roughly seven hundred foreigners work, is housed in a long, low building of domestic scale but fortresslike security on the edge of the Garten. Funded directly by the United States Congress (an arrangement that superseded covert financing by the Central Intelligence Agency, which ended in 1971), RFE and its sister station, Radio Liberty, represent parts of a communications effort that effectively vaults over the Iron Curtain and brings information to millions of people in the East Bloc. In this, RFE and RL are joined by the Voice of America, the BBC, the Deutschlandfunk, the Deutsche Welle, and such stations as RIAS (Radio in the American Sector) in West Berlin, Radio Luxembourg, Radio Vienna, and the American Forces Network. Thomas Brasch, a writer who now lives in West Berlin, told me that when he was still at school in East Berlin he and his classmates were asked to sign a pledge that they wouldn't listen to foreign radio stations, but that every evening when he got home he would listen to AFN for an hour or so.

Radio Liberty broadcasts to the Soviet Union, in Russian and in fourteen other languages that are spoken in the U.S.S.R. Radio Free Europe broadcasts to Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. The Deutschlandfunk broadcasts to most of the Eastern European countries, and its domestic German-language programs are listened to in the G.D.R.—where about eighty per cent of the population can also receive West German television. In West Berlin, the West German government provides most of the backing for RIAS, a radio station that was founded by the American occupation forces after the war and now directs much of its programming to East Germany. A director of the station told me, "What with RIAS, five other German radio stations in West Berlin, three West German TV channels, three Allied TV and radio stations, and their own East German broadcasting, the people of the G.D.R. are probably better informed about what's going on in the world than people anywhere else."

At Radio Free Europe, there is a

sense of being at a main crossing point of émigré and refugee flypaths. In 1981, the station was hit by a bomb attack, and, some months later, an editor of its Rumanian desk was nearly murdered by (he thinks) men working for the Rumanian secret service. Most of the East European and Soviet languages are to be heard in RFE's corridors and canteen, and quite a few American accents, too. The station's director, however, was English at the time of my visit—a former historian, James F. Brown, who came to RFE from a journal called *Historical Abstracts*. Before becoming director, Brown ran the RFE Research and Analysis Department, which is the world's largest private research center devoted to East Bloc affairs; it engorges hundreds of East European newspapers and periodicals, wire-service reports, *samizdat* literature, monitored broadcasts, and academic papers for the use of RFE weekly situation reports and background reports on each of the five East European countries. (Radio Liberty has its own research department on Soviet affairs.) Munich has the advantage of excellent bookshops and periodical distributors, which manage to get hold of all sorts of East European and Soviet journals, papers, and magazines for RFE and RL. The station's programs are sent out from transmitters in West Germany, Spain, and Portugal. They reach a weekly audience of thirty-five million people (according to surveys of East European travellers in the West), nearly half of whom listen every day.

Except in Hungary and Rumania, listeners often have to put up with jamming. RFE reckons that the Soviet Union spends twice as much on trying to make RFE and RL programs inaudible as it costs the stations to produce and transmit them. The jamming is done by sending out a loud signal on the same wavelengths that RFE and RL are using; it works best in the big cities, and is sometimes only a minor irritation when the RFE or RL signal—bouncing the news off the ionosphere from Portugal into Poland, for example—is strong.

James Brown, an affable man with no sign of scholarly hesitation in his manner, told me that RFE had changed considerably since it was set up, in 1950. After its funding through the C.I.A. came to an end, there was a two-year period of consideration and debate in Washington. There was also a moment of crisis when Senator William Fulbright and others on the Sen-

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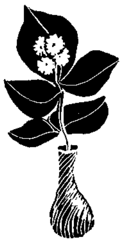
ate Foreign Relations Committee, prepared to sacrifice the station for détente's sake, refused to sign the RFE and RL appropriations, and the staff was on the verge of being laid off; at that point, however, the Nixon Administration came to the rescue. The United States government then set up a Board for International Broadcasting to oversee the organization, with the lofty aim of encouraging "a constructive dialogue with the peoples of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union by enhancing their knowledge of developments in the world at large and in their own countries." RFE and RL have become less polemic, less stridently propagandist. Possibly, now that they are supported by yearly appropriations from Congress, they feel less secure than they did in the days of covert C.I.A. funding.

"A lot of people say we've become too polite," Brown said. "We are less aggressively critical, more careful in checking our sources. We see the nuances in situations. We discuss our difficulties in the West, such as widespread unemployment. We operate with the idea that Communism has been imposed on the five East European countries, and that people in those countries have to make an accommodation with the system to stay alive. We realize more than we used to that the people of those societies have received some advantages—in social welfare, education, upward mobility. We're also more scientific in our methods of collecting and appraising information. We stretch our net farther. We try to find out, for instance, how the worldwide tendency toward urbanization is affecting them, too. We have an important task in supplying those countries with information, and we need to be aware of the frightening everyday problems and inconveniences that people in those countries face. But our job springs from the belief that the two halves of Europe are essentially one, historically and culturally—and we believe that our audience feels this as well, despite thirty-odd years of Communist rule."

The Polish desk at RFE had been working a ten-hour day for more than a year at the time of my visit: more than a year in the Polish struggle to develop trade unions independent of the Communist state apparatus; more than a year of strikes, protests, purges, plans for recovery, Party congresses, meetings, and appeals, with the Solidarity movement making dramatic gains but the enclosing predicament of Soviet pressure and domestic economic chaos making those gains seem increasingly Sisyphean. The world's attention was focussed on Poland then not only by the cliff-hanging nature of the political drama but by such events as the Warsaw Pact military exercises in Poland and East Germany in March and April of 1981 and the long-lasting illness of Cardinal Wyszynski, whose refusal to die symbolized for a period the tenacity of the Poles.

I sat in the RFE canteen over a cup of coffee with André Krzeczunowicz, an editor on the Polish desk, while he took a break from helping to put out that day's nineteen hours of broadcasting to Poland. "We emphasize Polish news," said Krzeczunowicz, who has lived in Munich for twenty years and was wearing a Solidarity button on his sports jacket. "Today, we're discussing the new wave of criminality in Poland—a big upsurge in petty crime. The police force is highly discredited. We also have a roundup of the week's events in Poland—student marches, agricultural troubles, and the controversy over the alleged diversion of funds sent from West Germany to compensate Polish concentration-camp victims or their heirs. We review Polish books—some published there and one that has been banned there. And we give world news."



I asked where RFE got its Polish news from.

"Well, we subscribe to all the major news agencies, each of which has at least one correspondent in Poland. We read all the European papers and most of the Polish ones. We monitor all the Polish radio programs and then read between the lines, the way people try to there. Of course, they monitor us, too—we know that what we decide at our morning editorial meeting will have an effect on their party meeting the next day, when they discuss what has been in our news. We get some news smuggled out to us—Solidarity bulletins—and we get reports from people who have just visited Poland. We are attacked by the more reactionary papers there, such as the Army daily, and that shows they're listening to us. It is said to be a common question even at Party meetings there: 'Why do we have to listen to Radio Free Europe to find out what's happening in Cracow?' "

The Polish desk, busy with Poland

as it is, has been kept even busier by the fact that there is a Polish Pope: several RFE men accompanied Pope John Paul II on his travels to America. Their reports were heard in Poland. Polish scholars discuss Polish history and thought on a twice-weekly program. The men on the Polish desk discuss among themselves the chances that the Polish "renewal," as they call it, will last. They have hopes, but they are not optimists. They know their own history too well.

My friend Zygmunt, who is sixty-one, left Poland in 1939 and has not been back; like most of his colleagues, he has had long Odyssean periods in his life. He still feels himself to be a Pole, but not a citizen of present-day Poland. He says, "I belong to a Poland that doesn't exist anymore." He lived for a time in London, working as a waiter, among other things, and writing novels and short stories, which appeared in Polish editions. He and Hildegard, a vivacious German woman, have brought up two children; in addition to their apartment in Schwabing, they have a cottage outside Munich, where Zygmunt feels more at home; he goes there as often as the Polish desk allows in order to read, write, and look after his fruit trees. He regrets the books he has not written during his years at RFE, but he is grateful for occasional acknowledgments of what he has been doing instead. On the plane with the Pope coming back from America, he was greeted by John Paul II, who paused in the aisle and said to him, "Thank all your colleagues at Radio Free Europe for their work in keeping Poland informed." —ANTHONY BAILEY

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

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DANCING

Paging Mr. Astaire

WHEN his epochal series of films with Ginger Rogers ended, in 1939, Fred Astaire seems to have taken a vow never again to become involved with a dancing partner to the extent that he had been with Rogers, and in the long course of his subsequent career he never worked with the same woman more than twice. A late exception was Barrie Chase, with whom he made a number of successful television specials. In the movies, he made sure that there was no Fred-and combination. He had started out in vaudeville partnering his sister Adele, and it had been Fred-and-Adele all through the big-hit years of the twenties. He had survived her retirement only by going into the movies, whereupon he found himself teamed even more prosperously with Rogers. He survived Rogers by ruling entangling alliances out of his career, and for a long time the decision showed itself not only in the relatively unserious and uncommitted character of the duets he performed with other women but also in the women themselves. In "Broadway Melody of 1940," he has a buddy relationship with Eleanor Powell. In "Second Chorus," he spends hardly any time alone with Paulette Goddard (a non-dancer), and he dances with her only once. The two women in "Holiday Inn," Marjorie Reynolds and Virginia Dale, are like stand-ins for some real partner who never shows up. But somewhere along in here he has a fling with Rita Hayworth, who was then in the full vigor of her youth and beauty. Moreover, she knew how to dance, having been trained by her father, the Spanish dancer Eduardo Cansino. But, whether because her style was too flamboyant for the easygoing Astaire or because she was too young for him or because his bias against forming another team made him keep his distance, they aren't a great match. She glows and he enjoys it, but their partnership is what Edward Everett Horton in "Top Hat" calls "a *passade*," and nothing more. The dance that the two of them do to "I'm Old Fashioned" in their second film, "You Were Never Lovelier," is about as far from the kind of thing Astaire did with Rogers as he could get and still appear to be keeping a beautiful woman company. It's neither a flirtation nor a seduction nor yet a rapturous lost-in-each-other dance (like "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" or the "Waltz in Swingtime," to name two of Astaire's other Jerome Kern numbers); it's a getting-acquainted dance—lightly social with a pleasurable veneer of romance. Astaire, who believed in building numbers out of plot circumstances, drew on the character that Hayworth plays and on the song that Kern and Johnny Mercer had written for her: she's an old-fashioned girl who loves the old-fashioned things. (She certainly doesn't *look* old-fashioned, but the Gibson Girl fantasy of Hayworth continues in "Cover Girl;" "Gilda" was far ahead.) Astaire also drew on the shape of the song, which within narrow limits grows more and more expansive, as if it were being carried away with its own emotion; then it catches itself up to end decorously, though not quite as decorously as it began. His choreography is not one of his most distinctive compositions, though it does have his customary wide-ranging rhythmic variations, including a rumba that reminds us of the film's Argentine setting and of Hayworth's antecedents, and it leaves a clear implication that, when you see it in context, lifts the whole movie. "She may be old-fashioned," it says, "but she can swing when she wants to."

"Admiral Terence Northrup and his wife, the Mary-Esther."

The fact that "I'm Old Fashioned" doesn't mean a great deal out of context and isn't gilded Astaire (on "You Were Never Lovelier" his collaborat-

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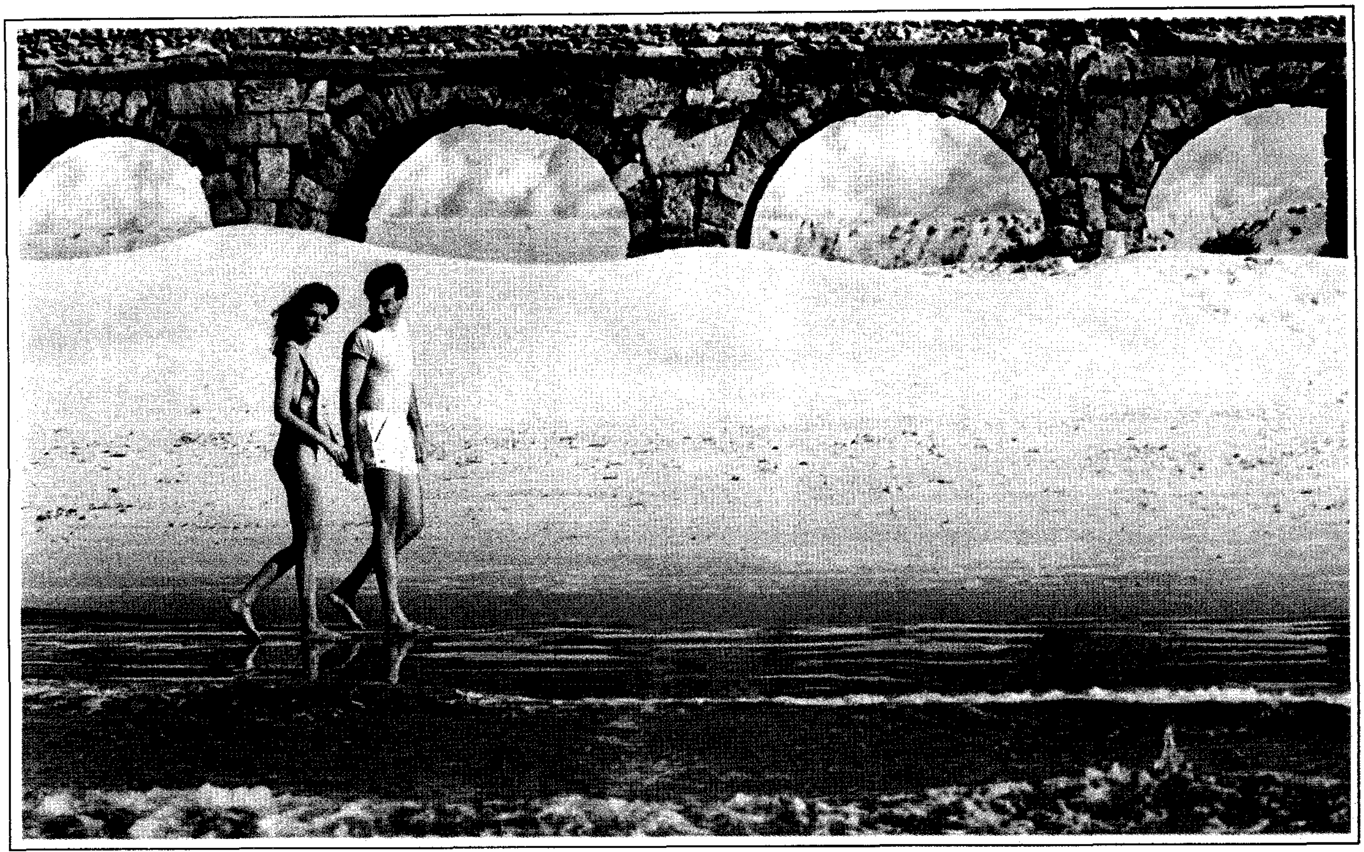

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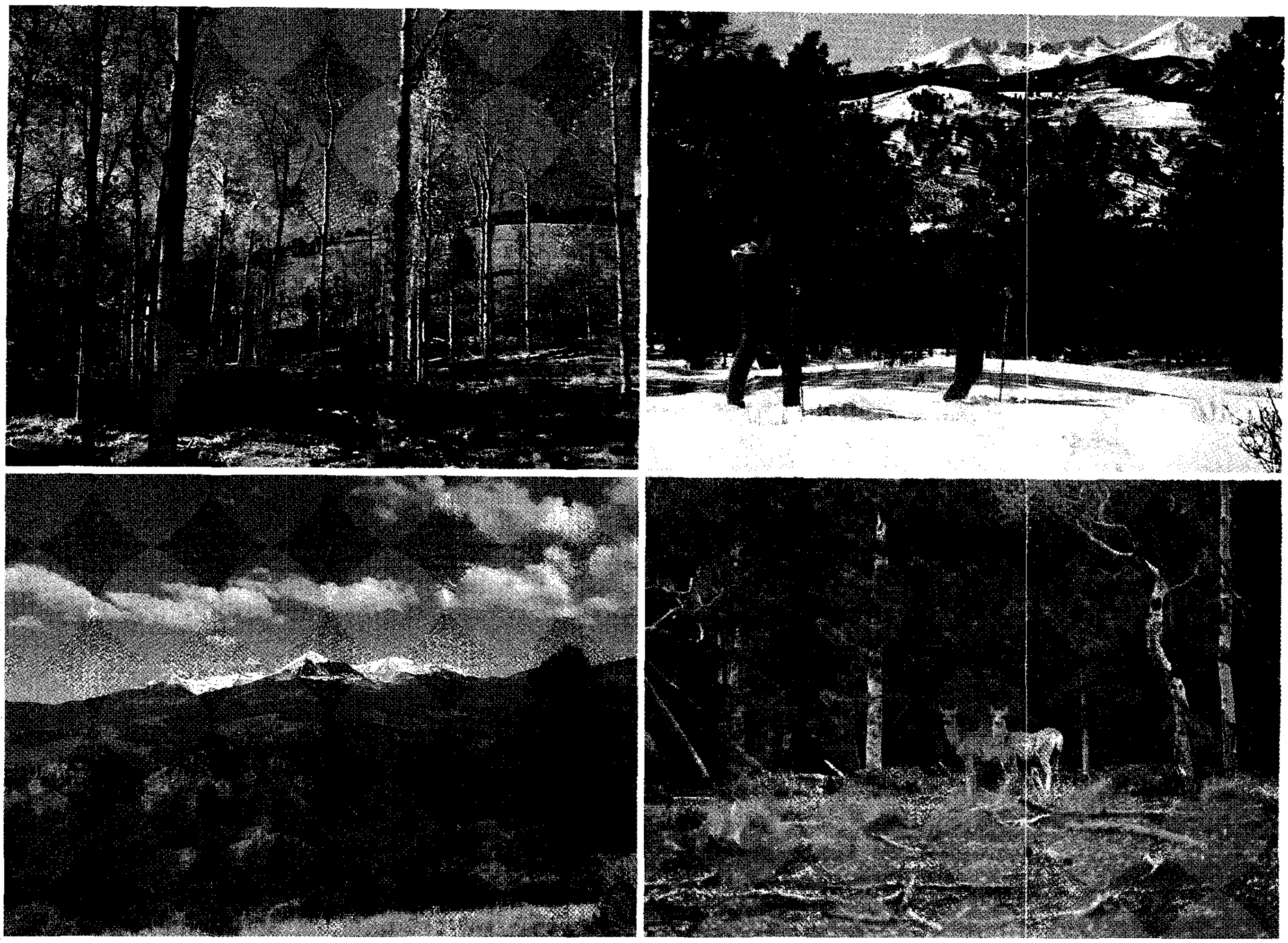

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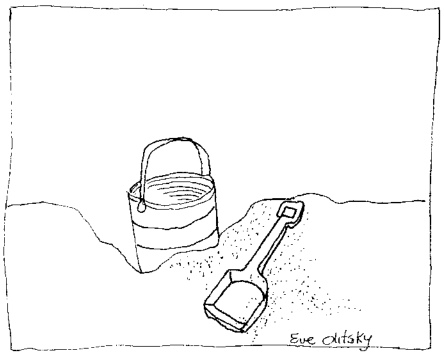
ing dance director was Val Raset, with whom he never worked again) hasn't kept Jerome Robbins from choosing it as the basis of his second new work of the season. The ballet starts with a piece of film giving production credits while we hear Nan Wynn, who dubbed Hayworth's voice, singing "I'm Old Fashioned" on the soundtrack. Then comes the Astaire-Hayworth dance, which takes place on a terrace before some French doors. Maybe Robbins thought that in choosing a comparatively unforceful and uncelebrated example of Astaire's work he could better isolate those elements which make Astaire a master, much as one might choose to illustrate Balanchine's mastery through the "Waltz of the Flowers" rather than "Agon." Twelve hours were spent studying "I'm Old Fashioned" on videotape, interviewers were told, with Robbins claiming that at the end of that time he still hadn't seen everything. If we are to take him literally, the "I'm Old Fashioned" project comes to sound like one of those deliberately obtuse investigations in which scientists force-feed themselves information available to any schoolchild. When Robbins says he paid special attention to the way Astaire sets steps "on, over, or against the music," we wonder if he thinks of "on, over, or against" as options that were simultaneously present in Astaire's mind at every moment in the construction of the dance, so that microscopic scrutiny of Astaire's movements would reveal some sort of system by which he chose the "right" option, and, perhaps, enable others to choose it, too. I do not know; I only guess at the reason for the almost immediate evaporation of the Astaire factor once the film clip ends and Robbins' variations begin.

First, Robbins restates his theme by having Judith Fugate and Joseph Duell present the film choreography step for step in enlarged and elaborated ballet terms and with Fugate on point. We understand that we're going to see New York City Ballet in a ballet, and not in a literal emulation of Astaire's personal dance style. But we should also understand that to Robbins New York City Ballet is its own theme—a legend approximately equal in size and lustre to Astaire—and that Robbins would not be Robbins if he didn't try to bring Astaire's system and style together with the aggregation of systems and styles which is New York City Ballet. Or, perhaps, what with Balanchine and Robbins both having on repeated occasions acknowledged their regard for Astaire, it's not so much a matter of bringing the two great emblematic forces together as of revealing their compatibility. Naturally, this compatibility would express itself on a plane above and beyond that of technique, so in a sense the little translation of the "I'm Old Fashioned" duet into a ballet pas de deux is irrelevant. Yet, having fixed the terms of revelation, Robbins does not go on to bring it forth. As I watched the ballet, my mind seesawed between the possibility that Robbins took the Astaire factor for granted in anything danced by N.Y.C.B. and the likelihood that no, he didn't take it for granted, he thought it demonstrable—only something was preventing him from demonstrating it. Robbins' variations on Astaire plus N.Y.C.B. are accompanied by Morton Gould's variations on "I'm Old Fashioned" plus various other musical themes that it is possible to associate with N.Y.C.B. through Robbins. In analyzing the song, Gerald Bordman, the author of "Jerome Kern: His Life and Music" (Oxford), notes that in essence it follows a theme-and-variations development—ABA^1A^2—"all played out in a range of just over an octave." Presumably, Robbins and Gould hear this, just as Astaire must have, but Astaire's use of a concise format for a concise melody isn't appropriate for a thirty-minute ballet. Gould has to add other factors, and in the course of twelve numbers we find him working out an equation between Jerome Kern and Jerome Robbins. We get the Leonard Bernstein factor—"I'm Old Fashioned" as revealed by flashes of "West Side Story" and "On the Town." Meanwhile, Robbins seems to be pursuing the subliminal connections of his videotape sessions, now and then making a few overt references of his own. A double sextet does variations on "Who Cares?," which is Balanchine's treatment of Astaire. Bart Cook does a rumba with body slaps that recalls both the rumba of the Third Sailor in "Fancy Free" and the Astaire solo in "You Were Never Lovelier," which may well have inspired it. He also does the sissonnes from the man's solo in "Interplay" (the ballet to a score by Gould) which were inspired by Odette's variation in "Swan Lake"—the references build up layer upon layer. This layered consciousness is very N.Y.C.B. It is the dancer's version of race memory—this knowledge that thousands of patterns persist in whatever seems new or strange. In "Who Cares?," Balanchine was able to link Gershwin to Astaire, and himself to both and to Petipa, too. But in the process of connection you saw exactly what the popular tradition shared with the grand tradition in dance. Robbins' process of connection resembles more a sentimental reminiscence; he thinks back to times when popular and grand really did share something, and by evoking those moments he hopes, perhaps, to create new ones. The Astaire connection may once have been real for Robbins—a real incentive in his work—but he doesn't re-create that reality in the new ballet. And, with Gould prodding his (and our) memory with past triumphs, he also seems to be piling up credits he hasn't earned.



Robbins' variations are at their wooziest in the duets, only here the problem is less a failure of connection to Astaire (or to Hayworth) than a failure of connection to the dancers who perform them. Kyra Nichols and Sean Lavery have a jivy pas de deux built mostly around the bump-and-bow business that occurs between Astaire and Hayworth as they make their exit through one of the French doors. But the purpose of the second Nichols-Lavery pas de deux and both of the long pas de deux danced by Heather Watts and Bart Cook escaped me, and I think it's because Robbins is using the dancers to serve whatever Astaire-related point he has in mind; he's not serving his dancers first—releasing *their* capacity to make the point for him. Watts and Cook, Nichols and Lavery look miscast or out of focus. Joseph Duell dances a solo that reminds us of his good performance in "Fancy Free" while Gould summons up "On the Town." Duell has the creamiest of the six principal roles—short but effective. (Fugate's role, limited to the theme and the finale, is just short.) It's Duell who leads the cast in the penultimate number, a fugue that sets allusions to "Fanfare" and

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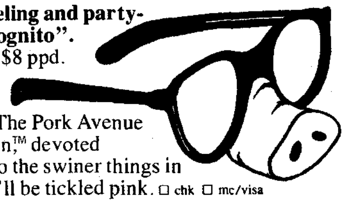

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"Goldberg Variations" rolling across the stage. Robbins divides the corps into segments and the segments into pairs and has them repeat the bump-and-bow routine all over the place. In the film, this routine occurs when Astaire and Hayworth try to get through the door at the same time and go into a rigmarole of courtesy, referring us to the "old-fashioned things" of the song. Robbins uses it as abstract gesture and as a gateway to the finale. Again we see the film sequence, this time with the image enlarged to cyclorama proportions and with the stage full of dancers dressed in versions of the tuxedo and black ballgown worn by Astaire and Hayworth. The orchestra takes over the soundtrack, and the dancers take up the original dance, pausing now and then to gaze up at the screen. Robbins is good at smash finales. The implication here, though, that he has portrayed the chemical change that turns the company into Astaire's descendants isn't deserved. The "I'm Old Fashioned" ballet is a Robbinsfest that need never have invoked Fred Astaire in the first place.

FRED ASTAIRE is one of the few artists who worked in Hollywood of whom it can be said that their careers measured up to their talent, and it's a rare year that passes without some form of tribute to him. There have been movie and television compilations, critical studies, record reissues, testimonial dinners, and awards of every kind. There have also been tributes in dance. Robbins' ballet is unique in attempting something more than the usual pastiche, which is usually terrible. What madness to think that by putting on top hat, white tie, and tails and doing a tap dance with a cane you can be Fred Astaire. A few weeks before the Robbins première, Les Grands Ballets Canadiens played the City Center with a ballet called "Astaire," which employed the songs, together with like-sounding arrangements and orchestrations, of several of the thirties films. The choreographers, Brydon Paige and John Stanzel, alternated between pastiche and direct transcription, with predictably dire results. Astaire's dances are inseparable from Astaire and the women he partnered. They do not constitute choreography for other dancers to copy or material for other dancers to redefine. They are artifacts created on film, the imprint of a moment. Choreographers who want to "do Astaire" have to come up with new material that's just as good, and they hardly ever manage that. The big chorus dances in "Astaire," although some were on point, were really no different from the big production numbers in the films—the ones we sit through waiting for Fred and Ginger to dance. The solos and duets, especially those which incorporated Astaire's own steps, were embarrassing. Astaire was impersonated, if that is the word, by Stanzel, a bumptious soul of some sixty winters; "Ginger Rogers" (whose name, for some reason, was not mentioned) was the company's red-headed ballerina, Jerilyn Dana, wearing near-facsimiles of Rogers' gowns. To crown the tackiness of the whole production, the sound—music, taps, spoken introductions—was entirely on tape. What can be the purpose of a piece like "Astaire" in ballet repertory? "Repertory" to Astaire addicts means a collection of images. "Performance" means rewinding the film and watching the image again.

The lessons one learns from watching Astaire don't go out of date, but as the popular song-and-dance tradition he was part of recedes, the import of those lessons may change. Primary and secondary considerations, primary and secondary effects may be confused by a generation unfamiliar with the dance manners of Astaire's day. If you were brought up in the age of television, you may have trouble distinguishing between the moods Astaire created and the attitudes he adopted. I recently read the opinion of a member of the TV generation that the "Let's Face the Music and Dance" sequence in the Steve Martin movie "Pennies from Heaven," inelegant as it was, at least conveyed something of what the dances of Astaire and Rogers meant to audiences during the Depression. But did it? The movie makes such a cosmic fuss over the number, you wonder why it didn't win ten Academy Awards for 1936 plus a commendation from the Legion of Decency for forestalling suicide. The Steve Martin movie looks at Astaire-Rogers with the eyes of our own time, and it misses the point. Robbins has other fish to fry; his ballet is *beside* the point. But in that uncanny way he has of being exactly abreast of the zeitgeist, not a step behind or ahead, he also sees Astaire as the eighties see him—with a clear vision of his greatness but with no particular insight into his tradition. Days after I saw the Astaire ballet, I was bothered by one detail—a detail of Astaire's that Robbins had made into a motif. Did Robbins really think the bump-and-bow nonsense was important enough to justify the amount of quotation he gave it? Or did he know it wasn't important and quote it because, as the outstandingly conventional moment in the dance, it let him feel free to quote—it would resist charges that he was attempting one more god-awful pastiche? There's still another possibility: Robbins throws in the bump and bow (sometimes only the bump) so as not to lose that portion of the audience unsubtle enough to be wondering where Astaire is in all this. Robbins seems to divide the audience into those who know a primary from a secondary Astaire effect and those who don't, and he baffles both halves. But he is a baffling artist. When he talks to the press about Astaire's musicality, surely he knows he's talking primary Astaire. There's not a choreographer working today who wouldn't benefit from studying this aspect of Astaire's art. But one doesn't make a science of it. A primary poetic instinct can only be wondered at as a kind of inspiration or appropriated as a guide to taste. You can't learn "the Astaire method," but you can learn what to avoid, what *not* to do. And you can learn, I think, from his sense of drama and story, his attention to what can only be called the meaning of the dance. In his simplest devices, he expresses a meaning. With him, the bump and bow has the full value of a convention invoked for its own sake and the further value of bearing out an idea about a girl and the song she sings. If Robbins had been as cognizant of Kyra and Heather as Astaire was of Rita and Ginger, maybe he'd have given us what at the outset of the piece he promises: a ballet in the Astaire tradition.

Tommy Tune, in "A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine," devised the cleverest tribute to Astaire (and Rogers) I have ever seen: he captured the style—but only as much of it as could be shown from the knees down. ("My One and Only" is a revamping of an old Fred-and-Adele show, but, so far as I can see, it has nothing whatever to do with Astaire.) The most touching Astaire tribute I can remember was a quiet moment in an earlier Broadway musical which showed a boy dancing out a private fantasy in an alley. It was the "All I Need Is the Girl" number from "Gypsy," directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. —ARLENE CROCE

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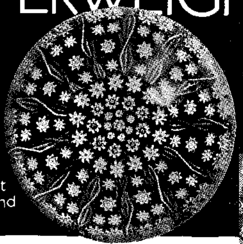

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The Making of a Philosophe

IN his preface to "Jean-Jacques: The Early Life and Work of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 1712-1754" (Norton; $22.45), Maurice Cranston tells us that he has returned to manuscript sources, in order "to break the chain of books based on books and to interrupt the sheepish repetition of printed folklore." His scholarly decision has brought a literary advantage: this volume (a second is projected) is exceptionally fresh. Besides, Mr. Cranston, an English political scientist, seems to know exactly what his readers need to know, and thoughtfully enriches the background—both physical and intellectual—of Rousseau's youthful peregrinations. By minimizing his own psychologizing, arguing, and second-guessing—responses that Rousseau's "Confessions" have, perhaps forgivably, elicited from many biographers—he makes the first part of Rousseau's life as absorbing and engaging as a picaresque novel. His fidelity to Rousseau's ideas and to his life as it was lived is a triumph of poise, for Rousseau, a writer so influential that dozens of his discoveries have become our clichés, was also, both as a thinker and as a human being, exasperating. He evoked adoration and vilification, and it is hard to say which of these extremes has produced more misunderstanding. Mr. Cranston thinks that Rousseau is returning to fashion after a period in which he was regarded as "a prophet at once of fascism and of communism," and a Rousseauist sensibility may indeed have revived among the Paris students of 1968 and among the Greens of contemporary Germany; it is also true that fascists and communists, like socialists, capitalists, democrats, and royalists, have absorbed Rousseau's discoveries—for example, his insistence that childhood is important.

Rousseau's own childhood was unfortunate. His mother died at his birth, and when Rousseau was ten his father fled their native city, Geneva, to escape trial for assault, leaving Jean-Jacques behind but keeping the income of the boy's substantial inheritance from his mother. As a result, Jean-Jacques was denied higher education. He was apprenticed to an engraver, who beat him; he ran away in 1728. As a child, he had been taught a family tree pruned of rakes and failures; he knew, correctly, that he had been born in his mother's mansion, and that he had some distinguished ancestors. He took his chances as a runaway in the socially stratified eighteenth century with a sense of himself as decently born. (Mr. Cranston's clarifying of such details is one reason his book is so good.) In the following years, Rousseau worked in several great households. At the start, very briefly, he was a serving man, but later he was a secretary, tutor, and music master. After he became famous, his enemies, who included that formidable antagonist Voltaire, portrayed him as an upstart lackey—a failed social climber whose writing criticized eighteenth-century society because its more penetrating members had seen through his pretensions and rejected him. Nothing of the sort is true. Rousseau had plenty of hard times, but he was more often welcome than not. He was good-looking and gifted. He was competent at graphic art, and he thought of himself as a musician until he discovered that he was a writer; one of his compositions, "The Village Soothsayer," was the hit opera of 1752-53. People who had encountered him as a youth usually described him as winning. Mr. Cranston's account of these early years suggests that Rousseau's book about education, "Émile" (which was published in 1762, after this volume closes), derives from his early experiences not only of tutoring but of being tutored. Everywhere he went—in Turin, with the Gouvon family; in Lyons, with the Mablys; or in Paris, with the Dupins—somebody was keen to teach him something: Latin, Italian, philosophy, chemistry. Our own obsession with education descends from the Enlightenment, and Mr. Cranston makes us feel the rage for learning and teaching which flourished among Rousseau's employers and patrons in a period when amateurs expected to make contributions to science and philosophy. The openness of great eighteenth-century establishments to any promising newcomer resembles our notion of a court more than of a home, and reminds us how little the people of that time valued privacy and how greatly they prized sociability. Jean-Jacques's discovery of the joys of solitude struck many of his contemporaries as bizarre or affected, but, along with his discovery of walking for pleasure, we have adopted it: we think a room of one's own is desirable; and many people today enjoy what Rousseau's hosts, hostesses, and patrons would have detested—an evening alone with their spouse.

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Rousseau spent most of his time between his flight from Geneva, in 1728, and his migration to Paris, in 1742, in the household of Mme. de Warens, an establishment that was comfortable rather than grand. He probably owed her his survival, but despite all that Mr. Cranston can do for her she remains incomprehensible. Mme. de Warens was cultivated, intelligent, handsome, and extravagant; in the end, she bankrupted herself in manic business enterprises. Like Rousseau, she was born a Swiss Protestant. She had fled her husband two years before Rousseau left his master, and was twenty-nine when they met; her income was a pension from the Catholic House of Savoy, for having converted to Roman Catholicism. She contributed to Rousseau's academic education, and also to his sentimental education, by making him her lover when he was twenty-one, although she already had one, her steward; after that young man died, she added another. Rousseau was uncomfortable with these ménages à trois, and their intimacy waned. The other woman in Rousseau's life, Thérèse Levasseur, was a twenty-two-year-old laundress when she became his mistress, in Paris, in 1745. She remained with him the rest of his life and bore him five children, each of whom he delivered to a foundling home at birth. Thérèse has had a worse press, both during her life and in history, than Mme. de Warens. Thérèse could not learn to count or tell time. Eighteenth-century sociability included a good deal of malice, and Rousseau's friends, who thought the liaison beneath him, delighted each other with anecdotes of her ignorance. Mr. Cranston says they considered her "moronic." To a twentieth-century reader she appears, more likely, dyslexic. It may be a reflection of masculine ignorance that she retains the reputation of subnormal intelligence despite contrary evidence—her documented skills as a housekeeper. Or the alleged idiocy of the laundress may demonstrate, like the arguments about Rousseau's social status, that in a snobbish society everyone—radical as well as Tory—is a snob.

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In any case, Thérèse was not an intellectual influence on Rousseau. He had, shortly after meeting Mme. de Warens, followed her example and converted to Roman Catholicism, thereby losing his Genevan citizenship. Toward the close of this volume, in 1754, he returned to Geneva, abjured his conversion, and regained his citizenship. Later, when the section of "Émile" known as "The Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar" revealed his Deism, he was excoriated by Catholics and Protestants alike, and accused of religious hypocrisy for both his conversion and his abjuration. What is more interesting to us, however, is Rousseau's realization that, unlike his friends the Encyclopedists Diderot and Holbach, he was unable to take the step from Deism to atheism; he began to develop instead his "natural religion." His faith imparted to Western culture a new and durable sensibility, which found reassurance of God's benevolence in aspects of nature that had previously struck believers as terrifying—in his case, Alpine scenery. Rousseau's discovery was a banality by 1816, when Shelley shocked his fellow-tourists by insisting on his atheism in the face of Mont Blanc; nonetheless, on every continent men and women still find spiritual comfort in contemplating cliffs and chasms.

Mr. Cranston's Rousseau may have been slow to develop and express his intuitions about religion and other matters because he was enthusiastic and impressionable—a bright waif eager for intelligent and sympathetic friends. Eventually, he found his voice and acquired the polemic habit, which can be as misleading as it is entertaining. A case in point is his quarrel with Rameau—an engagement in a pamphlet war about music which had political, national, and personal implications that set all France in an uproar and distracted Paris from a clash between the King and the Parlement. The row was a verbally diverting but intellectually contemptible vendetta of a kind that was common then—and is common now, for that matter, since we have not yet learned to regard serious discussion as exploration instead of combat. The legacy of these mêlées is extra work for students of intellectual history, who must labor to sift thought from pique. Mr. Cranston does this very well. Rousseau came to Paris with introductions to intellectuals, and soon met Diderot and his friends and fellow-Encyclopedists; Rousseau himself contributed articles on music to the Encyclopedia. Cranston shows that Rousseau's intellectual separation from the Encyclopedists, which begins in this volume, was gradual—almost imperceptible in its early stages. The Encyclopedists believed that progress was possible and desirable, and that advances in science and improvements in technology would help bring it about. Their conviction was so profound that it was hard to disturb, and they were slow to recognize the implications of Rousseau's prize-winning Discourse, published in 1750, in which he replied to a set question of the Dijon Academy by asserting that the progress of the arts and sciences had corrupted rather than purified human morals. The divergence between Rousseau and the Encyclopedists began to be noticeable only with his second Discourse, on the origin of inequality, which was published in 1755. At that time, Rousseau was just starting to appreciate that his criticism of contemporary society was at odds with the way he lived, and his return to Geneva was a kind of pilgrimage in search of simplicity. Mr. Cranston's fair-mindedness leads him, I fear, to overvalue these two famous Discourses. Their effect on how we feel is inescapable; indeed, many of us would not be who we are if Rousseau had not written them. But Rousseau seems to me a powerful temperament rather than a cogent thinker—that may be a reason he has so thoroughly permeated the West—and the second Discourse, which Mr. Cranston describes as "a finely argued essay in philosophical anthropology," seems to me an intellectual period piece. It relies on a concept as meaningless in political theory as it is in anthropology: man in himself—alone, or apart from society. There is no such person, either realistically or theoretically, any more than there is a round triangle: man is a social animal. Rousseau's bestowing on his mythical man-before-society the virtues he would like him to have—notably compassion—has no greater rational weight than endowing a chimera with perfect pitch. His notion that naturally good man is corrupted by society strikes me as a sentimental explanation of the likelihood that most of us could be better than we are, and certainly does not account for the diversity of human societies and the variety of their ethical assumptions. Mr. Cranston, however, suggests a more promising intellectual path when he remarks that the second Discourse, though silent on religion, "could . . . be understood as a restatement of the Calvinist conception of the Fall of Man in scientific terms." Eden, like the world before Pandora opened her box, is a past golden age that competes, in Western culture, with prophecies and promises of golden ages in the future. Through millennia, from the Greeks and the Hebrews on, our intellectual forebears, like Rousseau, were rarely content with the societies in which they lived, and habitually envisioned better—even perfect—ones. The sense of Western history as a succession of nows, each inhabited by men who found the one in which they lived unsatisfactory—cruel, unjust, irrational—may be mournful, but it is useful.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

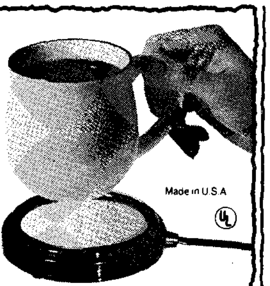
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WANDERING UNICORN, by Manuel Mujica Lainez, translated from the Spanish by Mary Fitton, with a foreword by Jorge Luis Borges (Taplinger; $16.95). This ingenious story by a fellow-Argentine reminds Mr. Borges of Cervantes, Dante, and "the tradition of Stevenson, Hugo, and—why not?—Ariosto." It may remind other readers of Sylvia Townsend Warner, D. W. Griffith, and—why not?—Jorge Luis Borges. "I have never been, nor shall I be, a fairy-story fairy in a pixie hood, fluttering by woodland springs for the benefit of personable young men," Melusine, the winged and immortal narrator, declares; she seems pleased when Lord Oberon hails her as "Patron Fairy of Poitou and Castle-Builder." Her chronicle, full of family histories, royal dynasties, and witches' curses, begins in 1174 and features her infatuation (a little like Titania's) with a high-minded young Crusader (and distant relative) who has no idea what she wants, even when she assumes human form. (The tension implicit in Platonic love is one recurring theme; the harmony between pagan fairies and Christian angels is another.) Much of the story is taken up with their journey from Poitou, by way of Paris (where Notre Dame is about to rise), to the Middle East (where Jerusalem is about to fall). Melusine describes foolish mortals, mythical beasts, and historical battles with equal exactitude, and in her bird's-eye view (enhanced by beryl-and-crystal eyeglasses) of the faiths, hopes, and superstitions that triggered the Crusades she rarely stoops to whimsy.

GENERAL

A LATE FRIENDSHIP: THE LETTERS OF KARL BARTH AND CARL ZUCKMAYER, translated from the German by Geoffrey W. Bromiley (Eerdmans; $8.95). Zuckmayer, a German dramatist and the author of, among other film scripts, "The Blue Angel," in the spring of 1967 received, amid much mail apropos of his recently published memoirs, a fan letter from the great Swiss theologian. "Much more than you," Barth wrote disarmingly, "I am a child of the nineteenth century; and the modern world of letters, the theatre, the cinema and—how shall I put it—noble Bohemianism, has certainly affected me but never grasped or touched me closely." As disarmingly, Zuckmayer wrote back, "I am one of those for whom God is *not* dead and Christianity, when properly experienced and lived, is still the message of salvation." A remarkably lively and affectionate correspondence ensued between the two elderly and ailing men until Barth, by ten years the older, died in late 1968. Zuckmayer, a Catholic, received mildly admonitory lectures on the dangers of "worshiping God in the bark of a tree," on the low intelligence of King Frederick William IV, and even on how to write a play, but proclaimed in a subsequent essay on this "late friendship" that he had "found once again what all of us most need if we are to know ourselves: a father figure." He also wrote, "Never has any person in our day, with the possible exception of Albert Einstein, so convinced me by his mere existence that faith in God is rational." In this slim but affect-



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ing record of a meeting of minds, both men's letters show, as Zuckmayer said of Barth, "the intellectual vitality of one who is aging but by no means finished with himself."

HARD CHOICES: CRITICAL YEARS IN AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY, by Cyrus Vance (Simon & Schuster; $19.95). A valuable report by President Carter's first Secretary of State (1977-80), with afterthoughts on future foreign policy. Like the recently published recollections of Zbigniew Brzezinski, the national-security adviser, these memoirs acknowledge but minimize the friction between the two men. There seems to have been substantial agreement about—and considerable pride in—President Carter's foreign policy throughout his Administration, whose diverse accomplishments included ratifying the Panama Canal Treaties and bringing about the Camp David accords. Vance sought (and would like the United States to continue to seek) a way out of the decades-old pattern of Russo-American confrontation, since he believes that that polarization no longer fits global realities. Vance resigned his office because he disagreed with the President's plan to rescue the Americans held hostage in Tehran; he explains why he felt as he did, but does not dwell on the fact that the failure of the mission bore out his assessment of its risks.

PIPERS AT THE GATES OF DAWN: THE WISDOM OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, by Jonathan Cott (Random House; $19.95). Essays about six writers of children's books—Dr. Seuss, Maurice Sendak, William Steig, Astrid Lindgren, Chinua Achebe, and P. L. Travers—plus a chapter on Iona and Peter Opie, experts on child lore. The author, a poet and journalist, recalls that as a twenty-four-year-old student of literature in London he discovered the books of George MacDonald, a nineteenth-century writer for children, and found them so enchanting that he began reading and rereading books for children—a process that, in time, led him to these contemporary authors. Mr. Cott's pieces are part interview, part criticism. These writers identify such sources for their work as psychology, myth, and memory; the Opies remind us of the generations-old continuities of children's games, beliefs, sayings, and songs. The earnestness of Mr.

"The spirit of Christie, Allingham and Sayers lives on."
—Los Angeles Times

Last year *The New Yorker* greeted Martha Grimes's previous novel THE OLD FOX DECEIV'D, as "a pleasure from [its] classic start to its equally classic finish," and hailed its creator as "a neo-Christie, a neo-Sayers." *The Los Angeles Times* (above) and other reviewers have built a chorus of comparisons to the masters of classic British mystery. In her new novel of detection, THE ANODYNE NECKLACE, Ms. Grimes has served up her most invigorating mixture yet of quaint English atmosphere and bracing suspense.

The urbane Richard Jury (newly promoted to Superintendent, Scotland Yard) and his dilettante collaborator, Melrose Plant, are summoned to the village of Littlebourne, some 40 miles from London. Littlebourne is distinguished by its well-tended green, its muffin shop, an antique pub called The Blue Boy, and—most recently—by a gruesome murder in the nearby boggy wood. As Jury and Plant sort through the eccentric locals in search of a killer, readers will find "great fun in full harmony with first-rate deduction" *(Kirkus Reviews)*, and "a nearly perfect combination of character, atmosphere, and cleverly planted clues.... Absolutely super!" *(Library Journal)*

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Cott's subjects is compatible with a great deal of gaiety. Two of the chapters first appeared in this magazine.

COUNT NO 'COUNT: FLASHBACKS TO FAULKNER, by Ben Wasson (University Press of Mississippi; $14.95). Faulkner was known in his years at Ole Miss as Count No 'Count, for his patrician manner and his worthless behavior. Mr. Wasson, who died in 1982 at the age of eighty-two, knew Faulkner from those days (they were fellow-members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at Ole Miss in 1919); he later, in New York, began his long career as a literary agent by successfully editing and finding a publisher for the first Yoknapatawpha novel, "Sartoris." Their friendship continued in Hollywood and back home in Mississippi, and ended (unaccountably, to Mr. Wasson) a few years before Faulkner's death in 1962. This memoir lives up to both its title and its subtitle. It is, necessarily, a series of flashbacks—glimpses of meetings at intervals through the years—and the Faulkner depicted here is often Count No 'Count: often drunk, often difficult, often coldly polite and cutting. To Alfred Knopf, who asked him to autograph a couple of his books, Faulkner said, "I only autograph my books to my close friends, but I appreciate the compliment you pay in asking me." And to Mr. Wasson, in a different mood, "Somebody said I was a genius writer. The only thing I'd claim genius for is thinking up that name *Snopes*." Illustrated with photographs of Faulkner and the author and their many celebrated friends.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PASSAGE, by Dean Fuller (Dodd, Mead; $13.95). The yacht Hound of Ulster, an entry in the single-handed transatlantic sailing race, is found adrift three hundred and fifty miles east of Newfoundland. There is no sign of her skipper, Con Macroth, but some evidence that he may have fallen overboard while taking a sextant sight. Other evidence suggests to Roger Truly, whose boatyard commissioned Hound (and whose father served as insurance agent for her), that Con may have contrived his own disappearance, aided by his brother Des and a mysterious financier, Marshall Leonetti, both of whom stand to gain from the insurance. Roger sets out for Newfoundland to penetrate this not terribly opaque mystery, but the reader is likely to be two steps ahead of him all the way. In most thrillers à clef, a gloss of technical—in this case, nautical—expertise may be able to hide inadequacies of plotting and characterization, but Mr. Fuller lays on the atmospherics so lavishly that he achieves the opposite effect. Con Macroth, who appears in an extended flashback, skews the story even more—he is a noisy stage Irishman so tiresome that any normal group of people would think a million dollars of insurance a small price to pay for his permanent absence from their lives.

TO DIE IN BEVERLY HILLS, by Gerald Petievich (Arbor House; $14.25). Mr. Petievich is a United States Treasury agent, and Charles Carr, his hero here—as in his introductory doubleheader, "Money Men" and "One-Shot Deal"—is a United States Treasury agent, based in Los Angeles. Carr is not an unfamiliar figure in the world of thrillers, being laconic, dedicated to his job, careless in almost everything else, but Mr. Petievich has charged him with abundant life, and even a kind of charm. The story involves a crooked Beverly Hills detective, a cat burglar called Bones, and the con-man hypnotist Emil Kreuzer (whom we have met before), who combine their talents and influences to rob the homes of the ultra-wealthy. Their only mistake is luring Carr and his partner into a fake stakeout, in which the latter is seriously wounded. Carr, as it is our pleasure to see, is an exceedingly dangerous man to cross, and Mr. Petievich is a real winner.

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Memorandum distributed by the bursar of Robinson College, Cambridge University*]

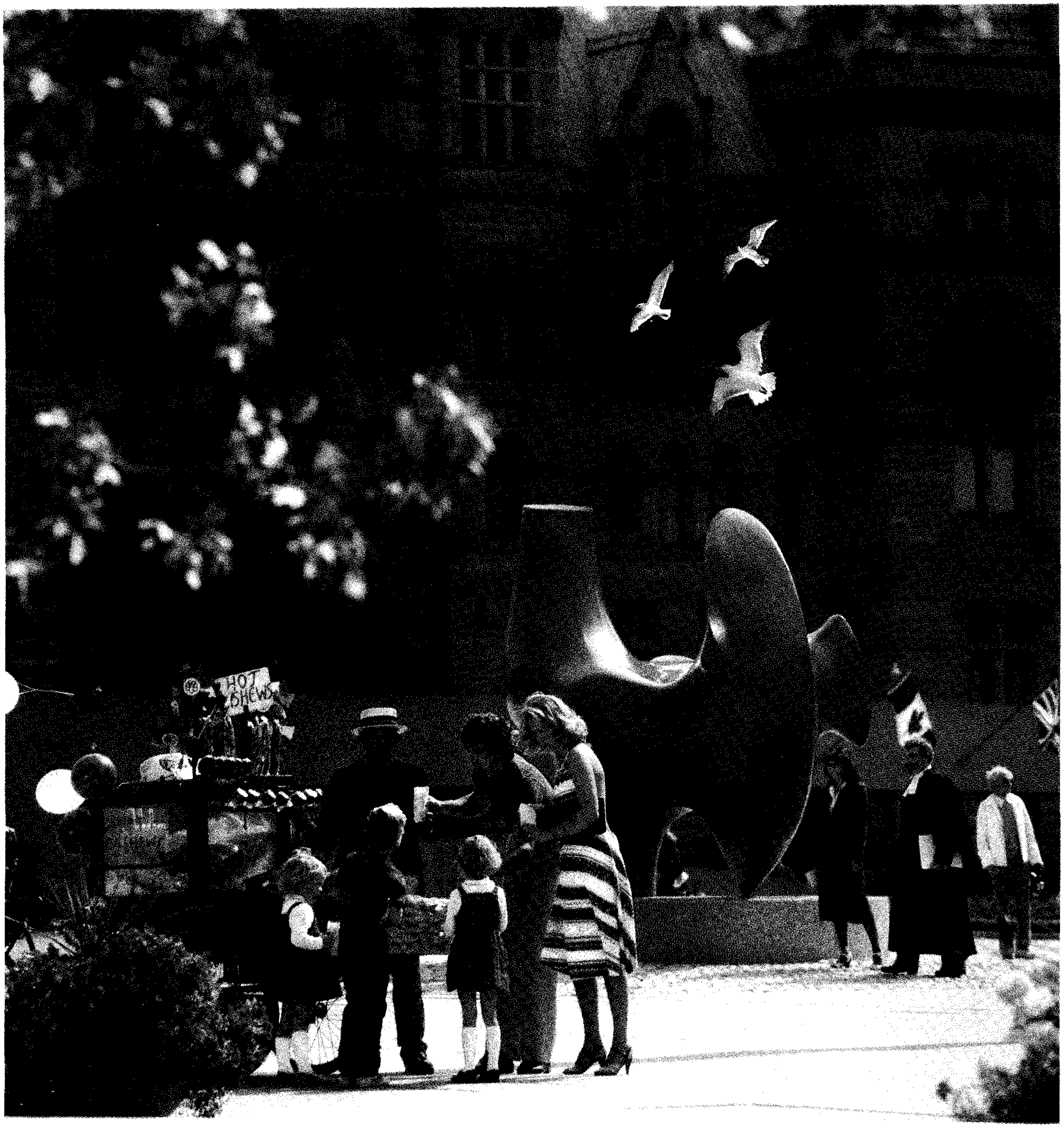
TO: STUDENT RESIDENTS OF STAIRCASES P,Q,R,S
FROM: THE BURSAR

Date: 17 May 1983

TEABAG THROWING

There has been a further outbreak of the strange custom of throwing teabags on the pedestrian ramp leading in to the garden at the side of Binbrook. It would be greatly appreciated if those residents who are addicted to this esoteric pastime could find some other less annoying way of expressing themselves.

H J WOOLSTON
BURSAR



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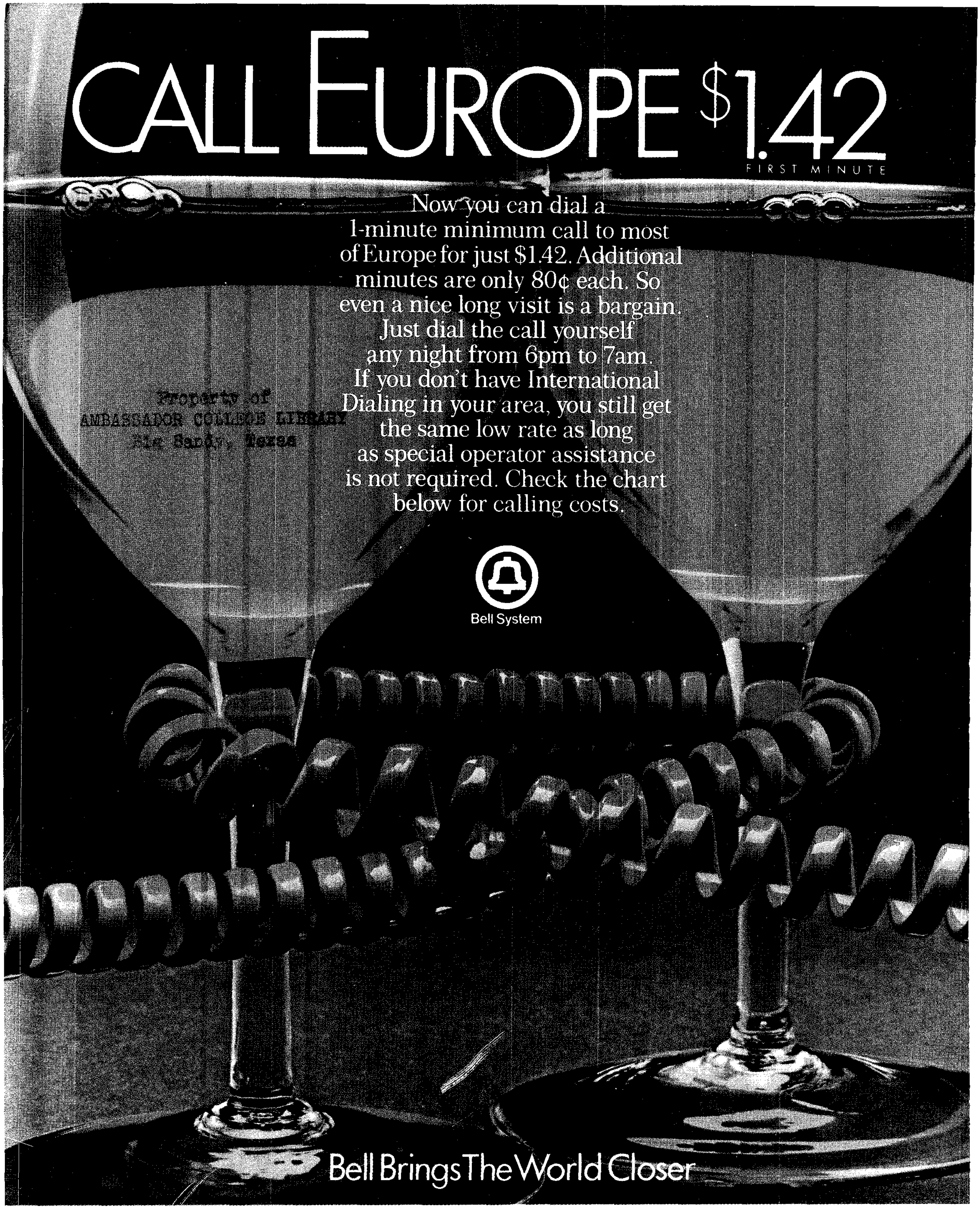

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